

## A vacation tour in the United States and Canada. By Charles Richard Weld ...

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PART OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, Showing the Author's Route.

TO MY BROTHER, ISAAC WELD, ESQ., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, M.R.I.A. ETC. ETC. THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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## A VACATION TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

### CHAPTER I.

REASONS FOR VISITING NORTH AMERICA.—TRAVELLING PLANS.—OCEAN STEAMERS.—THE AMERICA.—FELLOW PASSENGERS.—AL-FRESCO CONCERTS.—BISHOP OF BOSTON.—BOAT ACCOMMODATION.—OCEAN CURRENTS.—WINDS.—RED FOGS.—SEA-WEED MEADOWS.—OCEAN FLOOR.—DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.—BANK WEATHER.—HALIFAX.—RUN ON SHORE.—HUMMING BIRDS.—NEW-FOUNDLAND DOGS.—FISH TRADE.—AMERICAN PECULIARITIES.—BOSTON HARBOUR.—SALINE TEA-POT.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—PICTURESQUE SHIPPING.—ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

Although the waiters at the Liverpool hotels come into your room on the morning of the day on which the steam-ships start for America, demanding, laconically, whether you are going “across;” thus pleasantly dwarfing the vast Atlantic into an imaginary B 2 ten minutes' ferry, yet to those who have never made a voyage, the contemplation of crossing the Atlantic awakens sensations different to those experienced previous to a trip across the Channel.

I confess, when the time drew near for embarking on the undertaking which forms the subject of this work, I felt, amidst the pauses and calms of London life and London business, feelings entirely unknown on the eve of my former numerous continental excursions. It was difficult to realise the fact that I was indeed going to the New World, until the arrival of sundry packages committed to my care by friends for delivery in the United States (who has not friends on such occasions?) brought the truth very forcibly before me.

I had not come to the determination of visiting the United States without considerable thought; for although the desire to see that marvellous Anglo-Saxon offshoot of our little island was of ancient date, there were many circumstances to be considered. Without detailing them, I may mention the two most important,—time and expense,—because I apprehend they will have most weight with those who may be disposed to exchange the hackneyed Continent for the boundless freedom and novelty of a tour in the New World.

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On the score of time, I confess I felt somewhat dismayed; for not being master of this most necessary item in the economy of a tour, it appeared to me, looking at the huge distances on the map, apart from the voyages, that it would require many months to see the principal objects of interest in the United States and Canada, and my furlough was limited to a few weeks. I was aware that Jonathan is a go-ahead animal, but still the distances were of a staggering nature, and I felt doubtful, until my kind friend Sir Charles Lyell inspired me with confidence, and an endeavour to realise my day-dream. Talking the subject over with him, he emphatically exclaimed, "If you have only a fortnight to spend in America, go there;" and I think my resolve to see the New World dates from the utterance of these encouraging words.

But I had another motive for crossing the Atlantic, which, from its singularity, merits record. Fifty-five years ago a very remarkable book was published, entitled *Weld's Travels in America*, which passed through several editions. It was also translated into various European languages—twice into German; and, in short, the book was regarded as the great authority of the period on American subjects. The travels extend over three years, 1795–7, and embrace a very large portion of the United States and Canada. In fact there can be no question that the colonization of Canada was mainly promoted and influenced by this book.

Accompanied by a faithful servant, Mr. Weld, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, or in canoe, made his way through vast forests or along rivers or lakes; narrowly escaped shipwreck on Lake Erie, and experienced all the adventure incident to passing through an unsettled country, while in the cities and towns he mixed in the best society, and had the honour and pleasure of knowing Washington.

Now when the reader learns that the author of this celebrated work is still living, and in possession of his intellectual vigour, and moreover that I am his half-brother, it will, I venture to think, add to the interest of this book if a contrast be occasionally drawn

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between the state of things in America fifty-five years ago, and what it is at the present time.

It will be seen that, within a generation, where he had to camp out and trust to friendly Indians for safe conduct through the interminable wilderness, railways are now established—"air lines," along which the traveller is borne in a straight direction for hundreds of miles through forests; and on the 5 broad waters where he had to hire small barks to convey him to his destination, swift steamers, which may be called huge floating hotels, are now universal.

To mark and chronicle these changes had considerable influence in determining me to visit America. As soon as my resolve was made, I sought and received advice respecting travelling arrangements, from friends who had been in the United States, and was soon in possession of so formidable a budget of counsels and hints, that, in my perplexity and bewilderment, I began to doubt the truth of the proverb that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom;" for while some advised one mode of proceeding, others urged a totally different course; and thus, not caring to follow the plan of the redoubtable Wouter von Twiller, I summoned my judgment to decide. In no particular did the advice of my friends clash more antagonistically than on the question of letters of introduction. "Do not take a single letter," said one friend; "Obtain as many introductions as possible," urged another; and as I was in favour of the latter advice, the result was that on the eve of my departure the kindness of friends put me in possession of upwards of a hundred letters of introduction; and I deem it right to state at once I was indebted to B 3 6 these friendly missives for great hospitality, and for a large store of valuable information.

Then with respect to the route,—that most important consideration to the tourist in all lands, and especially in a country yet unblessed by a Murray's *Handbook*,—how labyrinthine were the wanderings traced for me by kind friends!—some bent on sending me well nigh to the North Pole; others to the Dismal Swamp and New Orleans; while a few spirited me in imagination across the Rocky Mountains, including a visit to California



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and the unholy Mormons. The result of all these counsels was hanging a large map of America upon the wall, and tracing on it a route through the United States and Canada; and I rejoice to say I have no reason to repent my decision.

My remaining preparations were soon made; and having packed a portmanteau and bag with, as usual, too many articles, I left London for Manchester, where I enjoyed the hospitality of a valued friend whose brother I purposed visiting in Canada, and from thence went to Liverpool. My short journey to that town was amusingly diversified by a party of emigrants and their friends, who passed the time by alternately reading aloud, for their mutual solace and edification, passages from a little book entitled *Crumbs of Comfort*, and drinking assiduously and with great regularity the contents of a bottle, which gave olfactory evidence of being filled with something stronger than water. On arriving at Liverpool, I drove to St. George's landing stage, and was soon in a stream of luggage and passengers pouring down to the steam-tender. It was, indeed, a moving scene; for, besides the throng of passengers and their friends, an army of porters continued piling wonderfully-shaped boxes, trunks, and packages on the already great mountain of luggage encumbering the fore-part of the tender, while boys and men shouted, "News for 'Meriky'—Last news for 'Meriky!' Papers—Papers—Morning Papers!"

Having passed through the painful ordeal of parting from those most loved, I was alone amidst the strange scene, and had ample leisure to study it, until the extreme pressure of the crowd became almost intolerable. After sundry heavings to and fro, I was brought to a stand-still by being wedged between a pile of luggage and a young lady in a feminine wide-awake, seated on a trunk in a seeming state of mental anguish. At length the bell rang, and we steamed to the *America*, which lay a short distance up the river. As we approached her vast hull, I gazed anxiously at what was to be my home for many days, and thought of the almost marvellous skill and science which impels such a huge ship across the Atlantic in defiance of adverse winds. The triumph is of very modern achievement. On the 11th May, 1819, the following paragraph appeared in *The Times*:—" *Great Experiment*: A new steam-vessel of 300 tons has been built at New York for the

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express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct!" The name of this ship was the *Savannah*, and she crossed the Atlantic in twenty-six days. Her reception in Liverpool was most enthusiastic; and it is worthy of mention that, having subsequently been navigated to Cronstadt, the Czar Alexander I. went on board the vessel, examined her with great attention, and presented her captain with a handsome silver tea-kettle, which, it must be conceded, was an appropriate gift to the skipper of a steamer.

It is remarkable, bearing in mind that a prosperous and successful steam-voyage had been for the first time performed four years before the above date from Glasgow to London, on which occasion my brother steered the little steamer round the Land's End, that it should have taken so many years to develop the power of ocean steamers. Fitch, of Philadelphia, confidently predicted, half a century ago, the establishment of Atlantic steam navigation; but it was reserved for our own days to witness, and be sharers of, this great scientific achievement. The immense speed of modern ocean steamers which

"Splash, splash across the sea, Against the wind, against the tide,"

compared with the most powerful twenty years ago, is forcibly illustrated by the government steamers which ran at that time, between Falmouth and Malta, at an average speed of six miles an hour.

But we cannot indulge longer in these reminiscences, for we are alongside the *America*; and, glad to escape from the narrow confines of the tender, we rush up the gangway, and stand on the capacious decks of the ocean steamer. Let it not be imagined, however, we are at peace. Far from it. We have a mighty task to perform. This is, to seize our luggage as it is brought on board, and turn it aside from its impending fate of confinement in the depths of the hold. Now, as everybody is engaged in the same operation, it may be imagined the scene is rather exciting, as desperate attempts are made to clutch portmanteaus and bags *en route* to the nether regions. I was fortunate in the scramble,

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and, having secured my “traps,” descended with the steward to store my worldly goods, and inspect the locality where I was to spend many hours. And here I would ask how it comes to pass that the narrow cell on board a ship, in which the unhappy landsman is generally confined until he has sacrificed to Neptune, is dignified by the magnificent title of “State Room.” I confess the result of my survey was not very cheering; but, taking comfort by the fact that my quarters were better than those of my neighbours, I returned to the deck, where confusion was still in the ascendant. By degrees, however, the monstrous heap of luggage disappeared, and a bell rang to warn friends the time for departure had arrived. And now might be seen the tear-brimming eye, the quivering lip, the agony of the last embrace of those parting, perhaps to meet no more; while others separated with as little apparent concern as if we had been going merely across the Channel. Such is life, ever made up of strange and strong contrasts.

To myself, and probably to many of my companions, these last moments were solemn and impressive; and I am not ashamed to confess thoughts too deep for utterance stirred me, as I hung over the vessel's side, and saw the land rapidly recede which contained all that I held dear.

How long I remained thus abstracted I know not; but I remember being rather violently aroused to the present circumstances by the ringing of a very loud and inharmonious bell, and a voice demanding whether I was “up to dinner.” The bell gave notice that in half-an-hour this meal would be served, and the voice was that of a friend, who, having crossed the Atlantic several times, was stoically proof against all sensations of a sentimental nature.

As we were going through smooth water, we mustered strongly at this first meal, numbering about one hundred ladies and gentlemen; and certainly, to judge by the behaviour of the guests, it might have been assumed we were bound on a party of pleasure. It must be admitted, the bill of fare presented many inducements to join the dinner party. Animated by the spirit of rivalry existing between the Collins and Cunard

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line of steamers, which extends to the commissariat department, the provisions on board the *America* were of an excellence and supplied with a prodigality truly amazing. And it is due to the *chef de cuisine* to state that the cooking was admirable. The attendance was also excellent, twenty-six stewards officiating under the direction of the chief steward, who had the captain's table under his more immediate superintendence; and as I had a seat at this desirable board, I can vouch for the fact that the best dishes were not far from our commander.

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Our *réunion* gave us an opportunity of seeing something of each other. Among the passengers were actors and actresses,—one of the latter a pretty woman; a Roman Catholic bishop fresh from Italy, with a brood of newly-fledged priests; an American ex-Minister from Turkey, with his wife and niece, and a mixture of merchants, agriculturists, Californian adventurers, with huge beards and strange stories; ladies, and emigrants.

When I returned to the deck, I found we had passed the bar, and were running up Channel, to make what is called the “north about” passage; that is, going round the north of Ireland. It was a lovely evening; and although the Irish Channel was not in the calmest mood, yet the great size of our ship prevented any unpleasant motion. So all went well with me, and I sat up until a late hour watching the Irish coast.

The following morning we were abreast of the Giant's Causeway. The sea continued propitious to landsmen with weak stomachs, so we mustered well at breakfast, at which meal the cook again astonished me by the variety of dishes. At half-past ten a bell summoned us to divine service. This was reverently performed by the surgeon, who, with as many officers and sailors as were off duty, attended in their uniforms.

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As the afternoon waned into evening, a streak of blue appeared far to the west, at which I gazed long and earnestly; for it was the Atlantic. My desire to remain on deck until our keel ploughed this vast ocean was great; but, alas! my infirmity was greater; and, before

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we reached it, I was under the necessity of descending to my state-room with no clear idea as to when I should be able to leave it.

It is Matthews, I believe, who expresses his astonishment that poets have made no use of sea-sickness in their descriptions of the place of torment, for it might have furnished excellent hints for improving the punishments of their hells. What if Dante had derived infernal inspiration from the agonising throes of sea-sickness—should we have a more terrible *Inferno*? Shakspeare, with his usual sagacity, must have had it in mind when he makes Gonzalo, the honest old councillor of Naples, exclaim in his agony, probably of body as well as soul, “Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze, any thing!”

Being personally what is called a bad sailor, I looked forward with great apprehension to the voyage across the Atlantic, expecting to be continually unwell; but—and I am desirous of recording the fact for the comfort of apprehensive landsmen—I suffered far less on my two voyages across the Atlantic than it has been my lot to endure during many passages from Folkestone to Boulogne, when it has appeared to me that nature and art combined in the most cruel and inharmonious manner to inflict as much misery as possible during the happily brief period occupied by the passage.

The fact is, the motion on board a large ocean steamer of 2000 tons is totally different from that villanous stomach and brain dislocatory movement felt in the cock-boats in our uneasy Channel, being a majestic kind of heave and roll, as stupendous as the mighty Atlantic waves, highly enjoyable when sickness is over.

Not being vexed by foul or violent winds, the passengers soon began to turn up, and in the course of a day or two we had settled down into the usual occupations and amusements incidental to a sea life.

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When the evenings were long, and the weather in that amiable mood described by a poetical midshipman in the log-book as

“Light airs, languishing into calms,”

many hours were spent on deck, where, under the leadership of the actors, glees and songs, with powerful choruses, in which all joined, were kept up with 15 great spirit until a late hour: on these occasions the worthy Bishop of Boston was a tower of strength. Personally of Lablache-like proportions, he was gifted with a magnificent voice, and sang many of Dibdin's songs in a manner that called forth vociferous applause; nor, when the song was over, did his Roman Catholic reverence deem it inconsistent with his ecclesiastical dignity to sit among us smoking his “Havannah” and imbibing toddy.

Those were pleasant nights, when the winds were at rest, and the moonlight bridged the heaving waves with silver bars, our ship speeding on, flinging from her bows tongues of phosphoric fire, which flickered far in her foamy wake. But as every night was not favourable for these *al-fresco* concerts, they were diversified by Shakspearian readings, admirably given by one of the actors, and occasionally by more subdued singing, in which our lady friends took part. Supper—consisting generally of anchovy toast, poached eggs, and broiled bones—followed these entertainments, after which we descended to our narrow resting-places, deeming ourselves fortunate if we had light to undress, as the steward invariably extinguished the lamps at midnight.

So passed our fair-weather days; but, as may be supposed, great and sudden changes came over the passengers when

“The stormy wind did blow,”

and our efforts to walk the deck reminded me of Bentham's paulo-post-prandial vibrations. Foul weather, however, had no effect on the discipline or management of the ship, which through sunshine and storm went on with the same regularity as the pulsation of the

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mighty engines. It was, indeed, a daily source of interest to watch the various operations in our floating hotel, the more studied as our outward world rarely presented any variety. Day succeeded day, and still our ship was alone on the great waters, not a sail being in sight. Under these circumstances, the blowing of a whale near us, or the gambols of innumerable porpoises, were sure to call every passenger on deck, and batteries of telescopes into play.

The pains taken in navigating the Cunard steamers and their general excellent appointments make it the more surprising that the boat-accommodation should not be proportionate to the number of passengers. On our voyage out we numbered 170 passengers and 103 officers and crew, making a total of 273 persons; while our six boats, with the closest packing, could only contain 210 individuals, and two of them were 17 stowed on the deck-houses within the shrouds, bottom upwards,—the one covering vegetables, the other fodder for the cow! On my return to England, I felt it a duty to make these facts public. This elicited an answer from Mr. Cunard, who stated that his steamers carried the number of boats required by the act of parliament; but, as the number of passengers is unlimited, it is evident that when the amount of boat-accommodation is exceeded, which it was in our case, there is but little hope of safety in time of peril.

That terrible catastrophe, the loss of the *Arctic*, affords the strongest evidence of the want of due care on this most important question. There were 400 human beings on board that ship, and only boat-accommodation for half that number. Not only should there be a sufficient number of boats, but they should be carried in such a manner as to permit of their being almost instantaneously launched.

We had been a week at sea when the fine clear weather we had enjoyed was blotted out by cold dense fogs, affording sure evidence of our vicinity to the Banks of Newfoundland and the Gulf Stream. There is something peculiarly interesting in the physical consideration of this current, and of that issuing from the Arctic Sea, which combine to produce a cosmical C 18 arrangement necessary for the comfort and existence

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of man. Well has it been observed, that the harmonies of the sea are beautiful and sublime.

The winds, which give life and animation to the ocean, are another source of interest during a voyage. Not idly, nor without a purpose, do those breezes and tempests sweep past the voyager as he plunges through the swelling seas. It is their business to maintain a systematic circulation of the atmosphere; and the Bible, which frequently alludes to the laws of nature, tells us all this in a single sentence:—"The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits."

The track pursued by steam-ships from Europe to America, unhappily for those who are sorry sailors, does not lie across that ocean paradise of landsmen, denominated by the Spaniards "*El golfo de las Damas*," being that belt of the Atlantic situated about the thirtieth parallel of latitude, where the wind blows so equally and softly, that the waves are always low and regular. Humboldt says of this part of the Atlantic, that it is less dangerous to navigate than it is to traverse one of the small Swiss lakes. To the north of this blessed region storms are rife, and are not unfrequently accompanied by those curious 19 phenomena—red fogs and sea-dust, which microscopists inform us are composed of countless millions of organic particles. Nor, when these are absent, let the voyager imagine, as he "sweeps through the deep," he is

"Alone on the wide, wide sea, So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemeth there to be."

The vast sea-weed meadows of the Atlantic, which cover a space nearly seven times as large as France, teem with life; and deep sea-soundings, which reveal the sea-floor at the greatest depths, tell us that the bottom of the ocean is frequently paved with calcareous and siliceous shells. Thus, the study of these "sunless treasures," which are now recovered with much ingenuity by Brooke's deep sea-sounding lead, suggests



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new views regarding the physical economy of the ocean, as they are the atoms of which mountains are formed. For the ocean bed is full of irregularities, and I often thought, as our steamer pursued her way across the vast Atlantic, that, although her water-path was trackless, we were yet hastening from mountain to mountain, across or along valleys, over table lands, and, in short, all the irregularities of the ocean-floor. Recent soundings tell C 2 20 us the Atlantic basin is a vast trough, bounded on the one side by America, and on the other side by Africa; and that rising out of this trough are mountains higher than the loftiest snow-crowned Himalayas, from peak to peak of which huge whales hold their course with the same precision\* with which eagles pass from crag to crag; and valleys deeper than any trodden by the foot of man, within whose oozy folds the great waters lie in perpetual repose. Depths have been sounded in the Atlantic greater than the elevation of any mountain above its surface, not far, moreover, from the track we are pursuing.

\* It is supposed that some whales, which pursue a perfectly straight course for many miles, are guided by the mountain peaks beneath them.

While on the banks we had wretched weather; dense fogs wrapped Our ship in gloom, and it was so cold as to cause us to cluster round the smoke-pipe. On the tenth day we caught a glimpse of Cape Race, looming dark and mysterious through the diluted mist. Fishing craft now began to appear; one of which, by the way, was very nearly run down by us during the night; and small land birds rested their weary wings on board, allowing themselves to be caught with the greatest facility. During this anxious period of navigation our captain kept constant 21 watch. About noon of the eleventh day we emerged from the gloom through which we had been voyaging, and saw before us the magnificent harbour of Halifax, into which we were running at full speed. The effect was enchanting. Dark-green spruce-forests, which emitted a delicious balsamic perfume, clad the coasts, which swelled into undulating hills in the distance, canopied by a sky of unclouded blue, and the bay was dotted with strange-looking boats. Presently we ran along a line of wharves

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covered with piles of cod-fish and barrels, until we came to our moorings, where all Halifax appeared to be assembled.

And now commenced a bewildering scene of confusion, from which I quickly escaped, being delighted to exchange the confinement of the ship for an hour's run on shore. Accompanied by some fellow-passengers, I rushed to the Citadel, where we produced great excitement by communicating the latest war intelligence, and then mounted the heights, from whence there is a glorious view. Every object wore a novel aspect. The trees were different, the houses unlike our own, the flowers new, and, to make the change still more striking, tiny humming-birds flashed like streaks of golden light before us. These fairy visitants from distant Florida, which have hitherto defied captivity in Europe, made me forcibly aware I was now indeed C 3 22 far from home. Of Halifax there is but little to be said, and that little is truly and well related by "Sam Slick," who is familiar with the town which he thus describes:—"A few sizeable houses, with a proper sight of small ones, like half-a-dozen old hens with their brood of young chickens." Gallantry, however, ought to have prompted him to add that the girls are pretty, a fact well known by officers who have been quartered here. But the great living feature of the place are the troops of noble Newfoundland dogs, with huge bushy tails and shining black hair, which are met with in all parts of the town. They are principally fed on fish; here a drug, seeing there are annually exported from Halifax about 500,000 barrels and boxes of dried cod. Should the fish-crop fail and the inhabitants ever suffer the horrors of a siege, they might hold out a long time by subsisting on their dogs.

Soon, too soon, the signal gun summoned us on board again, where we found the decks encumbered with a chaotic heap of coals, ice, and lobsters. Another gun announced the arrival of the mail; the gangway was removed, and we steamed out of the harbour as the sun was sinking in a flood of golden and purple glory beneath the western wave.

The remainder of the voyage (560 miles) was most 23 prosperous. The Bay of Fundy, which bears a terrible reputation for its stormy waters, was, during our passage across it,

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as smooth as a mirror; and thus, with the happy prospect of soon reaching our destination, even the most sallow-visaged among us wore a cheerful appearance. With the object, it is to be presumed, of exhibiting the extraordinary resources of the *cuisine*, our last dinner eclipsed all its predecessors in excellence and abundance. Salmon as fresh as the day they were captured appeared at the head of each table, and, after an endless succession of dishes and *entremets*, wonderful artistic confectionery, displaying amicable relations between the United States and Great Britain, graced the board. As my English friends had left the ship at Halifax, I found myself on the last evening of our voyage in company with some half-dozen Americans. My purpose in visiting the United States being well known, considerable anxiety was manifested to impress me with an exalted idea of the country, which, I was assured over and over again, I should find a model of earthly perfection.

Whatever I may have thought of certain spots and blemishes in the constitution of the United States, the odds were too fearful against me to render it either desirable or prudent to enter into political argument, and, indeed, I only allude to the matter C 4 24 because it confirms in rather an amusing manner the stories so often told of American national vanity. So, declaring I anticipated much pleasure from my travels in their *great* country (the double sense of this adjective is particularly serviceable to the English tourist in the United States), I,

“Smiling, put the question by,”

and begged leave to drink to our next merry meeting, assuring them that,

“Never shall my soul forget The friends I found so cordial-hearted; Dear shall be the day we met, And dear shall be the night we parted.”

The intelligence that we should be in Boston by dawn brought me on deck in time to see the sun rise in crimson majesty just as we were steaming into the outer harbour. Early as it was, nearly all the passengers were on the alert. A change had come over some of them which was almost ludicrous. The American ladies, with that sensitive regard for outward

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adornment which characterises them, had exchanged their sober sea-garments for robes of dazzling hues, in which, with bonnets of gaudy texture, 25 and a super-abundance of jewellery, they promenaded the deck. It seemed as if we had embarked a company of gaily-dressed ladies bound on a party of pleasure; for nothing could be greater than the contrast between our female friends as they had become familiar to us, and as they now appeared in their butterfly attire.

Compared with our bold western coasts, the eastern shores of America are very tame. Low land stretches as far as the eye can reach, skirted by small islands, between which lies the sinuous passage to Boston. Faithfully remembering the picturesque cliffs of the Emerald Isle, I confess I was considerably astonished by one of the patriotic Americans passing his arm through mine, and, pointing to the thin line of coast scarcely discernible from the sky, asking at the same time whether “that was not fine?” This large and rather unceremonious demand on my admiration perplexed me; for, unwilling on the one hand to offend, stepping on the threshold of his country, I was equally unprepared to assent to his proposition. Without compromising my regard for truth, I answered in a manner which I trusted would relieve me from all further questions of a like nature; but I was disappointed; and I do not exaggerate when I 26 state there was scarcely an object on land or water I was not called upon to admire. This distressing pertinacity to worm from me praise when really, as it appeared to me, none was merited, recalled to mind a story told of a similarly exacting American, who, after sundry abortive attempts to exact admiration from Lord Metcalfe, who had just arrived in America during the winter season, exclaimed, “Well, I guess you'll allow that this is a clever body of snow for a young country?”

As winter was not in the ascendant at the time of my visit, there was no snow to be landed; but I half expected, when my admiration hung fire, that my persecutor would have appealed to me whether the sun was not redder and hotter than in England—a proposition which would have gained my immediate assent. As it was, I fear my coldness was annoying, as, probably with the view of taking his revenge, he pointed to the sea on our starboard, informing me, with a triumphant tone, “There, sir, we threw in the tea;” an

act which, though perpetrated as far back as 1773, is remembered with great satisfaction by all patriotic Yankees; and lest my knowledge of that transaction was insufficient to make me fully aware of the bold independence of the American 27 character, the republican—still linked to my arm—raised his hand from the saline tea-pot, and drew my attention to a tall, chimney-like structure, crowning North Boston heights. Conceiving the object was attached to some large factory, I hazarded a remark to that effect, which elicited the exclamation, and with considerable warmth, “No, sir, that is the famous Bunker-Hill monument, erected”—but I spare my readers the rest; not that they would, I feel assured, wince under the announcement that the monument is a landmark of honourable American independence, but that they have had enough of little national weaknesses.

How long these would have been indulged in I know not; but happily we were now fast approaching our destination. Small, gaily-painted craft, differing in their rig from our coasting vessels, danced lightly over the green waters, mingling here and there with noble ships arriving and departing.

The delicious purity of the atmosphere cast a charm over the scene, which increased in interest as we approached the pier. Early as was the hour, our guns, which had been fired on entering the harbour, attracted a crowd of persons to witness our arrival. After threading fleets of merchant ships, the engines 28 rested from their labours at the landing-place of the Cunard steamers, which is at East Boston: and as soon as the gangway was adjusted, I stepped on shore, thankful that, after many a long day-dream, I was at length in the United States.

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## CHAP. II.

CURIOUS VEHICLES.—CUSTOM HOUSE.—REVERE HOTEL.—BREAKFAST.—  
CONTRAST BETWEEN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH HOTELS.—RAPID WASHING.—  
OLD BOSTON.—STATE HOUSE.—COMMERCE—FANEUIL HALL.—FRESH POND.

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—ICE CROP AND ICE TRADE.—AGRICULTURE NEAR BOSTON.—VALUE OF LAND.—WAGES.—AL-FRESCO TEA.—FIRE-FLIES—NAHANT.—STEAMBOAT.—LIFE PRESERVERS.—ACCIDENTS.—VISIT TO MR. LONGFELLOW.—PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.—GEOLOGY OF NAHANT.—SALEM.—MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.—SEA COAST.—VISIT TO MR. PRESCOTT.—NAHANT HOUSE.—THE FLIRTATION GALLERIES.—BATHING.—LAURA BRIDGMAN.—LOWELL.—THE “YOUNG LADIES.”—MANUFACTURES.—LAWRENCE—MOUNT AUBURN.—PIANO FACTORY.—SCHOOLS.—NEW THEATRE.—CITY LIBRARY.—EXCITEMENT RESPECTING SLAVERY.—QUINCY’S SPEECH.—THE “KNOW-NOTHING” MOVEMENT.

Remembering the long voyage, the effects of which were manifest in the erratic motion of my legs, it was startling to hear English spoken on all sides. There were, however, some novel and strange features in the scene; the strangest being a wonderful contrivance called a stage, slung on two enormous leather straps, which passed completely under it. The panels were curiously carved and painted, and the interior 30 ingeniously fitted—fixed, in Yankee phraseology—to contain nine persons seated on three cross-seats. The whole affair looked so antiquated, I thought it must have been imported from England in the days of our forefathers. There were several of these coaches waiting; but, before we could avail ourselves of their services, we had to pass the ordeal of the Custom House. This, thanks to excellent management, and great civility on the part of the officials, was an easy operation.

A baggage-entry certificate was placed in my hands, which I was directed to fill up; and having solemnly, sincerely, and truly declared that my luggage consisted only of wearing apparel, it was at once passed. The words “so help me God,” in large type, give the declaration a solemnity which, it is presumed, impresses travellers with proper awe, and may in some cases prevent them making a false declaration.

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Now came a wonderful packing scene, which in my case terminated by finding myself in one of the aforesaid stages with eight Americans, with whom I drove to the Revere House, which enjoys—and justly—the reputation of being the best hotel in Boston.

Much as I had heard respecting American hotels, I confess the gigantic reality of the Revere House 31 greatly exceeded my expectations. Before making my toilette, I indulged in the luxury of a warm bath, which was ready at a moment's notice; and, having dressed, I sought the eating saloon, a magnificent apartment, tastefully decorated with fresco paintings, where I enjoyed a breakfast, affording such abundant choice, that I transcribe the bill of fare as a specimen of the variety in the commissariat department of American hotels.

*Broiled.* —Beef steaks—pork steaks—mutton chops—calf's liver—sausages—ham—squabs. *Fried.* —Pig's feet—veal and mutton kidneys—sausages—tripe—salt pork—hashed meat. *Fish.* —Cod-fish with pork—fish balls—hashed fish—fresh salmon—broiled mackerel—broiled smoked salmon—Digby herring—halibut—perch with pork. *Eggs.* —Boiled—skinned—fried—scrambled—dropped. *Omelets.* —Plain, with parsley, onions, and ham—kidneys—cheese. *Potatoes.* —Stewed—fried—baked. *Bread.* —Hot rolls—Graham rolls—Graham bread—brown bread—dry and dipped toast—hominy—fried Indian pudding—cracked wheat—corn cake—girdle cake. And for beverage, tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and iced milk. Here, I think, it will be granted, is a choice of good things sufficient to puzzle the most determined gastronomist; and if the articles which I did not taste were as good 32 as those of which I partook, the most fastidious person could not find fault with the *cuisine* of Revere House.

Indeed, it is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than is presented by an English and an American hotel; the first comparatively small, quiet, dingy, and expensive; the latter vast, noisy, glaring, and, for the accommodation offered, moderate in charge; for, taking into account that a guest is provided with three meals daily of infinite variety, a bedroom,

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and the use of handsome drawing and reading rooms, two and a-half dollars, or half-a-guinea a-day, including attendance, is clearly a moderate charge.

The interior economy of these large establishments is extremely curious. Those fond of studying human character would find abundant occupation without stirring from the hall, as from early morn until late at night there is a perpetual coming and going of all manner of people. This constant surging human tide, ebbing and flowing in large waves through the entrance hall, is felt in even the most retired parts of the house. But what would be wearisome and harassing to an Englishman is apparently pleasant to our Transatlantic friends, who seem only in their element when in a noisy crowd. These huge establishments do duty as boarding-houses as well as hotels, large portions being devoted to families, who rent rooms by the year, month, or week, and take their meals at the public tables. For the accommodation of these guests, there are suites of apartments superbly furnished, designated the ladies' drawing-rooms, but to which gentlemen have easy access; for the doors, in summer at least, are never closed. Here groups of ladies congregate, in wonderfully rich and gay dresses, reclining on damask-covered sofas, or lounging in the universal rocking-chair,—a few reading, or playing the piano, but the majority passing a *dolce far niente* kind of existence, which would be insupportable to the thrifty and domestic English wife. I had heard so much of the American bar-room, that I felt considerable curiosity to see one of these places. The bar attached to the Revere House is a large and handsome apartment, furnished with a number of easy chairs and loungers, having a counter across one end, on which stand numerous bottles and decanters, containing the ingredients for the infinite variety of drinks patronised by Americans. It is worthy of remark that customers are allowed to help themselves to as much spirits as they please; and although this practice might be supposed to lead to excess, such a result is not the case; the consequences being, less is drunk at a sitting,—or rather standing,—though the bar is more frequently visited. Thus the interests of the proprietors of these dramshops are better served by their apparent liberality; and the Bostonians, in one respect at least, follow the advice contained in the distich,—



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“Solid men of Boston make no long orations; Solid men of Boston drink no strong potations.”

The usual charge for a drink is a dime, or ten cents, equal to sixpence; and, when it is remembered that the bar is frequented from morning till night, it may be imagined this department of the hotel is highly profitable.

Within a short distance of the bar, and generally on the same floor, is the barber's shop, without which no American hotel would be perfect. This apartment, conspicuous by a large barber's pole, gaily painted, over the door, is fitted with especial regard to the comfort of its *habitués*, comprising the majority of the male guests of the hotel, who are in the habit of submitting their faces and hair daily to the practised hands of black barbers. Reclining in velvet-covered chairs, with their feet on high rests, cushioned and covered with the same material, these luxurious Americans are operated on by the negroes <sup>35</sup> in a most artistic manner; and a process which is generally unpleasant, if not positively painful, becomes, under their hands, easy and delightful.

Such are a few of the more striking features in American hotel life, as first seen by me at the Revere House; and while every provision is made to meet Jonathan's requirements, his go-ahead propensities are equally studied,—a fact of which I had early experience. Before breakfast, I left a large bundle of linen in my room, with orders that it might be washed by the following day. Happening to return to my chamber in about a couple of hours, I found, to my infinite astonishment, all my linen, beautifully washed, on the bed; and on expressing surprise at the quickness with which the operation had been effected, I was assured it could have been equally well accomplished in fifteen minutes. This led me to cast a reproachful glance at my plethoric portmanteau, into which I had, with considerate thoughtfulness for clean-linen comfort, stowed a dozen shirts, with other linen in like profusion. Why, when a wardrobe of dirty clothes can be converted into spotless purity in a few minutes, lying in bed while a shirt is washing is no hardship. And let it not be supposed my informant exaggerated. At a subsequent period of my travels, I had the

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curiosity to D 2 36 visit the laundry attached to a large hotel, for the purpose of seeing how this magic-like ablution is performed. The secret consists in using a variety of ingenious contrivances, and employing numerous girls, who have each a part to perform; so that a shirt which begins its rapid journey in a state of deep mourning, speedily assumes a lighter complexion, and emerges from the hands of the active maidens and machines in a few minutes, fit to do duty in a Saratoga ball-room. This, as the Yankees say, "is a fact;" and it is equally true that the charge for this rapid washing is a dollar per dozen articles, which is not reduced if a slower process be adopted.

Impatience to see the New-World city in which I had landed forbade my remaining longer in my hotel; and accordingly, provided with my letters of introduction, I started to explore the town, peculiarly interesting to an Englishman, it having been founded by those sturdy Puritans who went forth from their Father Land bearing the flag of civil and religious liberty. I emerged on the common,—a large open space planted with trees, surrounded on three sides by some of the best private dwelling-houses of the citizens. A great charm is given to these residences—which happily are not smoke-canopied—by the rich-hued flowers of the creepers mantling the walls, and 37 graceful acacias, silver maples, sumachs, and other trees which cast a graceful shade before the doors. It is worthy of remark that the public seats in the park are covered with sheet-iron, to preserve them from the whittling propensities common in the States. At the upper end of the common is the State House, from the summit of which I enjoyed a glorious panoramic view of Boston; and in order that this varied and really fine scene may duly impress American visitors, an inscription meets the eye, enumerating various important national events and acts, not omitting the drowning of the tea, and concluding with these words:—

"Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who, by their exertions, have secured to you these blessings."

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Descending the slope on which Boston is built, I came to the business part of the city, and found in Washington Street nearly as much bustle as exists in one of our great London arteries. The omnibuses are particularly striking, from their gay decorations and the absence of conductors, whose functions are performed by the driver. He has full command over the door by means of a leather strap, buckled to his D 3 38 right leg; serving at the same time as a check-string. He feels a tug—the strap is slackened—the door opens—and the passenger, handing up the fare through a hole in the roof, alights and goes his way. Thus the services of a conductor are dispensed with; and in the case of private carriages driven by their owners, who are rarely accompanied by a servant, I observed when the carriage stopped the horse was anchored by a leather strap to a leaden weight placed on the *trottoir*. Continuing my explorations, I came to the streets adjoining the wharves, fringed by stately ships and numerous smaller craft. These streets are lined by huge warehouses, the majority of which contain piles of boots and shoes,—37,000,000 dollars being the present annual value of these articles manufactured in Massachusetts alone. The feverish pulse of commerce throbs in every vein of this part of Boston, which was literally encumbered by bales and boxes to such a degree, as to render passage through them extremely difficult. On my way back I visited Faneuil Hall, celebrated as the meeting-place of democrats; and the adjoining market-house, where the various edibles, instead of being exposed to view, repose in enviable coolness in large boxes filled with ice.

I now delivered my letters of introduction, which 39 called forth an amount of hospitality that made my sojourn at Boston highly instructive and agreeable. The breaches of courtesy which have unhappily marked the journals of travellers, who frequently repay kindness and courtesy by publishing private and, in many cases, confidential conversations, render me particularly desirable not to offend in this respect; and I shall, therefore, only state I had the happiness of sharing the hospitality of families well known in England for their literary attainments.

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I was indebted to Mr. Brown, the head of the celebrated publishing house, for a most agreeable day spent at his beautiful country seat, about ten miles from Boston. On our way we visited Fresh Pond, a lovely sheet of water, which in our little island would rank as a lake. The water, rising from springs of crystalline purity, changes under the magic hand of frost to ice of exquisite transparency. Vast store-houses, to contain this luxury, constructed of double wooden walls lined with tan, are built on the shores, some of which were still full of ice.

The ice-crop has become an immense article of commerce in the United States. The trade was commenced in 1805, by Mr. Tudor, who sent a ship freighted with ice to the West Indies in that year, and soon after extended his operations to other countries. D 4  
40 Boston is the great seat of the ice-trade,—all the lakes and ponds near the city being put under requisition to meet the consumption; which, however, is so great and increasing, that additional lakes are in course of formation. Some idea of the enormous demand for this commodity may be formed from the fact that, while the quantity shipped in 1832 was 4352 tons, in 1852 it had risen to nearly 200,000 tons. Many ingenious machines are employed for cutting the ice, which in favourable seasons attains a thickness of twenty-four inches. The average yield is 1000 tons per acre. It is necessary to live in an American summer temperature to appreciate the luxury, or necessity rather, of ice. Throughout the States it is as common as water. Walking through Boston at six in the morning, I saw a large block dropped at every door. Four dollars is paid for a regular daily supply of ice during the five summer months. Besides the consumption for domestic purposes, vast quantities are used for preserving provisions, the price being only 16 cents for 100 lbs. Before the great ice-commerce had been established, much inconvenience was felt by the serious obstructions occasioned by the sawdust cast into rivers, as rubbish, from the sawmills. Now, sawdust being found the very best preservative of ice, there is a 41  
constant demand for it, and the rivers are, consequently, no longer obstructed.

After an early dinner, at which I was introduced to the delicious Catawba champagne grown in Ohio, Mr. Brown drove me through his farms,—among the most productive in the neighbourhood of Boston. The usual crops are corn, hay, carrots, pumpkins, apples, besides cheese and butter. I heard of one farm which numbers 103 acres, 6 being underwood, and 97 pasture and arable, where the expense of cultivation for one year was 1003 dollars, and the amount arising from the sale of the produce 2760 dollars, leaving a profit of 1757 dollars. Land which, ten years ago, was only worth 40 *l.* per acre, is now worth 200 *l.*, and is annually increasing in value. The pay of labourers is a dollar and a quarter per day. The absence of trim hedges strikes the eye accustomed to them in England. The buckthorn ( *osmunda spectabilis* ) partly supplies the want; and when planted close, is, by its terrible armour of thorns, an effectual barrier against trespassers. The primeval forest has disappeared in this locality, but the distant hills are still clothed with ancient trees; and only twenty years have elapsed since a wild turkey was shot in the neighbourhood of Mr. Brown's house.

42

Having made a considerable circuit, I found myself in the evening seated under the verandah of a charming house, inhabited by a relation of Mr. Brown, with a large family gathering round an *al-fresco* tea, at which a great variety of American fruits and preserves were handed round. The scene reminded me of Italy; and the illusion was strengthened by the balmy atmosphere, a sunset of great glory, and fireflies which played round us as we drove back to Mr. Brown's house at a late hour of the night.

The following morning I returned to Boston, and embarked on board a steamer for Nahant, a fashionable watering-place about eight miles from the city, much resorted to by the Bostonians. The object of this excursion was to spend the day with Mr. Longfellow, who had kindly invited me to his summer residence.

On this occasion I was introduced to an American coasting and river steamer. Built as lightly as possible, the engine, working partly above deck, impels these boats about

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eighteen miles an hour. The saloons, of which there are always two, are very elegantly furnished; that devoted to the ladies abounding with every kind of luxurious seat. In strange contrast with this expensive refinement, is the closely-packed store of life-preservers, which, like the 43 skeleton in the Egyptian banquet-halls, reminds one of death. These life-preservers, which the law compels every steamer to carry, are placed in an accessible part of the ship, and, as newspapers inform us, are unfortunately in frequent requisition. Indeed, so common are boiler explosions on board American steamers on the western waters, that it is customary for experienced passengers to assemble in the after-part of the ship when the engines are started, as it is generally at that moment boilers give way.\*

\* Official returns state that, during 1852, 292 disasters occurred among the passenger-ships on the western rivers in America, involving a loss of 750 lives.

Nahant is a singular-looking place, consisting of a long and narrow rocky tongue projecting into the blue waters of the Atlantic. It is dotted by small cottages, built in utter defiance of all æsthetic architectural principles, surrounded by tiny enclosures of sward, and carries at its extremity an hotel of such gigantic proportions, as at first sight to give rise to the idea that the superincumbent weight must submerge the peninsula. In one of these cottages, somewhat less ugly than its neighbours, I found Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, and received from them a welcome corresponding in every way to their reputation for amiability and hospitality. Seldom, indeed, 44 have I met with any person possessing a greater power of making the stranger feel at home than this celebrated poet. Accompanied by him, I called on Professor Agassiz, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Professor Owen. This visit was highly agreeable and instructive; for we found the eminent Professor at work on his embryological investigations, which have occupied his time during the last fifteen years. His position is admirably adapted for these interesting researches, as the disposition of the rocks provides him, at low water, with an infinite number of *aquaria*, abounding with marine animals. During the summer months, the Professor, who holds a chair in Harvard University, where he habitually resides, devotes his time to this favourite

branch of natural history,—having, at his father-in-law's cottage at Nahant every facility for the study. Nahant also presents a rich field to the geologist. I remember with much pleasure a walk along the cliffs with Mr. Longfellow and Professor Agassiz, during which the latter drew my attention to the curious geological features of the place, and particularly to the rocks of hornblende and syenite, traversed by veins of greenstone and basalt, exhibiting polished grooves and furrows, indicative of glacial action.

45

After an early dinner (our Transatlantic cousins have the good sense to abjure supper-hour dinners), Mr. Longfellow drove me with his wife to Lynn and Salem, about eight miles distant on the coast, famous for the prodigious number of boots and shoes manufactured by their industrious population. In 1853, Lynn alone produced 4,952,300 pairs of boots and shoes. The materials are furnished by head manufacturers at Boston to the shoemakers, who are paid by the piece. Full employment can always be obtained by competent workmen. Binders earn from 3 to 4 dollars, and workmen from 3 to 9 dollars, per week; the amount depending on their ability and disposition for labour. In 1853, more than seven thousand women were employed at Lynn binding shoes. The specimens of boots and shoes contributed to the Exhibition at New York are stated to have illustrated, in a satisfactory manner, the skill and ingenuity employed in this department of industry. Great taste is displayed in ladies' shoes; whilst the excellence of workmanship, especially in gentlemen's boots, shows how thoroughly the division of labour in this manufacture is favourable to satisfactory results. The aptitude of Americans to turn their abilities and time to the best account, is strikingly exemplified by the circumstance that many farmers fill up their leisure 46 time by shoemaking and cabinet-making, especially in winter, when outdoor labour cannot be performed. Many farmers contrive to pay their rent by the proceeds of their handicraft.

The scenery of the Lynn coast reminded me strongly of that in Lincolnshire. Vast reaches of ribbed sand are covered by sea-weed,—

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“Ever drifting, drifting, drifting, On the shifting Currents of the restless main; Till in sheltered coves and reaches Of sandy beaches, Here has found repose again.”

Marine villas occupy every desirable locality along the coast. One of these belongs to Mr. Prescott, the historian, with whom we spent the evening. Our conversation soon took a literary turn, principally in relation to the vexed question of copyright; and it so happened, while we were deep in argument, Mr. Prescott received letters from England, informing him that the decision of the House of Lords being adverse to a foreigner possessing copyright in England, his bargain with a London publisher for a new historical work, for which he was to have been paid 6000 *l.*, had become void. Some men would have exhibited 47 disappointment at this reverse of fortune: whatever Mr. Prescott may have felt, it is due to him to state his kind manner underwent no change on the receipt of the intelligence. The reader will be gratified to know that, although the eyesight of this eminent historian is dim, he can yet see sufficiently to write with the aid of a frame. It was late when we returned to Nahant, and later when I arrived at the large hotel, where I had secured a bed. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Bostonians to great advantage. Accompanied by Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, I visited the drawing-rooms,—superbly furnished apartments,—where some 200 ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The change was startling. A few minutes before, I had been creeping, through the dark night, along the edge of the rugged cliffs, and now I was in the midst of a gay ball, which had this peculiarity, that while the ladies, who were young and pretty, were dressed as assuredly only American ladies dress, the men, for the most part, were attired in morning garments. The saloons were brilliantly illuminated; and some idea of the scale and economy of these American hotels may be formed from the fact, that gas is specially manufactured for Nahant House, and laid on in every bedroom.

While an excellent band set many feet in motion, 48 the outer galleries were occupied by parties, including numerous couples, who, by their demeanour, showed these convenient localities are not inappropriately named “ *the flirtation galleries.* ” I was greatly amused,



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the following morning, observing the ladies bathing; for as they are attired for the double purpose, as I presume, of bathing and being seen, there is no impropriety whatever in looking at the fair creatures in the water. The garments worn on these occasions are of the gayest colours, consisting of a Bloomer kind of costume, in which the upper part contrasts strongly with the lower. The head is generally surmounted by a quaintly-shaped white cap, which seems to have made a deep impression on the author of a poem on Nahant, who says,—

“Still where the sea beats on the shore, I sit and drink its music in— The music of its thunder-roar, And watch the white caps swirling o'er, The blue waves restless evermore.”

In truth, it is a strange scene; and does not abate in interest when the ladies emerge from the water, in their gaudy costumes, exhibiting trowsers of all colours, and countless pairs of little white feet, twinkling on the sand. This early bathing must be as conducive to health as it is to an exhilaration of spirits; for, during my travels, I saw no ladies with such glowing complexions as those at Nahant. In the words of an American enthusiast,—“They come down to breakfast after their bath, freshened up, looking as sweet and dewy as an avalanche of roses.”

The tourist, not pressed for time, may spend a few days most pleasantly at Nahant. From its position, it is constantly fanned by cool sea-breezes, which modify the great summer heats. Inclination prompted me to remain another day, particularly as I received a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Prescott. My plans, however, obliged me to return to Boston where I had yet to see some celebrities. Among these, were Laura Bridgman, and that nearly equal wonder, Oliver Caswell. The asylum for the blind, where the triumph of educating these persons has been achieved, is about two miles from Boston. I found Laura and her companion seated on a sofa, conversing with a rapidity perfectly bewildering, the process being carried on by simply pressing the fingers on the palm of the hand. Laura, who is now twenty-six years of age, manifests so high an amount of intellectuality that considerable apprehension is entertained respecting her health, which

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is not very E 50 good. Her frame is slight, and when excited during conversation the convulsive twitchings of the muscles in her forehead are most painful to witness. Strong exercise tends to tranquillise her, and fortunately she is not unwilling to walk several hours daily. She purposes writing her life. The dawnings of intellectual consciousness will doubtless form a singular psychological feature. The task of educating Oliver Caswell, who is younger than Laura, was very arduous. The latter is far quicker; as an instance of which she wrote her name in my notebook in half the time occupied by Oliver in the same operation.

Furnished with letters from Mr. Abbott Lawrence, I visited Lowell, famous for its factories belonging to a corporation, and for its factory girls, better known by the more elegant title of the "young ladies" of Lowell. About an hour's railway drive brought me to that phenomenon to an Englishman, a smokeless factory town canopied by an Italian sky. Here, water, pure, sparkling, and mighty in strength, from the Merrimack river, does the duty of steam-engines, driving huge wheels and turbines attached to enormous factories. To describe these is unnecessary, as they differ but little in their internal economy from those in our manufacturing districts. There 51 are eight manufacturing corporations and thirty-five mills, which produce 2,139,000 yards of piece-goods weekly, consisting of sheetings, shirtings, drillings, and printing cloths. These are fully equal in quality to similar goods manufactured in England. Not being in the trade, the "young ladies" interested me more than the spinning-jennies or looms; and, before I had gone through one mill, I was ready to admit that the difference between a Manchester factory girl and a Lowell "young lady," is great indeed. The latter is generally good-looking, often pretty, dresses fashionably, wears her hair *à l'Impératrice*, or *à la Chinoise*, and takes delight in finery, and flowers, which give a gay appearance to the factory rooms. But it would be unfair to institute a comparison between the Manchester and Lowell factory girl; as the former is born in that hard school where work is a life-long taskmaster, while the latter is generally the daughter or relative of a substantial farmer, who enters the mills for the purpose of gaining a little independence, and seldom remains there more than a few years. Thus

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the employment takes higher rank than with us, and the “young ladies” live in a manner that would greatly astonish an English factory girl. Requesting permission to see one of the Lowell boarding-houses, where the “young E 2 52 ladies” reside, I was directed to the establishment usually shown to visitors; but, conceiving it desirable to step aside from the beaten track, I knocked at the door of a different house. The residences of the “young ladies” are excellent, forming rows separated by wide streets, shaded by a profusion of trees, and bright with flowers. My request to be permitted to see the house did not meet with ready assent. After some parley with the servant, the mistress appeared, and made particular inquiries respecting the object of my visit, adding, it was not her custom to show her house to strangers. This made me the more desirous of gaining admission; and having succeeded in satisfying the lady I was merely a curious Englishman, she allowed me to enter, and took great pains in showing me her establishment, assuring me had she been aware of my visit she would have put her house in order. But it needed no preparation to convince me the “young ladies” are admirably provided for. A large sitting-room occupied a considerable portion of the basement floor, beyond which was the refectory; above were airy bedrooms, well furnished, containing from two to four beds. The provisions, which my conductress insisted I should taste, were excellent; and when I add the “young ladies” are waited on, and have their clothes 53 washed, with the exception of their laces, &c., which they prefer washing themselves, it will be seen they are very comfortable. For their board and lodging they pay six dollars a month, one-sixth of which is paid by the corporation; and as their average earnings are about three and a half dollars a week, it is evident that, if not extravagant in their dress, they have it in their power to save a considerable sum yearly. But I fear, from the number of gay bonnets, parasols, and dresses which I saw in the “young ladies” apartments, a large proportion of the weekly wages is spent on these objects. At the same time it is right to add that the strictest propriety reigns throughout their community, comprising 1870 females; and it was gratifying to hear that, although the famous *Lowell Offering* periodical has been discontinued, the books borrowed from the town library, for the use of which half a dollar is paid yearly, are of a healthy literary

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nature. The total number of operatives at Lowell when I visited it was nearly 10,000, and their savings invested in the bank of deposit 1,104,000 dollars.

Mr. Lawrence informed me that the corporation purpose building additional factories for weaving coarse cloths, which can be sold cheaper than those imported from England. At Lawrence, a new seat E 3 54 of cotton manufacture, also situated on the Merrimack, it is intended to erect vast mills on the most improved system. The Atlantic cotton mills, already in operation at that place, turn out 300,000 yards of cotton cloth weekly. The total capital invested in the manufacture of cotton goods in Massachusetts, amounts to 30,000,000 of dollars.

Among the lovely resting-places of the dead, Mount Auburn, near Boston, eminently merits mention; and I cherish, with great pleasure, the remembrance of an evening spent there. On my way to it I visited Harvard University at Cambridge, and Longfellow's house,—historically interesting, as having been the residence of Washington in 1775, when he commanded the American army. The drive to Mount Auburn is peculiarly English: fine elm-trees, two centuries old, cast their graceful branches across the road; and villas, with trim gardens and lawns, carry thoughts back to the old country. The cemetery, about 300 acres in extent, is remarkable for the picturesque disposition of the ground and variety of trees: unhappily, however, man has greatly marred these beauties by the frightful monuments, cenotaphs, and obelisks raised over the tombs,—sufficient to convict the American nation of being, as yet, sadly ignorant of artistic taste. It was really a relief to turn from these wretched productions into the cool glades, where lovely flowers blossomed beneath the shade of cedars and cypresses, peopled by shrill cicalas. Had the monuments been less painful to the eye I should have dwelt longer among them; for some stand upon ground occupied by the remains of men of whom America has reason to be proud. Honour, too, is rendered to those who have laboured in the cause of humanity; and I was greatly pleased that, in my hurry, I did not miss a monument bearing the following soul-stirring inscription:

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“To the Memory of the Rev. Charles Torrey, who died in the Penitentiary of Baltimore. He was arrested for aiding slaves to regain their liberty. For this humane act he was indicted as a criminal, convicted by the Baltimore City Court, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for six years. While on his death-bed he was refused a pardon by the governor of Maryland; and died of consumption, after two years' confinement, a victim to his sufferings.”

Nearly in the centre of the cemetery, and on the summit of the mount, rises a tower, commanding a fine panoramic view, from which the silent abode of death wears a beautiful appearance, for the repulsive monuments are shrouded by the thick woods. E 4 56 Undulating country, dotted by flourishing villages, stretches far to the west; gleaming lakes, which produce the famous ice-crop, lying in the richly-wooded hollows; while on the east, Boston, with its wide-spreading suburbs, and its restless tide of human life, extends to the verge of the cemetery within which the weary are at rest. Gazing on this picture, flooded by the golden light of the setting sun, thought recurred to that period, not far distant, when the country fringing the Atlantic, where now mighty cities throb with the energy of millions, was little better than a trackless wilderness. In 1700, the population of Boston was 7000; in 1840, 83,000; and in 1850, it had risen to 270,000.

All the establishments in this city are on a very extensive scale. The educational institutions are models of excellence. It is highly honourable to the citizens that, in proportion to the population, a larger sum is expended on education than by any other city in the Union. In 1853, 1,200,000 dollars were invested in schoolhouses; and 300,000 dollars are annually spent on education. But the returns for the entire state of Massachusetts are more striking; as they show that, with a population of one million, there were, in 1851, 3987 schools, or one for every two square miles, and an annual expenditure of 1,500,000 dollars for educational purposes. In all the public institutions and private commercial establishments, great activity is very conspicuous. The busy piano manufactory of the Chickering, which has been recently built on a scale to turn out sixty pianos weekly, may be instanced as a specimen of the gigantic nature of American

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enterprise. This building occupies five acres; 400 workmen are employed; and the concern is so managed that, in the figurative language of a publication describing it, "forests enter at one end of the building, and come out perfect pianofortes at the other;" to which, however, should be added a little metal; for, clever as the Yankees are in the use of wood, it is to be apprehended that all their forests, with only their native "brass," would make but a sorry piano.

The reproach which long attached to Boston, with respect to its poor theatre, is now removed by the erection of a magnificent structure, capable of containing 4000 persons. I examined this building in detail, and was much struck by the method employed to render it as perfect as possible. The seats are disposed in such a manner that each commands the stage; and the latter embraces all modern improvements, including a curtain of sheet-iron to cut off communication with the audience. Here my 58 friends, the actors, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, were engaged to perform.

To the numerous literary institutions already existing in Boston, a public library has recently been added, which is supported by city funds. The establishment is free to all inhabitants of Boston above sixteen years of age, who are permitted to take books from the library for home use. This great privilege is duly valued. During three months in the spring of 1854, 5000 persons were supplied with books. The only guarantee required for their safety is a certificate from a householder, to the effect that the party borrowing the book "is a fit person to enjoy the privileges of the public library."

Before closing my experiences of this most pleasant city, I must add, in justice to the Bostonians, that I heard slavery frequently discussed and denounced with great vehemence, in consequence of a recent successful appeal to the authorities, requiring them to restore a fugitive slave to his master. A slave, superior to his fellows, had taken refuge in Boston. His master, a southern planter, being apprised of the circumstance, went to the city, and called upon the mayor to restore his property to him. The latter demurred, and the case was tried. Meanwhile, the slave-owner lodging at the Revere House, gave

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out he 59 was armed to the teeth,—which was the case,—and that he would not leave Boston without his slave. The citizens soon evinced their feeling in the matter; and when at last the law ordered the restitution of the slave, a large armed force was obliged to be called upon to protect the master. Meetings quickly followed, for the purpose of expressing sentiments and passing resolutions condemnatory of slavery in every shape and form. At one of them the veteran Quincy was present, and made a speech (for a copy of which I am indebted to the Hon. Mr. Everett), which produced a powerful effect on the excited assemblage. “I am here,” he said, “as one who has now in this world little to hope, and, I thank God, nothing to fear; who has behind him only the memory of the past, and before him the opening grave. From such an individual you have a right to expect words of truth, duty, and soberness. What has been seen? what has been felt, by every man, woman, and child in this metropolis? We have seen our Court House in chains; two battalions of dragoons, eight regiments of artillery, twelve companies of infantry, the whole constabulary force of the city police, the entire disposable marine of the United States, with its artillery loaded for action, all marching in support of a prætorian band, consisting of one hundred and twenty 60 friends and associates of the United States Marshal, with loaded pistols and drawn swords, and in military costume and array,—and for what purpose? To escort and conduct a poor trembling slave from a Boston Court House to the fetters and lash of his master.” The peroration of the speech may be conceived. I was assured the excitement was intense, and the general impulse was to dissolve the union with the Slave States at once.

The Bostonians have long been inimical to slavery. As far back as 1645, the Court of Boston passed a resolution, by which they “held themselves bound to bear witness against the haynus and crying sinne of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redresses for what is past, and such a law for the future as may deter others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men. And we do order that the negro, with all others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity, at the charge of the country, sent to his native country of Ginny, and a letter with him of the

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indignation of the Corte thereabouts, and we desire that our honored Governor will please put this order in execution.”\*

\* Copied from the early records of Massachusetts.

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Throughout the New England States the public voice is yearly heard louder in denunciation of slavery. With so strong a feeling, the fine lines of America's chief poet have peculiar significance:—

“Go on until this land revokes The old and chartered Lie, The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes Insult humanity.

“Write! and tell out this bloody tale; Record this dire eclipse, This day of wrath, this endless wail, This dread apocalypse!”

Next to slavery, the new and curious “Know-nothing” party was most frequently discussed. This latest creation of American politicians, which I saw described as

“—moving in a mysterious way Its wonders to perform,”

is now, despite its title, pretty well known. The birth of yesterday, the party has acquired a strength and power absolutely startling. Their professed object is to oppose the election of Roman Catholics, and all who are not native Americans, into any office in the States, and by every means in their power to promote feelings of hatred and animosity against 62 Popery. The immense preponderance of Protestants over Papists in the United States, gives this intolerance a mysterious character; for as there were only 1112 Roman Catholic chapels in 1850 in the States, and 35,711 Protestant churches, it is evident Popery need not be dreaded. Indeed, Mr. Everett assured me, religion was a secondary consideration in “Know-nothingism.” The party have three newspaper organs. The principal one is called “The Know-nothing and American Crusader,” and has for its motto “God and our



country!—Deeds not words!” surmounted by a youth, extending his right hand to a star, and trampling the Papal tiara under foot. The second is styled “The Mystery, published nowhere, sold everywhere, edited by Nobody and Know-nothing.” Underneath are a large eye, a nose, and the cypher O. The third is entitled “The Wide-awake and the Spirit of Washington,” with the motto “God forbid, that we, their posterity, should be recreant to their trust.” These publications are full of coarse and low invectives against Roman Catholics, who are denounced as enemies to the country of their adoption. Notice of all elections is given, with directions who should be supported. The movement is not confined to the lower orders. A Boston gentleman told me that, 63 having expressed opinions supposed to be in favour of “Know-nothingism,” he was drawn aside by an acquaintance, and informed if he desired to join the party he might do so by going to a house which he described on a certain night; but he must bear in mind that the oaths enjoining secrecy would have to be taken. In the course of my tour, I had opportunities of seeing the results of the “Know-nothing” movement, which has penetrated to the far west, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the Americans have breathed life into a *Frankenstein* which will occasion them much trouble.

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### CHAP. III.

LEAVE BOSTON.—RAILWAY CARS.—COW-CATCHER.—LOCOMOTIVES.—  
WATERING THE PASSENGERS.—PRECOCIOUS TRAVELLING COMPANION.  
—TROY.—SARATOGA.—CONGRESS SPRING.—AMUSEMENTS.—DINNER.—  
BLACK WAITERS.—PROMENADE.—BALL.—LADIES' DRESSES.—MONROE.—  
PLANK ROAD.—LAKE GEORGE.—SQUIRREL HUNT.—RATTLESNAKES.—BASSE  
FISHING.—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.—LAST OF THE MOHICANS.—TICONDEROGA.  
—FORT.—SMOKE FOG.—FORESTS ON FIRE.—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—AWFUL  
DARKNESS.—DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.—ROUSE'S POINT.—TREMENDOUS  
FIRES.—RAILWAY DRIVE THROUGH THE BURNING FORESTS.—OGDENSBURG.  
—A FRIEND IN DIFFICULTIES.—CROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE.—PRESCOTT.—

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS.—STORY OF A RAFT.—LEAVE PRESCOTT.—KINGSTON.—FORT HENRY.—LAKE ONTARIO.—COBURG.—BUTTER MERCHANT.—LEAVE FOR PETERBOROUGH.—HOUSELESS TOWN.—THE OTONABEE.—ARRIVE AT PETERBOROUGH.

Bearing in mind that a traveller, to his vexation, has often to wait for his bill at an English hotel, I applied for mine early on the morning of my departure from the Revere. But I now learned that, with the universal desire to economise time, hotel bills are dispensed with in the States. The bar-keeper informed me I had to pay so many dollars, and, the payment being made, I was free to depart.

65

My destination was Saratoga, to which I travelled by railway, passing through the picturesque district of the Green Mountains. The American railway car, as is generally known, is about forty feet long, eight and a half wide, and six and a half high, having seats, with reversible backs, for sixty passengers. The weight of a car of these dimensions is eleven tons, and the cost about 400 /. It is supported at each end on four wheeled trucks, ingeniously mounted on swivel axles, enabling it to whisk round curves at the sight of which an English railway engineer would stand aghast. The locomotive is very unlike ours, being an uncouth-looking machine, with a prodigious bottle-nose chimney, and an iron-barred vizor-like affair in front, called a cow-catcher, though, as I can attest from observation, it is not at all particular as to the kind of animal it catches, or kills; for, as may be imagined, when an unfortunate beast is struck by the pointed guard, the chances are it is killed. As the railways, with few exceptions, are unprovided with fences, the herds and flocks turned into the forests are at liberty to roam on the track; sheep especially are fond of resorting to the line at night, which they find drier than the damp clearings. These animals, however, are not deemed formidable obstacles. An engine cleverly dashed through a flock of one hundred and F 66 eighty, the greater portion of which were summarily converted into mutton. Differing in outward form, the American engine differs also in its interior economy from our locomotive, feeding on wood, for which

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it has an insatiable appetite, instead of coal, which may account for the unearthly sound it emits, comparable only to the simultaneous braying of a dozen donkeys labouring under oppressive asthma. The English first-class railway traveller, accustomed to the courtesy of guards and the servility of porters, will seek in vain for their representatives in America. A conductor, unmarked by any badge of distinction beyond a small plate, which he only displays when the train is in motion (for up to that period he is an independent gentleman), shouts to the engine-driver, "All o' board;" a bell, attached to the engine, is rung violently, not to summon indolent or tardy passengers "on board," for they are supposed to be in the cars—but to warn people in the streets of the approach of the locomotive, and the train is off. Thus, the traveller has to look out for himself, and he is early made aware of the important fact, that if he trusts to others he will in all probability pay the penalty by being left behind. Through streets, across thronged roads, speeds the train, the only warning being a conspicuous notice—"Look out for the locomotive when the 67 bell rings." The conductor's labours commence with the journey. Here again the value of time in America is made apparent; for as the functionary proceeds through the cars, calling out "Tickets," it will be noticed very few passengers are provided with checks. The conductor is, therefore, empowered to sell tickets, and this, with receiving them at the end of the journey, constitutes his principal occupation. When the train reaches its destination, the conductor removes his official badge, and retires into private life.

The process of watering the passengers, as it is called, is another feature peculiar to American railway travelling. A man or boy, often a negro, carrying a tin can, and tumblers in a frame, passes frequently through the cars, dispensing iced water to the numerous applicants for that indispensable refreshment during an American summer, which is provided at the expense of the railway company.

The rate of travelling is about twenty-four miles an hour. The stoppages are frequent, to take in wood, which burns more rapidly than coke. At these wooding stations, unfortunate

horses may be seen toiling up an endless incline, which retrogrades beneath their feet, and sets machinery in motion to saw logs for the locomotives. F 2

68

There being no distinction of cars, excepting those for emigrants and coloured persons, the adage that travelling makes us acquainted with strange companions has more than usual force in the States, where an honourable judge, a senator, or the President himself, may be seen seated next to a rough and unwashed mechanic. On the present occasion, my neighbours were of a very heterogeneous nature, consisting of every variety of American society. Elegantly dressed ladies were, as usual, not wanting; and, under the circumstances, I considered myself particularly fortunate in having next to me an exceedingly pretty girl, who entered the car at a station about twenty miles from Boston. The day was oppressively warm, and so by way of commencing a conversation I offered the young lady the use of a bottle of eau de Cologne. If, thought I, she accepts my offer, she will not be disinclined to engage in conversation. I was not wrong. The perfume was freely used. Thanks were returned in a sweet voice, happily untainted by a nasal twang, and, however antagonistic to romance, truth compels me to state we were soon entangled in the intricacies of an argument on Slavery. She was a strenuous advocate of bondage, and regarded all Abolitionists with particular horror and aversion. As her words swelled in violence, the warm blood of the south—for she was a southern—crimsoned her cheeks. The lady's range of information was astounding, and she talked with a masculine determination and assurance strangely at variance with her youthful appearance. As she was going to Ballston Springs, near Saratoga, we spent the greater part of the day together; and when we drew near her destination, I expressed my regret that she was not going to Saratoga. "Well, if you remain at Saratoga we may meet again." "But," added the lady, "I shall be only a short time at the Springs, for school re-opens in three weeks!" So my heroine was only a school-girl!—Young I knew her to be, but I did not imagine I had been talking to a precocious "bread and butter Miss," as Byron styles young ladies in a transition state between the nursery and drawing-room. Assuredly, had that poet's

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experience of school-girls been derived from those “raised” in America, he would have come to the conclusion that the *pabulum* of seminaries in the model republic is of more masculine stuff than bread and butter.

In the course of the journey we passed within view of Albany, on the right bank of the Hudson, near the head of the tidal navigation. This city was founded in 1612 by the Dutch, and, next to James Town in Virginia (now in ruins), is the most ancient European F 3 70 settlement within the thirteen original states. On the capture of New York by the English in 1664, Albany received its present name in honour of James, Duke of York and Albany.

Following the left bank of the river we arrived at Troy, celebrated as the great depôt of the lumber trade, from whence enormous quantities of timber are sent down the Hudson. The Americans are proud of their Troy. The classical visitor will, however, seeing it is a busy manufacturing town, exclaim, Alas, for *Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrorum!* and he will be the more inclined to sigh over past and present associations, when he hears that two small hills in the vicinity of the town bear the high-sounding titles of Ida and Olympus. The traveller has an excellent opportunity of seeing the principal streets, as the railway passes directly through them before crossing the Hudson, and thus passengers are conveniently dropped at the doors of the hotels.

It was dark when we arrived at Saratoga. Following a train of passengers who were going to the United States Hotel, I found myself among a crowd of eager applicants for rooms. Having obtained an apartment, I was seized by four negroes, who, with prodigiously large whisks, commenced a vigorous attack on the dust covering my clothes and hair.

71

After this operation I indulged in a luxurious bath, and, having changed my dress, mingled with the numerous and gay company promenading the corridors. The vastness of the hotel was amazing. In comparison with its halls, those at the Revere House sink into insignificance. After supper, strains of music drew me upstairs, where, in a large

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and handsome ball-room, about two hundred ladies and gentlemen were dancing and promenading, the former *en grande toilette* , while the latter, as at Nahant, wore their morning costume.

The following morning I rose early, and went to the celebrated Congress Spring, which rises in a small park at the end of the main street. The bubbling fountain, enclosed by a temple, was surrounded by a crowd of both sexes, drinking the curative element out of glasses handed to them by boys. The ladies were dressed in loose morning robes, and wore on their heads a kind of fringed hood of crochet work. An advertisement suspended in the temple, set forth that Congress Spring was discovered in 1792 by a member of Congress. The water is a purely natural acidulous or carbonated saline aperient, and is pronounced peculiarly beneficial in stomach complaints, and diseases of the blood. F 4

72

So fair a promise of restoring health, combined with fashionable amusements, draws a large concourse of invalids and pleasure-seekers to Saratoga. Such, indeed, are its real or imaginary attractions, that as many as 2000 visitors have arrived in a week.

Exercise being enjoined in the interval between drinking the requisite large number of glasses, an ingenious contrivance has been devised combining exercise and locomotion. Not far from the spring is an extensive circular railway, on which run gaily-painted miniature cars holding two persons, who turn the wheels for themselves. A number of these cars were careering round at a great rate on the morning of my visit, the amusement consisting in the different parties running races with each other, the ladies helping their partners most vigorously in propelling the machines.

Besides this, bowls, and nine, or ten-pins as they are called in America, were in vogue, the ladies joining heartily in the game. At a short distance from the spring is an establishment where the water is bottled, and despatched to all parts of the Union, for the

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Americans implicitly believe it is the best mineral water of its kind, and the consumption is consequently very large.\* It was difficult to recognise

\* As it is possible that some invalid reader may feel inclined to visit Saratoga, I subjoin the analysis of the Congress Spring water made by Sir H. Davy and Professor Faraday:—Chloride of sodium 385·44 grains; hydriodate of soda 4·02; carbonate of lime 116·00; carbonate of magnesia 56·80; oxide of iron ·64; carbonate of soda ·56; hydro-bromate of potash, a trace; solid contents in a gallon 563·46 grains.

73 the ladies at the spring as the same I had met at the breakfast table, so great was the change in their dress. Remembering that the majority purposed passing through two more transformations, for dinner and the nightly ball, and that to appear in a different dress on every occasion is the height of fashion, I no longer doubted the story of some ladies travelling with fifty dresses. It is also said, that when ladies have exhibited their wardrobe, they depart, the great object of their visit being accomplished.

Independently of the attractions of Saratoga as the most fashionable watering-place in the United States, its historical associations are interesting. Not far from it, and on an elevation about a mile from the Hudson, is the celebrated battle-field, claimed by Americans as the locality where the advancing wave which threatened to overwhelm their liberty was arrested. It cannot be denied that the English army under Burgoyne suffered a reverse at this spot, which had great influence in depriving us of a splendid heritage. After a struggle during six days, the British army 74 here yielded themselves prisoners to General Gates, and America was from that moment a nation. The kindness of the Americans to their prisoners on this occasion forms a bright feature of that memorable battle: an affecting incident preserves this noble trait. Major Ackland, of the English army, who had been severely wounded, was on the point of being shot by a boy, when his life was saved by an American general from whom he received the most tender care. Subsequently, when in England, hearing the Americans on some public occasion traduced as cowards, he boldly

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contradicted the libeller, whom he challenged, and a duel ensuing, the noble soldier fell a victim to his chivalric zeal.

The great event of the day at “the Springs” is dinner, which takes place at half-past three. This, at the United States Hotel, is a tremendous undertaking. Conceive sitting down in an enormous saloon, or, rather, four saloons at right angles to each other, with some 600 guests, waited upon by 150 negroes, commanded by a black maître d'hôtel. The operation of finding places for such a multitude—in itself no trifling task—being over, the waiters, dressed in spotless white jackets, extend their hands over the covers, and at a signal from their chief, stationed in the centre of the saloons, remove them 75 simultaneously. Then arises a clatter of knives, plates, and forks perfectly bewildering, in the sharp rattling fire of which conversation is drowned and confusion seems established. But a glance at the commander-in-chief shows that, although his black troops are rushing hither and thither in hot haste at the bidding of impetuous Southerners or less irascible Northerners, he has not lost his authority. At a clap of his hands they fall into their places, and at another all the dishes are removed. Bearing these dexterously on their extended arm, they march in step to the side-doors, through which they disappear. Scarcely, however, are they out of sight when, like Harlequin in the pantomime, in they come again, each with three fresh dishes, with which they march to their appointed places. Then, with their eye on the commander, they hold a dish over the table, and pop it down at the first signal. With clap two the second dish descends; and at the third signal the tables are covered. So through the dinner; for even in the changing of knives, forks, and spoons the same regularity is observed. The whole thing is excessively entertaining; and, what between looking at the various manœuvres, and at the ladies' dresses, I fared badly in the way of eating. The fault, however, lay entirely with myself, for the abundance of 76 dishes was almost overpowering. This admirable organisation is, of course, a great economy of time; for, although no counting-houses are near, the guests, without any display of quick eating, were evidently desirous not to remain longer at table than necessary; and in less than an hour the rooms were deserted.



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At a German *brunnen* the move would now have been in the direction of the hills, over which numerous donkeys or ponies would be found ready to bear the visitors. But they order matters differently at Saratoga, where to see each other and to be seen is evidently the main object. Accordingly, the ladies, in their gay attire, with their beautiful hair uncovered by bonnet or cap, promenade in the galleries and through the main street from hotel to hotel; some of the gentlemen, meantime, being seated in very remarkable attitudes in the verandahs, from whence they enjoy commanding views of the ladies; while others seek the billiard-rooms or shooting-galleries. As evening closes the promenaders return, and at seven a loud gong summons to tea. After this repast the drawing-rooms fill, and some of the ladies play and sing. Later there is generally "a hop," as the negro waiters call it.

Such is a sketch of the life I saw at Saratoga,—highly amusing to contemplate for a short time, but 77 presenting no temptation to the stranger to mix in for more than a couple of days. It would, however, have been easy had I desired to make many acquaintances, for several gentlemen offered to introduce me to their friends.

Leaving the gay and glittering scene, in the afternoon I took the railway cars to Monroe, and proceeded by stage over a plank road to Lake George, a distance of eighteen miles. I was the only passenger, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether the driver would proceed with so unremunerative a load. However, I insisted on his starting, having been assured at Saratoga that a stage invariably communicated with the trains at Monroe; and, after a little growling, he mounted his box and we set off. The road was wretched. The planks had not been renewed for many years, and we floundered about in a manner more ludicrous than pleasant. When we had accomplished about half the distance, and the night had set in, we came to a wooden bridge, at the approach to which the driver paused. "What is the matter?" I demanded. "Why, I guess there's a darn'd hole in this 'ere bridge," was his reply. At this intelligence I suggested, as it was very dark, he should get out and lead his horses. This, however, did not meet his approbation; 78 and before I

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could alight he whipped the animals furiously, and over we went, clearing hole and bridge at a bound. As this was my first introduction to American disregard of life and limb, it made a considerable impression on me. Subsequent adventures tended greatly, however, to harden me. At ten I arrived at the hotel, situated at the southern extremity of Lake George, and soon after forgot my fatigues in a comfortable bed.

I had made a *détour* for the express purpose of seeing this lake; and the scenery which burst upon me the following morning was so lovely I resolved on devoting a day to its varied beauties.

I was confirmed in my determination by hearing at breakfast there was to be a grand squirrel-hunt in the neighbouring woods, and all the farming population were to take part in it. These hunts, or, as they are called, "Squirrel Bees," take place at the close of harvest, and are generally attended with a terrible destruction of squirrels and other animals; for, although squirrels are the principal objects of pursuit, no quadruped or bird comes amiss to the hunter. A recent battue in the woods to the east of Lake Champlain had yielded 1 wild cat, 7 red foxes, 29 racoons, 76 woodchucks, 101 rabbits, 21 owls, 42 hawks, 103 partridges, 14 quails, 39 crows, 4497 grey, red, black, 79 and striped squirrels, 25 wild ducks, besides unnumbered pigeons, jays, woodpeckers, &c.

It is customary to count by tails,—a bear reckoning as 50 tails, a fox as 20, and so on; thus when so many tails are mentioned it does not follow the same number of squirrels is comprehended. These pretty little animals, which, according to the farmers, are sadly mischievous, abound in the woods around Lake George, in proof of which I was assured that, a few years ago, as many as 32,000 were killed when the harvest was over. On the present occasion only 4300 fell, of which about 200 were black. I shot one of these, and eight red squirrels, and might have easily added to the number, but from a circumstance which paralysed my energies, and kept me in a state of constant apprehension. This was the unwelcome information that the woods swarm with rattlesnakes, rendering it highly dangerous to traverse them without having the feet and legs protected by stout

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boots. Now, as I wore shoes which left my ankles entirely unprotected, I confess I felt very uncomfortable, and was particularly careful not to stray from the beaten track in my pursuit of game. These terrible reptiles are not, however, shunned by the hunters. Some men are particularly dexterous in capturing them for the sake of their oil and gall, which are reputed to be valuable specifics for certain diseases; and my friend, Mr. Lanman of Washington, who is well acquainted with Lake George, says that the principal amusement of the girls residing in a small hamlet on the shores of the lake is rattlesnake-hunting. Their favourite play-ground is the sunny side of Tongue Mountain, near Rattlesnake Island, where they pull the reptiles from between the rocks by their tails, and, snapping them to death, carry them off in baskets as trophies of their skill. In this manner he was told they had killed, in one day, the incredible number of 1100.

While the mountains and forests are tenanted by a variety of game and reptiles, the angler will be glad to hear that the waters of this beautiful lake are famous for the number and variety of trout, and particularly for black bass, which, like trout, seem to be partial to romantic places. This fine fish is a genuine *native American*, and justly takes high rank among the game fish of the country. The true angler will respect it the more for its love for gaudy flies, which it seizes with the avidity of a salmon-trout. I was informed that in the vicinity of the numerous islands, dozens of bass of from two to six pounds weight may be taken in the course of a few hours; so the angler may reckon on excellent fishing should he feel disposed to remain some time on the shores of this lake, and should he tire of sport, he will have abundant opportunities of studying herpetology if he be inclined.

Let the Americans praise Lake George as much as they please, its great beauties cannot be exaggerated. Its Indian name is Horicon, a musical and appropriate word, signifying "pure water," and it is to be regretted this was exchanged for the more common-place name which it now bears. It is thirty-four miles long (Murray is not yet in America, so a tourist may occasionally render good service by a little description), from two to four wide, and reflects upwards of 300 islands on its clear bosom. It is completely surrounded by elevations, the most prominent of which are Black and Tongue Mountains, famous for their

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dens of rattlesnakes. French Mountain, which rises picturesquely at the south extremity, is memorable as having been the camping ground of the French during the Revolutionary War. I had half determined to ascend this mountain in the evening, but gave up the idea on being told that the undertaking requires several hours. Americans, however, if we may judge by the following lines transcribed from the Hotel Album, would not have been so easily deterred:— G

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“Though before you mountains rise, Go-ahead; Scale them certainly you can: Let them proudly dare the skies, What are mountains to a man? Go-ahead.”

Instead of ascending the mountain, I visited the remains of Fort George, and Fort William Henry, celebrated as the scene of the terrible massacre of the English army by the Indians in 1757. The shores of Lake George abound with interesting localities in connection with the struggle for dominion in the New World between the English and French; and the admirer of Cooper will not forget that the scene of “The Last of the Mohicans” is laid here and in the immediate neighbourhood.

The following morning I embarked in a small steamer for the head of the lake. The day was lovely, and the trip most beautiful. An old fellow belonging to the boat pointed to all the objects of interest; and when we came abreast of Tongue Mountain, confirmed its unenviable reputation for rattlesnakes, by producing a large box containing about a dozen of these reptiles which he had caught on the slopes. It is his yearly habit to catch, at the beginning of the season, a number of these snakes, 83 which he keeps without food, and at the end of the year kills them, and sells their oil. Those which he had were extremely large, and in a furious state of excitement.

At the head of the lake rude stages were waiting to convey us to Ticonderoga, five miles distant. This drive introduced me to a corduroy road, over the irregularities of which our vehicle rose and fell with a violence of motion threatening every moment to hurl me from

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my outside seat. On our way we passed several log huts. Altogether the drive was of the wildest nature. At Ticonderoga, or, as it is called, "old Ty," we had to wait some hours for the Lake Champlain steamer, during which time I explored the extensive ruins of the fortress. This was built by the French in 1756, and called Carillon. The Indian name was Cheonderoga, signifying sounding water, on account of the rushing waters at the outlet of Lake George at the Falls. The place is identified with the most deadly strife between the English and French, and subsequently between the former and the Americans. The ruins are situated on a peninsula, comprising about 500 acres, and are at an elevation of about 100 feet above Lake Champlain. It was a very strong fortress, and the numerous relics of war, in the form of bullets and arrow-heads G 2 84 which are still found, attest how fiercely battles must have raged about its walls.

While seated on an eminence, contemplating the varied features of land and water, and musing on the past eventful history of the ruin, I noticed that the charming scenery was gradually becoming dim. Conceiving my eyes might be in fault, I rubbed them, but on gazing forth again, the same dimness prevailed. Portion after portion of cape, headland, mountain, and water were blotted out, and the sun loomed lurid through the opaque atmosphere. The cause now flashed upon me. The forests were on fire, and I was destined to see a spectacle of unusual magnificence. The heat had been exceedingly great for several weeks before I landed in America, and this, with a drought of extraordinary duration, had parched the ground. Thus the forests and underwood were in a particularly favourable condition for burning, and the fires made by settlers and hunters spread with fearful rapidity. While waiting for the steamer, which was detained two hours by the smoke, portions of charred leaves fell thickly upon us, giving evidence of the approach of the conflagration. As we steamed up this noble lake, matters became worse, and long before reaching Rouse's Point the shores were veiled by supernatural darkness. Having 85 no compass on board, the captain was obliged to navigate his vessel by sounding; and when we reached our port about eight o'clock, it was so dark, that torches of pine-wood were in requisition to enable us to land. Here we heard the surrounding

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country was on fire, and that the communication by railway to Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence was suspended. The hotel, a huge barrack-like place, was full of travellers, who told fearful stories of the march of flame through the land, and the papers teemed with accounts of what was styled "the terrible calamity."\* These were confirmed by the awful spectacle which the heavens presented at night, appearing like a mighty furnace. The oppressive heat was sickening, and the smoke so acrid as to cause excessive smarting pain to my eyes. I went to bed, but sleep was out of the question; and when morning dawned, it was only to reveal a dreary spectacle of dense smoke, through which objects a few yards distant could not be distinguished. I rose undetermined what to do; anxious to pursue my journey to my friend's house in Canada, with whom I planned visiting Quebec; but apprehensive that by going to Ogdensburg and G 3

\* The estimated loss by the fires in August was 4,277,000 dollars. In Troy alone, "lumber" valued at 1,000,000 dollars was burnt.

86 plunging farther into the forests to the north-west, which were also on fire, I might be worse off than at present. My indecision was terminated by the intelligence that the fire having passed nearly, if not quite, across the railway to Ogdensburg, a train would start for that place in a couple of hours, and believing that when on the St. Lawrence all danger of being stopped would be at an end, I determined to go on. That railway drive will long live in my memory. During the entire distance (120 miles), with the exception of clearings, where the black ruins of the settler's homestead told how fiercely the fire had blazed, we passed between burnt brushwood and charred trees, upon the noble stems of many of which the fire was still flickering. At every station where we stopped, crowds of terrified men and women made anxious inquiries respecting the progress of the conflagration. The march of the fire seemed endless, for when we came to localities where it was almost extinct, a few yards farther long tongues of flame played among the trees and almost licked the sides of the cars.

The smoke, meanwhile, was most distressing, blinding in its effects, and shrouding every object in its dismal folds. At three in the afternoon we arrived at Ogdensburg; but, instead

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of finding the atmosphere 87 clearer, it was, if possible, more opaque. The steamboats had ceased running; two were aground on sand-bars off the town; and, to complete my misfortunes, a telegraphic message had arrived, announcing that no boats would be despatched from Montreal until the atmosphere was clearer. This was most disappointing; and my spirits were still more depressed when I entered a small tavern,—the best in the place,—which promised to be my home for many days. There, indeed, I mourned over my solitude; for a companion, under such circumstances, would have been most cheering. My tour, by these unlooked-for events, seemed prematurely terminated. The magnificent St. Lawrence rolled within a few yards of me, and I could not see a trace of its blue waters. The whole country was wrapped in flames and smoke,—gloom and despair were on every face. I sat down to deliberate, prudence whispering return; while an excessive disinclination to retrace my steps urged me to persevere. I was in a state of miserable indecision, when a man entered my narrow apartment, and, announcing himself as the landlord, stated that, having heard I was very desirous of ascending the St. Lawrence, he had come to tell me my best chance of getting on was to cross to Prescott, on the opposite G 4 88 side of the river, where I might catch the British mail-boat, which would continue running, if possible. “You see,” he added, “it would be my interest to keep you on this side, for it is my opinion you would stop an almighty long time; but I would scorn to take advantage of a Britisher, and so you jist come with me, and I'll see you across the river and into good quarters on t'other side.” Here was a gleam of sunshine. Thanking the landlord, whose disinterested kindness raised him very high in my opinion among the Boniface fraternity, I placed myself under his guidance, and was soon crossing the river, which we effected in safety, being directed by bells tolled on the Canadian shore. Passing through a couple of streets, the opposite sides of which were invisible, we arrived at a small inn. The two landlords were friends of long standing. Strict injunctions were given that I should be well cared for. The mail boat, due in the morning, had not yet arrived; and, being now late, it was not expected that day. So I made up my mind to remain where I was for the night.



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The bar was crowded by Canadian *voyageurs* , whose occupation was temporarily suspended in consequence of the smoke. From them I heard the forests to the north of the river were on fire for many 89 miles, and the conflagration fast spreading towards Prescott. Many of the inhabitants in the outskirts had taken alarm and packed up portions of their furniture, with the view of carrying it down to the river in case the fire entered the town.

Fortune, or misfortune, introduced me to a gentleman whom I found in the sitting-room, detained, like myself, by the smoke. He was waiting for his raft, which was due at Prescott four days before, and on which he purposed proceeding to Montreal. The detention of his property caused him great uneasiness, as may be conceived when I state it was worth 5000 *l*. The raft consisted of nine “drams” of timber, each dram containing 14,000 cubic feet, valued at ninepence a foot. The rafts are towed down the St. Lawrence as far as Prescott, and then navigated through the rapids by the *voyageurs* , about twenty being requisite to manage each raft. Great skill is necessary to accomplish this safely; but, such is the dexterity of the *voyageurs* , accidents are of rare occurrence. My informant had often descended the rapids on his rafts. He represented the adventure as full of pleasant excitement, in proof of which he stated, when he married he took his bride down by way of a wedding-trip. Having myself since descended these raging waters, I must say the lady, who, I was 90 assured, enjoyed the run, is qualified to be the wife of the wildest backwoodsman in Canada.

In consequence of heavy rain, which fell some miles from Prescott during the night, the following morning dawned on a brighter state of things. The smoke was not so dense, and glimpses of the St. Lawrence were visible. But there were no tidings of the mail-boat. All we could learn from the telegraph carried along the banks of the river was, that she had left Montreal the previous morning. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently, which I did until mid-day, when the joyful intelligence was announced that the boat was off Prescott. I immediately went down to the pier, and in a few minutes descried the steamer looming through the smoke-fog, while above,—



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"All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody sun at noon Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon."

As soon as the ship had taken in her supply of wood we started on our upward voyage. There were only a few cabin-passengers, but the lower decks were crowded by emigrants on their way to the far west. The majority were Norwegians,—fine stalwart men 91 and healthy-looking women, with a plentiful allowance of children. Of course Paddy was not missing, but this year he seems to be in a minority among the emigrant ranks.

We steamed at half-speed through the Lake of the Thousand Islands. It was tantalising to be in the midst of this beautiful scenery and only obtain transient glimpses of it. I should have felt the disappointment more keenly had it not been my intention to descend the St. Lawrence to Quebec. At ten at night we arrived at Kingston, where I was obliged to remain until three the following day. On rising in the morning it was most cheering to find the atmosphere considerably clearer, though the smoke-haze still hung heavily over lake and land. How vast an extent of country had been shrouded, may be conceived by the circumstance that I was now 400 miles from the locality where I first fell in with the fires.

I occupied the morning rambling about Kingston, and visiting Fort Henry, for which an order from the Town Major is necessary. The town has rather a dreary appearance in consequence of the great width of the streets, many of which are overrun with grass. The public buildings are fine, but entirely disproportioned to the requirements of the place, which presents no sign of that great activity and 92 progress characteristic of other Canadian communities. The removal of the seat of government from Kingston has had a most injurious effect on the town, and yet it is admirably situated for commerce, being on the verge of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The abundance of game in the vicinity renders Kingston a desirable residence for those fond of shooting and fishing, but, apart from this, it possesses scarcely any attractions; and the absence of the military, who, with

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the exception of a small garrison, have lately been removed, must render it even duller than it was at the time of my visit.

The boat in which I resumed my voyage to Coburg combined all the comforts of the river steamers with the strength of an ocean ship. For Ontario in its angry moods differs in no respect from the sea when vexed by storms. In consequence, however, of its great depth, it is not so easily affected by tempests as Lake Erie which is much shallower. Some interesting observations have been made on Lake Ontario, by which it appears that from May to September there is a gradual diminution of temperature from the shore towards the middle of the lake, and while the navigation is suspended on Lake Erie by ice, the waters of Lake Ontario are rarely lowered to the point of congelation.

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After passing across the entrance to the Bay of Quinte, whose shores are dotted with flourishing settlements, we lost sight of land. Shortly after, the night closed, and we were summoned to supper. Happily the lake was tranquil, and consequently the supper-tables were attended by all the passengers; for as meals on board the British mail-boats are included in the fare, they are generally patronised by the company. We arrived at Coburg about midnight, and after a hazardous scramble over logs and merchandise encumbering the pier, I found myself in a tavern with a Yankee, in the joint occupancy of a small bedroom just rendered endurable by there being two beds. The accommodation, which was the best at the disposal of the landlord, did not impress me very favourably with the capabilities of Coburg, but I was not aware at the time that the town possesses a large and excellent hotel. As the beds presented no inducement to be at the trouble of undressing, my companion and myself lay down in our clothes, and, before attempting to sleep, communicated to each other so much of our histories as was connected with our meeting. He was an enterprising butter-merchant, bound on a journey of exploration through the backwoods, for the purpose of purchasing butter from the settlers to sell in the 94 States. He had heard a large harvest was to be gathered in the country between

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Coburg and Peterborough, and was ready to buy every pound of butter that was to be had, provided, of course, the price were such as to enable him to realise a profit.

Having satisfied our curiosity respecting each other's affairs, we made desperate attempts to sleep, but were baffled by two trumpet-throated cocks which crowed at each other from early dawn with terrible energy and determination. So after tossing to and fro for some hours, I rose, and made up in some measure for want of rest by bathing in the lake. With intense delight I hailed the rising sun undimmed by smoke or haze, and drank in the dewy freshness of the morn. After breakfasting on venison steaks, I started by a railway intended to connect Coburg with Peterborough, but which at the time of my visit did not extend beyond Rice Lake, a distance of twelve miles. I had every reason to congratulate myself on this state of things, as the trip across the lake and up the Otonabee river was most enjoyable.

Immediately after leaving Coburg we plunged into the forest, through which the railway is carried to the lake. Here we found a tiny steamer, with high-pressure engines, which snorted and splashed across the water to the discomfort of ducks and other birds feeding on the wild rice. This plant, which gives its name to the lake, grows in such profusion as to make the water appear in many places like green pastures. Steering through these we drew near the wooded shore and entered the mouth of the Otonabee, a lazy river about a hundred yards wide, lined by the dense and dark primeval forest. The sail up this stream is extremely wild and romantic. As the steamer puffed round each bend, flights of scared water-fowl made the river

“Vocal in its wooded walls,”

and passed away into the wilderness yet undisturbed by man. For, with rare exceptions, the forest is in a state of nature; and, even where the settler has broken in, his labours have made but little impression.

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"Captain," said the butter-merchant, "be sure you put me out at Campbell Town." Shortly after this injunction the little steamer paused abreast of a small clearing, provided with a rude landing-place constructed of unhewn logs. "Now then, who's for Campbell Town?" exclaimed the captain, as he threw an attenuated leathern bag lettered "Her Majesty's Mail" to a lad in waiting with a cart. At 96 these words the butter-merchant, valise in hand, came forward and begged to know where Campbell Town was, as no houses were visible. The question was not irrelevant. Town in the shape of houses there was none; a few scattered log-huts and shanties formed the embryo of what, doubtless, will be ere long a flourishing community. Beyond these there was nothing in sight but the interminable forest. The Yankee's countenance fell as his vision of a thriving agricultural settlement was dispelled by the reality; and as he stepped on shore to seek his fortune we heard him muttering, "Wall, I'm darn'd if I ever see sich a town."

Near Peterborough the settlements increased in number and extent, and were of all ages, from the first stage where the prostrate trees or unsightly stumps told how fiercely war had been waged against the forest, to the period of glorious victory proclaimed by the snug house and homestead standing amidst green pastures or corn-fields, whose golden waves awaited the sickle, or stood gathered into banded sheaves,

"Like armies of prosperity."

As the steamer drew near Peterborough, and the captain pointed to the residence of my friend, I felt 97 strange emotions; for it had been a day-dream of many years' duration to visit him and his sister in their Canadian home. Now, it was on the eve of realisation; and those who have enjoyed the warm welcome of affectionate friendship in a far distant land, will conceive my feelings of joy when I passed under their roof. One purpose of my tour was accomplished; and, casting off the cares and anxieties of travel, I gave myself up for a season to quiet repose. H

**CHAP. IV.**

PETERBOROUGH.—GROWTH OF CANADIAN TOWNS.—EXCURSION TO THE BACKWOODS.—BAD ROADS.—SAW-MILLS.—LUMBER TRADE.—CAPABILITIES OF AMERICAN FORESTS.—DOURO.—MAJOR STRICKLAND.—LAKEFIELD.—AGRICULTURAL PUPILS.—CLEARING LAND.—VALUE OF LAND.—LOGGING.—LIFE IN THE BUSH.—DEER HUNT.—THE FOREST.—DUCK SHOOTING.—FISHING.—CLEAR LAKE.—EXCURSION TO INDIAN LODGE—MASKINONGE.—INDIANS.—PICTURESQUE ENCAMPMENT.—BARK CANOES.—PETITION OF OJIBEWAYS.—RETURN TO PETERBOROUGH.

Independently of my limited time, plans had been made for an excursion into the backwoods, so my season of rest was necessarily brief. Before starting to see bush-life, let me say a few words respecting Peterborough, one of the most rising towns in Canada. A few years ago its site was a wilderness,—now the population numbers 2500, and is rapidly increasing. New and large stores and shops are springing up, and several public buildings and villas are scattered through the township. Between these stumps are still visible. I had the pleasure of dining with the owner of one of the largest farms near Peterborough, on which occasion I met a numerous 99 party. The handsome house, grounds, and elegant entertainment recalled England. Flocks of sheep were feeding on the rich pastures. The owner of this charming residence informed me that he had tried the experiment of introducing Merino-sheep, which, however, did not thrive, though every care was taken of them. The common Leicester and Southdowns are very numerous. In 1851, there were 1,597,849 of these animals in Canada, being nearly one to every inhabitant. In the same year, 3,338,508 yards of fulled cloth and flannel were manufactured in the farmhouses of the two provinces. It is much to be regretted, that in Canada, as well as in the United States, so little consideration has been shown for the preservation of open places for recreation within the towns. It seems as if the desire were to shut out the free wilderness by every means. In the infancy of a settlement, when a

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few log-huts contained the population, this was natural; but when these swelled into large and flourishing communities, the importance of securing parks unfortunately remained unheeded. War to extermination against the forest is the settler's rule; and thus the instances are very rare of groves of the primeval woods amid the rising town.

A curious feature in the growth of Canadian towns H 2

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merits notice. This is the progress which, with scarcely an exception, the houses make westward; thus following the course of the great human wave, which, breaking on the eastern shores of North America, advances across the western wilderness at the rate of seventeen miles yearly.

Accompanied by two friends I left Peterborough early on a glorious morning for the backwoods. We travelled in a buggy, the vehicle generally used in Canada, which, although extremely light, successfully resists the terrible concussions arising from the wretched roads. Our destination was the township of Douro, about twelve miles from Peterborough, where I was promised a hearty welcome from Major Strickland, brother of the authoress of the "Queens of England," who has long been settled in the above township. Our route lay up the left bank of the Otonabee, the stream not being navigable higher than Peterborough. Its dashing waters are, however, used for floating down logs for the lumber trade, and driving saw-mills. We visited the largest of these establishments, about three miles from Peterborough. The machinery is on a gigantic scale. One hundred and thirty-six saws were working with tremendous velocity, reducing huge logs to planks at the rate of nearly fifty an hour. Instead of using files to 101 sharpen the saws, a powerful punching machine is employed, which cuts fresh faces on the teeth; a process combining greater efficiency with saving of time.

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A portion of the machinery is employed for making laths, besides plank-sawing. This mill, in common with others in Canada, works day and night, devouring 70,000 logs in the season of nine months; but, though the quantity of planks produced is prodigious, the demand generally exceeds the supply. Indeed, such is the increase of the lumber trade, that new mills on a gigantic scale are being erected, not only on the Otonabee, but on other rivers favourably situated for the purpose.

During last summer a block of mills was completed on the St. Francis river, in Canada East, exclusively for the lumber trade. At a low estimate, these mills will saw in a season 20,000,000 feet of long lumber, and two trains will be in requisition to carry the planks to Portland, from whence they will be shipped to all parts of the world.

To feed such establishments from the northern forests, involves an enormous amount of capital and labour. The firm of Egan and Co., who are at the head of the lumber trade on the Ottawa, employ in the forests through which that noble river H3 102 passes, 1,700 horses, 200 bullocks, besides 400 double teams on the road, engaged in the conveyance of food and forage. During the winter 1854–5 (the timber is cut in this season), they had 3,800 men in their service, and 100 lumbering establishments in various parts of the country. Their consumption of pork amounts to 1000 barrels annually, with other provisions in proportion. The cash transactions to keep this enormous machinery in motion exceed 2,000,000 dollars a year.

The returns of the exports of white pine alone from Quebec during the last six years show a vast increase; 17,400,000 cubic feet having been exported in 1853, and only 9,626,000 cubic feet in 1847.

The question naturally arises, how long will the Canadian forests continue to meet the enormous demand for timber. With a view of obtaining some information on this point, Government recently instituted an inquiry as to the probable duration of the supply in various districts; and it was ascertained that in the Ottawa forest-region alone there was

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timber sufficient to feed the mills on that noble river, at their present rate of consumption, for 600 years.

A glance at the map of North America shows how small a portion of that vast country is included in 103 this survey; so that, although new channels of communication will be opened into the interior with the extension of commerce, it is not unreasonable to regard the supply of timber as almost inexhaustible.

Resuming our drive we entered the bush, now unenlivened by settlements, their absence being made painfully sensible to us by the terrible condition of the road. Holes masked by mud were of constant occurrence. Into these our vehicle plunged with a crash, threatening to reduce it to atoms; but, much to my surprise, it was on each occasion dragged out by the willing horses, apparently uninjured. Worse, however, than the holes, was the dreadful corduroy composed of large logs, over which we bumped with a dislocatory motion, rendering it difficult to keep one's seat. To avoid these bad places, we frequently turned aside into the bush, preferring to rough it through the tangled underwood; and occasionally drove in the bed of the river when it afforded an easier route. So bad, in short, was this road, that although we had only a dozen miles to drive, we were five hours on the way. But as our bones out-last the jolting, the varied incidents were highly diverting. As we approached Douro, the forest gave place to clearings, affording charming views of the scenery of this favoured township. H 4 104 Presently we came to small houses and log-huts sown broadcast upon the land: the commencement of a town to which the name of Lakefield has been given, as the sheet of water from whence the Otonabee issues is within a short distance. Hastening onwards, for an ominous black cloud threatened a storm, we at length arrived at Major Strickland's settlement, and had just time to get under shelter, when the thunder-cloud discharged its contents in torrents of rain, imparting a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. It has been said everything is on a larger scale in the New World than in the old. That the thunder is louder, and the rain heavier in Canada,



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than in England is certain; at least, if what I heard and saw on this occasion were fair specimens of these phenomena.

Fortunately the Major was at home, and as soon as the weather permitted we crossed the yard to his house, where we received a warm welcome. Dinner was immediately ordered, and as *impromptu* repasts are of constant occurrence in the bush, where even stage-coaches are unknown, we were soon seated before fare which, if a little rough, had the advantage of being highly appreciated by the zest of keen hunger. But it would have ill accorded with my expectation or desire to have found luxuries in the 105 bush, for I had come to see the life led by the bold settler who makes his home in the wilderness. As we sat down, the Major's son stepped out into the verandah, and blew a long and loud blast upon a horn, which was answered by the arrival of half-a-dozen fine young men wearing loose trousers and red flannel hunting-shirts secured round the waist by a leather belt, from whence formidable knives depended. In a few minutes, another party of young men made their appearance similarly attired. I was somewhat puzzled; for although I knew the Major had more than one son, I had not heard that his children were as numerous as those vouchsafed to the patriarchs of old.

The mystery was explained by the Major telling me the young gentlemen were his pupils, whom he received into his house for a term of years, and instructed in various agricultural pursuits and matters relating to a settler's life. Thus a young man disposed to settle in the backwoods, by the payment of a small annual sum, has an opportunity of acquiring the information requisite for the successful pursuit of his proposed career, with the soundest practical advice in the selection of cleared or uncleared land; for Major Strickland is an old settler, and moreover agent to the Canada Land Company. 106 And should the roughing which he has to submit to during his probation cause him to turn aside from his intention, he has the satisfaction of not losing his capital, which is too frequently sacrificed in the purchase of experience.

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As my friends had to return to Peterborough, and had no desire to be permanently engulfed in a mud hole, or wrecked on the ribs of a corduroy during night hours, they departed in the afternoon, leaving me in the care of my kind host. Under his guidance I took a walk through a portion of the township, and was initiated into the mysteries of clearing land, the first business of a settler's life. This is a tedious process, nine or ten years being required to get rid of most stumps. Hard wood stumps, such as beech, maple, oak, iron-wood, elm, &c., rot out in that period, but pine stumps remain sound much longer, and require to be either burnt out or extracted by the aid of oxen or horses. It is, however, when the stumps are in the ground, that the heaviest crops are obtained from the virgin soil, which for some years requires no manure. At the same time, no wise farmer will exhaust the vegetable supersoil by taxing its wonderful producing properties too severely.

In the course of our ramble, we came upon a small clearing, where a newly-arrived settler was preparing 107 a site for a log house. Squared timber was ready for the humble edifice; and according to custom, the emigrant was to be assisted by his neighbours in "raising" his future home. Here, as elsewhere, in Canada, excellent fellowship prevails among the settlers; though, as Major Strickland observed, it frequently happens that the numerous wants of recent arrivals press heavily on the generosity of old settlers. In the township of Douro, uncleared land sells from 2 s. to 7 s. an acre, and the cost of clearing, fencing and preparing this acre for sowing is about 3 l. , the expense varying according to the nature of the timber. The value of cleared land has risen enormously: desirable farms, which a few years ago were worth only 4 l. an acre, now sell for 10 l.

Lord Elgin states in his last report to Government, dated Dec., 1854, "The upset price of Government Wild Land in Canada, varies from 1 s. to 7 s. 6 d. currency an acre, according to quality; and by the rules of the Crown Land Department now in force, it is conceded at these rates, except in special cases, in lots of not more than 200 acres, on condition of actual settlement, of erecting a dwelling house, and clearing one-fourth of the lot before

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the patent can be obtained." I may add that log-houses cost from 5 *l.* to 50 *l.* , and frame-houses from 7.5 *l.* to 300 *l.*

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It was pleasant to find that, with the growing prosperity of Lakefield, the public worship of God has not been forgotten. A small stone church has been erected, and a clergyman who has lately taken up his residence at Douro has undertaken to do duty. Hitherto the little community had assembled as opportunity offered, sometimes in each other's houses, and occasionally, when the weather was propitious, in Nature's temple of prayer,—

"Pillar'd with the grand old forests, Roof'd with broad expansive blue; Flowers springing up for carpets Bathed in pearly hanging dew;"

for the wilderness yet closely wraps the young settlement in its sylvan folds.

On our way home, we visited some of the oldest settlers in Douro, who occupy pleasant houses, commanding charming views of Clear Lake and the Otonabee. To those who have been educated in a school of formal conventionalities, the freedom of bush-life appears strange. Without further warning than was given by a dog, we walked from the verandah into drawing-rooms, the tenants of which did not seem at all disconcerted by our presence; but, on the contrary, gave us a most cordial welcome, and 109 pressed us to take refreshments. The interior of these houses is most comfortable; and, were it not that the bush shuts out the distant view, it would require no great effort to imagine the scenery English. Returning by the lake-shore, we passed through clumps of cedar bushes, which, after the refreshing thunder-shower, loaded the air with delicious balsamic perfume. It was a lovely evening. A magnificent sunset flooded the west with crimson glory, bridging the lake with bars of gold; and, as my eyes rested on the fair landscape and prosperous settlement—so different to the city, with

"The crowd, the hum, the shock of men,"

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I thought that, after all, the life of a settler amidst such scenes,

“With one fair spirit for his minister,”

must have many peaceful pleasures when the battle with the wilderness is over, and the earth brings forth her increase.

On our return we found the young gentlemen putting their rifles in order, and eagerly planning a deer-hunt for the following morning. The woods abound with these animals, which are started by dogs and driven towards the lake; the sport consisting in either shooting them as they bound across openings in the forest, or capturing them in the water. A locality is assigned to every person joining the sport, where he is enjoined to remain until he has either the good fortune to shoot the deer, or is apprised that the game has gone off in another direction.

The necessary preliminaries having been arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, we sat down to supper, after which songs were sung with *fortissimo* choruses; for, at the time of my visit, Major Strickland's domestic establishment had not the advantage of a lady at its head. At the same time, I must say, social conviviality never degenerated to coarseness; and though the red hunting-shirts, looming through tobacco-smoke, gave the company a brigandish appearance, gentlemanly conduct was as strongly maintained as if the scene of our merriment had been a London drawing-room.

As the deer-hunt was fixed for an early hour, we soon retired to rest; and, thanks to fatigue and a good bed, I was in a few minutes in the land of dreams, from whence I did not emerge until roused by the hunting party. The scene of the sport was about two miles from the house. The dogs were sent into the forest, and the hunters repaired to their places. Faithful to their instructions, they remained at their post a long time, with their eyes “peel'd,” as the Yankees say, and their ears alive to the faintest sound. But it was not my fortune either to shoot the deer or see it; for although one was started, it took a course

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towards the interior of the bush, into which it was pursued by the dogs. The preconcerted signal, a blast from a horn, set the hunters free; but, before turning homewards, I could not resist the desire of penetrating alone into the forest. Carefully noting conspicuous trees I went on, until wrapped by the mazy folds of innumerable stems, between which daylight and gloom struggled for mastery. The silence, broken only by the occasional scream of a wild bird or the hum of insects, was painfully oppressive; and, as the spirit of the scene grew upon me, I felt how truly Goldsmith has pictured the lost wanderer in an American wilderness.—

“Where beasts with man divided empire claim, And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies, And all around distressful yells arise, The  
pensive exile, bending with his wo, To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, Casts a fond  
look where England's glories shine, And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.”

A duck-shooting and fishing expedition, on which we started after breakfast, was attended with greater success than the deer-hunt. These birds in autumn are numerous, and easy of approach, as the sportsmen are masked by the rice-beds among which they feed. It would, indeed, have been easy to shoot dozens of these fowl; but we were content with a moderate bag, and relinquishing our guns, prepared our tackle for basse fishing. Stout rods and lines are requisite for this sporting and heavy fish, which on this occasion, I am sorry to say, we captured with bait. No flies were to be had; so the tourist who may be tempted to visit the backwoods on a sporting expedition, will do well to bring a supply with him.

The piscatorial wealth of the water was amazing. Standing on a raft constructed expressly for fishing, moored in favourable localities, we caught in the course of a few hours several basse, weighing from two to four pounds each, besides numerous goodly perch and sun-fish, glorious in their golden splendour, which eagerly struggled for the bait with their finny brethren.

But pleasant as are my associations with Lake Clear,—its beauteous wooded isles, around which the basse love to lead

“A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves, Quickened with touches of transporting fear,”—

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more undying memories attach to an excursion, on the last day of my brief sojourn at Lakefield, to visit some Indians in their lodge on an island in an upper lake.

Major Strickland paddled me in his log canoe; giving me, before starting, strict injunctions to maintain as perfect an equilibrium as possible, as the slightest swerve would in all probability result in precipitating us into the lake; a difficulty which promised to be increased, as part of our plan was to troll for maskinonge. Now, as these fish are noted for their great size and strength, it was evident no small care would be requisite, should I capture one of these monsters, to keep the canoe steady; for matters were so arranged that, while half-reclined at one end, the Major, squatted on his hams, paddled at the other; and a stout trolling-line was towed astern, one extremity of which was secured to my right arm. The bait used for maskinonge is curious; being a large spoon of polished metal, generally copper or brass, within the concavity of which a strong hook is soldered. A swivel attached to the head of the spoon allows it to rotate when drawn rapidly through the water; and whether it be that maskinonge are spoon-fed during their infancy, or other reason, I cannot say; but it is I 114 certain they have a great fondness for this glittering bait. But the reader will, perhaps, want to know what a maskinonge is like. Similar to the pike in shape ( *Esox estor* of Cuvier), it is generally much larger; and though the weight of a fish is often its only title to fame, the maskinonge has the merit of being good as well as great. In common with the pickerel, which occupies a position somewhere between the trout and perch, it is peculiar to the United States, and especially to the great lakes and the northern waters, where it is very abundant. This I can confirm; for we had not made much progress before I felt a sharp twitch at my arm, quickly succeeded by a pull which arrested the skiff's

progress. Taking the line in my hand, I played the fish as well as I could, and succeeded eventually in drawing him alongside. To secure him was, however, quite beyond my skill, for he was of prodigious size. Handing the tackle to the Major, he dexterously swung our prize into the canoe, where he was speedily reduced to tranquillity by a well-administered blow on the back of his head from a small mallet. He weighed 22 lbs.; and those who have captured large and strong pike will conceive the exciting work it was to battle with such a fellow from the narrow confines of a log canoe. We afterwards caught two more; and might have 115 swelled the number to almost any amount, had we felt inclined. But we could not fish and visit the Indians; so we wound up our lines and paddled swiftly through the bright waters. The trip was delightful. At the head of Clear Lake, a reach, not unlike that separating the upper and middle Killarney lakes, occurs, studded by wooded islands. On one of these the Indians were camped; but there was no sign of life, nor could we detect amidst the dense foliage a landing-place.

A wild whoop from my companion was answered by an Indian, who burst through the bush and motioned us to a little creek, where we disembarked. Following our swarthy guide, we came suddenly on a small clearing, in the centre of which was the lodge. A more picturesque spot could not well be conceived. The ground, mantled by a variety of wild flowers, sloped gently towards the Lake. Lofty trees shut out the oppressive sun, and a tiny brook gurgled sweetly as it leaped into daylight from the gloom of the forest. The lodge was constructed of birch-bark, open at the top for the egress of smoke. Around were various hunting and fishing implements. Portly fish, with strips of bear-flesh and venison hanging on poles in process of curing, attested how efficiently these had been used. I 2

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Pushing aside the buffalo-skin serving as a door, we entered the lodge, from which, however, I was nearly driven by the dense and acrid smoke. The family consisted of the Indian's wife, mother-in-law, and two girls, who were squatted round the fire superintending a savoury mess of boiled ducks, fish, and squirrels.

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The women and girls could not speak a word of English. The excessive natural simplicity of the girls and the freedom of their limbs were remarkable. With their naked feet, which were beautifully formed, they seized fragments of wood and cast them on the fire with the same ease as we should perform the operation with our hands.

The whole scene was sufficiently wild and novel to be very interesting; and I sincerely recommend the tourist to turn aside from the beaten track to visit the Indians in the bush. He must not, however, expect to see the wild savage in this part of North America. The white man has driven him into the far west beyond the Mississippi. But though the Ojibeways residing in Upper Canada pass a considerable portion of the year in the outskirts of towns, their hunting spirit breaks forth in the autumn, when, casting off the trammels of civilisation, at all times galling and perplexing, they seek the wilderness<sup>117</sup> erect their lodges by the side of a lake or stream, and spend their days hunting and fishing; while their squaws make Indian ornaments, or sew the seams of birch-bark canoes, for which they have a constant demand from settlers. The Indian whom I visited had several of these graceful boats in hand, for each of which he was to receive six dollars.

The Ojibeways inhabiting this portion of Canada number about 1200. They are, however, like other tribes, decreasing. In an address which they presented to Lord Metcalfe in 1843, they touchingly remark:—"Great Father! We are feebly attempting to walk in the footsteps of your people: we see them increase while we wither and perish like the autumn leaf; but we, also, will cease to be hunters, and seek in the bosom of the earth that food for our wives and children for which we vainly toil in our rapidly disappearing forests."

Notwithstanding these words, the Ojibeways are not proof against the pleasures of the chase. The game and fish in the forests and lakes north of Peterborough draw many Indians into those regions. Numerous varieties of wild fowl swarm. A few weeks before my visit to Douro a pelican was shot by an Indian.



We returned to Lakefield in the evening; and the 13<sup>th</sup> following day my kind host drove me to Peterborough. On our way he frequently expatiated on the state of the road, which I thought wretched, but which he contrasted with the condition of things when it took him an entire day to journey from Peterborough to his home in the bush.

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**CHAP. V.**

JOURNEY TO COBURG.—ROUGH TRAVELLING.—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—CANADIAN FARMS.—RAFTS.—RAPIDS.—DESCENT OF THE CEDARS'.—EXCITEMENT.—ANECDOTE OF MOORE'S CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.—VILLAGE OF THE RAPIDS.—LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.—CANADIAN SINGING.—LA CHINE RAPID.—INDIAN PILOT.—MONTREAL.—INDEPENDENCE.—HOCHELAGA.—CATHEDRAL.—SUPERSTITION.—ARTILLERY—BARRACKS.—GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—VICTORIA BRIDGE.—FARMS OF THE "HABITANS."—SEIGNORIAL RIGHTS.—IMPORTANCE OF MONTREAL.

Had an aristocratic English M. P. seen our party, consisting of the Member of Parliament for Peterborough, a New York merchant, and myself journeying to Coburg, he would, I apprehend, have formed rather a strange idea of his colonial legislative brethren. For, the day being very warm, we divested ourselves of coat and waistcoat, and, using our umbrellas as parasols, jogged along pleasantly enough; flourishing settlements and good roads alternating with the forest and "corduroy;" which, if not so smooth, gave at least variety to the drive.

We arrived at Coburg in the afternoon, dined at the 14120 Globe Hotel,—a large establishment conducted on the United States system,—and at six were on our way to Kingston in the mail steamer. Here we changed boats, and at five in the morning commenced our descent of the St. Lawrence. The hazy veil of smoke which had dimmed the river on my previous visit to Kingston had entirely disappeared, and the glorious river

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gleamed among the thousand isles like molten silver in the morning sun. Our passage among these was most picturesque; now winding through labyrinthine channels scarcely wider than the breadth of the steamboat, now crossing broad reaches of the river as large as our English lakes. The grand scale of nature in this country, always striking, is here almost overwhelming. Well did Moore write of this scenery, as on a scale

—“which man, Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan, Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see, To know how beautiful this world can be!”

The variety of wood, rock, and water is endless, and if the islands, which are of all dimensions, and considerably exceed one thousand in number, were not so uniform in height, the scenery would be perfect. Looking into the future, which in this part of Canada, unfolds visions of boundless prosperity, I 121 thought the time, probably, not far distant, when these islands will be the summer homes of merchant princes whose fleets will cover the St. Lawrence.

The contrast between the American and Canadian shores of this mighty river is very remarkable. On the left bank extensive farms, rivalling those in the old country are of frequent occurrence, while the right bank is clothed by the unbroken primeval forest, which comes down to the water's edge.

We passed numerous ships and smaller craft, besides rafts of enormous dimensions, on which curious plank structures were erected to catch the favouring breeze. A short distance below Prescott, the current, which above that town flows with majestic smoothness, becomes broken, affording evidence of the vicinity of the rapids. Happily the day was most propitious, for sunshine is essential to the enjoyment of the wonderful spectacle. Presently a long line of foam-crested waves appeared on the water horizon, and dashing on, for our speed was now excessive, we were soon battling with the first rapid. The might and majesty of the lordly St. Lawrence is deeply impressed on the mind by the rushing waters; which, however, neither here, nor at the two next rapids, attain

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the fulness of their strength; for, grand as they are, the “Cedars” far surpasses them in 122 sublimity. Here, the river, confined between islands, seems to gather strength for its mightiest effort. The huge breakers roaring madly over the rocks, the delicious, green tint of the water crested by snowwhite foam, the surging tide dashing evermore against the shore, form a picture set in a frame of magnificent cedars clothing the banks, alike unequalled and wonderful. How the steamer lives in the strife is amazing. Standing at the bow, I saw and felt her plunge into the boiling caldron amidst rocks, collision with which would involve instant destruction; then, bounding upwards she rushed with reeling motion down for miles. The excitement is considerably enhanced by a sense of risk which cannot be cast off.

At the lower extremity of Lake St. Francis—a magnificent expanse of the river forty miles long—a stone monument marks the boundary between Upper and Lower Canada. The neat houses of the French Canadians, with their red roofs and trim gardens, occupy both banks of the river. After running more formidable rapids, we arrived at the mouth of the magnificent Ottawa, whose dark tide rolls on unmixed with the clear waters of the St. Lawrence. Here is the scene of Moore's undying “Canadian Boat Song,” which he wrote on the fifth day of his 123 descent of the St. Lawrence from Kingston.\* Now the passage is made in one day; but the romance of the voyage is in a great measure destroyed by the mode of transport being a puffing steamer instead of a bark canoe. On arriving opposite the Iroquois settlement of Caughnawaga, or “The Village of the Rapids” (in allusion to those a short distance below), we caught snatches of “La Claire Fontaine,” the national air of the Canadian inhabitants.

\* Thirty-three years after he wrote this song I had the pleasure of showing Moore the original MS., which he had entirely forgotten. He had pencilled the lines, nearly as they stand in his works, in the blank page of a book which happened to be in his canoe, from whence he transcribed them at night. The sight of the original copy of these famous lines,

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recalling youthful days and happy associations, produced a great effect on the poet, who alluded, in a touching manner, to his passage down the rapids of life.

The voices proceeded from *voyageurs* navigating a huge raft. As they dashed the ponderous oars in the water, they enlivened their toils by singing their favourite song. I procured a copy of it at Quebec. The following stanzas will sufficiently describe its nature:

“A la claire fontaine, M'en allant promener,

124

J'al trouvé l'eau si belle Que je me suls baigné.

Il y a long-temps que je t'alme Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“Chante, rossignol chante Toi qui as le cœur gal gai; Tu as le cœur à rire, Moi je l'ai à pleurer; Il y a, &c.

“Tu as le cœur à rire, Moi je l'ai à pleurer; J'ai perdu ma maîtresse, Sans pouvoir la trouver; Il y a, &c.”

We were now approaching “La Chine,” the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, from whence the *voyageurs* start in the spring, up the Ottawa, to the Company's hunting-grounds. La Chine derives its name from a curious circumstance, related by Charlevoix. The unfortunate De Sales, who was murdered by his countrymen, was firmly persuaded a passage to China existed by the St. Lawrence; but having been arrested in his progress at this place, his companions gave it the name which it retains. Another instance of the strong belief formerly entertained of the existence of a passage to India through the North American continent.

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As our captain decided there was sufficient daylight to run La Chine, the most dangerous of all the rapids, we slackened our speed in order to receive an Indian pilot, whose

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business it is to navigate the steamer to Montreal. Our signal was quickly answered by a canoe darting across the waters bearing a stalwart Indian, a noble specimen of his race. His stern features were in keeping with his onerous task, as the slightest error would be fatal.

The excitement and danger in shooting this tremendous rapid consists in its tortuous channel, about eight feet deep, and avoiding a terrible black rock in the midst of the raging waters. Before coming to it, each passenger was desired to remain quiet in his allotted place. Eight men were at the wheel directed by the Indian pilot. Onward sweeps our steamer, reeling amidst the mad waters; but just as collision seemed inevitable, the current and judicious steering whirled her round and swept her clear of the danger. It is not always, however, that ships are so fortunate, as fearful collisions have occurred. The possibility of running this fierce and awful rapid in a steamer was discovered by accident, —a ship having gone down safely against the will of the crew, who considered their days numbered when they were drawn within the whelming waters.

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The rays of the setting sun struck the bright metal roofs of the cathedral and churches of Montreal, giving them the appearance of huge lamps in the sky, as we glided over the lake-like expanse of the St. Lawrence below the rapids; and so swift is the transition from sunset to night in these latitudes, that it was nearly dark when the steamer paused abreast of the noble quays at Montreal. Here a scene of great confusion ensued. I had my luggage conveyed on shore, and waited patiently until the crowd and bustle had subsided, thinking a porter or cabman would appear. All the public carriages, here called Cuckoos, had, however, departed, and the offer of handsome payment to a group of labouring men to carry my portmanteau to a coach-stand met with a direct refusal. A gentlemen kindly extricated me from my little difficulty by sending a coach to me; and I only mention the circumstance as confirmatory of the fact, that the only article wanted in prosperous Canada is man.

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After a long day of intense excitement and enjoyment, I was extremely glad to rest in Donnegana's hotel, which is by far the most comfortable house in Canada.

Standing at an early hour the following morning on the summit of the mountain at the back of the 127 city, I thought of the emotions Jacques Cartier must have experienced when he first beheld the magnificent prospect disclosed from this elevation, to which, in honour of his royal master, he gave the name of Mont Royal. At that period (1535) the Indian village of Hochelaga stood on the site of Montreal. For many miles above and below the St. Lawrence is seen flowing majestically through a richly-cultivated country, expanding frequently into lakes of vast proportions. A century after the discovery of Hochelaga, the French, with much solemnity, founded a city on the site, to which they gave the name of Ville Marie; and although, in common with all other French settlements in North America, it subsequently came into the possession of Great Britain, the original French features remain singularly unaltered. The streets in the old parts of the city retain their ancient saintly names; French is heard in all quarters, particularly in the markets; and the vast Roman Catholic cathedral, calculated to contain 10,000 persons, with its convents, nunneries, and other ecclesiastical establishments, attest the former sway of the French and the abiding influence of the Roman Catholic religion. The cathedral presents evidence of superstition rivalling the most priest-ridden parts of Italy. A large glass case near the entrance contains a disgusting representation 128 in wax of a herd of swine devouring children, with the following explanation and appeal to the pockets of the faithful:—"It is in this manner the unhappy children of China perish every day, eaten by dogs and swine. Put in a trifle for the salvation of your souls." Numerous coins on the floor of the miniature chapel in front of the revolting exhibition show that the priests have hit on an ingenious device for filling their coffers, and that here, as well as elsewhere, the sordid schemes of all priestcraft end in four words,— *ubi panis ibi deus*. I had letters to artillery officers at Montreal, from whom I received much hospitable kindness. Considerable bustle and excitement stirred the generally quiet military circle, in consequence of the troops having

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been ordered to England. The fine artillery horses were sold by auction, and realised about 80 *l.* each.

The geological tourist will be much interested by a visit to the museum recently formed by Mr. Logan, director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Here, arranged in admirable order, are a series of fossils from the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, besides innumerable specimens illustrating the geology of the two Canadas.

Among the many bold and gigantic structural designs for which North America is celebrated, the 129 Victoria Railway Bridge at Montreal takes high rank. Mr. Stephenson's success in building the Britannia Bridge justified him in adopting the same plan for the Victoria Bridge, which will be constructed on 24 piers, with spaces for navigation exclusive of the two abutments, whence the tubes spring on either side. The centre span will be 330 feet, and each of the others 220 feet wide. The length of the bridge will be 10,284 feet, or about 50 yards less than two English miles. The clear distance between the under surface of the centre tube and the average summer level of the river will be 60 feet, diminishing towards each side. Two hundred and ten thousand tons of stone will be used in the construction of the piers, and 10,400 tons of iron on the tube, girders, &c. It is proposed to complete the bridge in 1860. At the present rate of progress, the expenditure will average 250,000 *l.* annually. The Colossus of Rhodes, under which the pigmy shallops of former ages sailed, was esteemed a wonder of the Old World. But an iron bridge, spanning a river two miles in width, giving safe passage to burdens of hundreds of tons on its rivetted floor, and permitting ships of large tonnage to sail beneath it, is an achievement still more remarkable for New World, and is worthy of the young K 130 giant rising in the West. The great enemy with which the structure will have to contend is ice, which in spring rushes down the river in vast masses with a force apparently irresistible. Mr. Stephenson has of course designed the piers of his bridge in such a manner as to resist enormous pressure; and in his report to the Directors of the Great Trunk Railway, he says, that although all the modifications of forces are clearly beyond the reach of calculation, he has been careful to

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provide against an amount of pressure far greater than what the best authorities describe as existing in the severest seasons.

The estimated cost of this undertaking is 1,400,000 *l.* ; doubtless a large amount, but the commercial advantages will be proportionately great. For without this bridge, the vast and rapidly increasing commerce of Canada would be sealed up during six months of the year; whereas by an uninterrupted communication across the St. Lawrence, the traffic of the North American colonies will be brought at all seasons into direct and easy access with all the ports on the Atlantic, from Halifax to Boston and New York, and consequently through these ports nearer to Europe.

In the course of a drive through the environs of Montreal, I saw the farms of some of the *habitans* , 131 descendants of the original French settlers. These settlements are interesting, as being relics of the ancient feudal tenure which was transplanted to the New World when the system was in full force in Europe. The kings of France, as feudal lords, gave to noblemen and officers titles to lands, denominated seigniories, held from the sovereign *en fief* , on condition of their rendering fealty or homage for the same. The kings of Great Britain becoming successors to the claims of the kings of France, the custom was continued, and the gifts were extended. The extent of these grants may be judged from the fact that Quebec, including Anticosti and other islands, held 79 seigniories, comprising 5,656,699 acres; Montreal and three islands, 63 seigniories, comprising 2,786,011 acres. Three Rivers and St. Francis, 63 seigniories, comprising 1,039,707 acres; Gaspé and other isles, 25 seigniories, of 1,318,117 acres; in all 167 seigniories, and nearly 11,000,000 acres. A seventh part of the waste land, given up by royal decree to be distributed among all sects excepting Roman Catholics, constituted the celebrated Clergy Reserves, the secularisation of which has now happily been settled by the Provincial government.

The seigniorial privileges, at one time oppressive, K 2 132 are now very mild, so much so indeed, that although laws have been passed enabling tenants, or censitaires as they are



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called, to commute their seigneurs privileges for a small payment, they prefer remaining in the condition of their forefathers. But a controversy has arisen respecting the sale of seigniorial lands which threatens serious consequences unless equitably adjusted. Certain jurists contend that by the custom of the country established before its conquest by Great Britain, the seigniors are bound to sell their lands in lots of 100 acres to the first applicant, in consideration of the payment of certain dues, and a rent not exceeding one penny an acre. The seigniors, on the other hand, maintain their right to receive such rents as they can obtain.

Great prosperity existed among the farms which I visited. Orchards, famous for their delicious apples, abounded, and the variety of other fruits and vegetables shows that the land is highly prolific, and cultivation successfully practised. Indeed, it is a pleasant sight to see these French settlers on their prosperous little farms.

There are many charming villas in the neighbourhood of Montreal commanding lovely views. Some of these belong to merchants engaged in extensive business operations in the city. Montreal, from its 133 population (60,000) and situation, may be regarded as the capital of Canada, though no longer enjoying the honour of being the seat of government. The outrageous conduct of certain parties, followed by the destruction of the parliament houses, caused Lord Elgin to remove to Quebec. Lord Metcalfe, however, who was a clear-sighted governor, at the close of his administration expressed himself thus strongly in favour of Montreal:—

“It is not only the principal place in population, wealth, and commerce, but is also the only place where the English and French races can amalgamate. Kingston is a foreign land to the French Canadians; except the few gentlemen who, as office-holders, are drawn by their duties to the seat of government, it scarcely contains a single inhabitant of that race.”

Besides its importance as a great commercial emporium, Montreal is celebrated for its extensive financial operations. The tourist whose exchequer needs replenishing will do

well to remember he can obtain all descriptions of coin in this city; and it may be worth mentioning that the English shilling bears the rather perplexing value of fifteen pence, and the English sovereign of twenty-four shillings and four pence. K 3

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## CHAP. VI.

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.—HEIGHTS OF AERAHAM—CALÈCHE.—BAD HOTELS.—FORTIFICATIONS.—MAGNIFICENT VIEW.—WOLFE'S MONUMENT.—GRAY'S ELEGY.—OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—LORD ELGIN.—POLITICAL BATTLES—FRENCH SPEECHES.—ELECTION OF SPEAKER.—PLACE HUNTING.—JOBGING.—GATHERING OF MEMBERS.—LOWER TOWN.—INTEMPERANCE.—HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—DEPARTURE OF THE MILITARY.—CANADIAN BEAUTIES.—FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.—SPENCER WOOD.—GARRISON MESS.—LEAVE QUEBEC.—EMIGRANTS.—ARRIVE AT TORONTO.

The distance by water from Montreal to Quebec (180 miles), by the great comfort and elegance of the mode of transit, is almost annihilated. Large steamboats leave Montreal every evening at seven o'clock, and arrive at Quebec at the same hour the following morning. The vessel in which I voyaged was unusually crowded, upwards of 300 passengers being on board; fortunately I secured a state-room in the morning—a wise precaution—and thus suffered no inconvenience. The saloon at supper-time, with its 300 occupants, presented a singular appearance; but, though there was an extraordinary run on 135 the provisions, and stewards were in great request, the utmost regularity and order prevailed. This was the more surprising as the company was very mixed, consisting of all political grades and parties, who discussed with great warmth the probable fall of the reigning administration.

At a late hour I retired to my state-room, where I enjoyed perfect privacy and an excellent bed. When I rose in the morning the steamer was passing under high cliffs, which for a

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considerable distance above Quebec confine the St. Lawrence in a narrow channel. The cold was intense; and was the more felt as at Montreal the temperature was uncomfortably warm. Large ships lined the left bank of the river, moored amidst enormous rafts. Presently the celebrated heights of Abraham appeared, beyond which Quebec was visible, with its picturesque church steeples. Gliding through a fleet of timber-ships our steamer took a sweep round, and, as the clocks were striking seven, came to rest opposite a pier projecting from the lower town. On landing my ears were assailed by cries of “calash, calash,” the old French *calèche* being still the favourite public carriage of Quebec. In one of these I proceeded through, or rather *up*, the lower to the higher town,—for the road is almost precipitous,—and was set down at Russell's Hotel, K 4 136 where a friend had secured a room for me. At all seasons the Quebec hotels are bad; but when I was there, in consequence of the opening of parliament having brought crowds of people into the city, they were peculiarly wretched. My room was one of a suite improvised for the occasion out of a diningroom, and bore very great resemblance to a wooden box of rather large proportions with two small holes serving for door and window. There was, however, nothing better to be had; and I was told to consider myself fortunate, having my box to myself. After a wonderful scrambling breakfast I set out to explore the city, and bent my steps in the first instance to the citadel. This, thanks to an officer of the engineers, to whom I had a letter of introduction, I saw in detail,—passing through the underground communications and over bastions bristling with heavy cannon, which are not accessible to the public.

The circuit of the fortifications enclosing the upper town is two miles and three-quarters; the total circumference, outside the ditches and space reserved by government, on which no house can be built on the west side, is about three miles. The upper town may be said to be entirely surrounded by a lofty and strong wall of hewn stone. The castellated appearance produced by the battlements, ditches, embrasures, 137 round towers and gates, adds much to the grand and imposing effect of the place. But although the fortifications, with all their complicated war machinery, are exceedingly interesting,

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and should not be left unvisited, the view from the flag-staff tower, three hundred and sixty feet above the river, is the great feature lingering pleasantly in the remembrance of the traveller. This is admitted to be one of the finest in the world, presenting a rare combination of mountains, valleys and plains, watered by the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, and if the scene be lighted by a September sun, its magnificence and rich variety are the more impressive.

Few cities have had so fair a cradle as Quebec, which was founded on the site of an Indian village, called Stadacona, signifying, in the Algonquin language, the Place of a Strait. Gazing on it, we cannot wonder at the French striking a medal with the words,

“*Francia in Novo orbe victrix, Kebeca liberata 1690;*”

when in that year success crowned their arms; nor that proportionate sorrow was felt, when, in a little more than half a century afterwards, the daring prowess and judgment of Wolfe transferred it to the British Crown.

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Having prepared myself, by an examination of the very interesting original plan of the Battle of Quebec, preserved in the citadel, I went to the plains of Abraham, which commence a short distance from the fortifications. Here the fate of Canada was decided; and when we look at the scene, and remember how fearful the odds were against Wolfe, we are lost in admiration of his courage and military strategy. For it must not be forgotten that, a short time before this event, he had experienced a sad reverse at Montmorenci, which struck despair into his troops, and inspired the brave Montcalm with fresh energy.

The grey dawn of morn, however, saw Wolfe's army. undismayed on the heights of Abraham, which had been scaled in the face of frightful difficulties, and before the sun went down Quebec had fallen. The mortality and number of wounded were very great. An account of the battle by an eye-witness, preserved in the Seminary, and lately printed by the Historical Society of Quebec, states that, although five hundred beds were set up

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in that convent, as many more were required. Among the wounded were seventy-two officers, of whom thirty-three died. Lint and linen were sadly deficient. The nuns, however, gave all their available linen, and tended the wounded 139 with great tenderness. The spot where Wolfe received his mortal wound is marked by a column surmounted by a helmet and sword. The base bears the simple inscription—

“Here died Wolfe victorious.”

The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain. A monumental pillar erected to these heroes, by Lord Aylmer on Cape Diamond, bears this well-merited tribute to Wolfe's gallant enemy: “Honneur à Montcalm: Le Destin, en lui dérobant la victoire, l'a réeompensé par une mort glorieuse.” It adds considerably to the interest of the scene of this victory, to learn that scarcely any alteration has been made in the disposition of the battle-field, which is still rugged and barren. Among the chronicles of warriors who have died in the arms of victory, there is none; perhaps, to which an Englishman clings with greater interest than the story of Wolfe's brilliant career and immortal end.\* And yet it would seem that when on

\* When a motion was made in Parliament for a monument to Wolfe, Pitt spoke thus:—“The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he, with a handful of men, added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating life where his fame began,—ancient story may be ransacked, and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's.”

140 the eve of his desperate enterprise, peaceful thoughts occupied his mind. Drifting slowly down the river on the night before the battle, when silence was strictly imposed on all in the ships, Wolfe repeated to his officers surrounding him, the whole of Gray's undying Elegy, adding, when he had concluded, “I would rather have written this poem than take Quebec.” Had he a dark fore-shadowing of the truth,—

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave,”

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or did his spirit yearn for peace?

The tourist will rejoice that there are no distracting guides on the plains of Abraham; and should he not have the misfortune to visit them at the season of the Quebec races, which are held in an adjoining enclosure, he will be able to meditate over the past unmolested. At least, I was left alone; and, indeed, so little are the people in the neighbourhood alive to the interest of the place, that a small public-house near the plains bears an erroneous designation of the hero of Quebec.

Great was the contrast between the peaceful country and the city, which, when I re-entered it in the afternoon, was roaring with tumult; bands playing, cannon firing, crowds surging and rushing wildly to and fro. A great event was at hand. The 141 Governor-general was on his way to open the Provincial Parliament. A fatality seems to attend this body. They have been ousted by fire from their legitimate places of meeting at Montreal and Quebec. In the present uncertainty respecting the permanent seat of Government, no attempt is made to erect a house fitting to receive the legislature, and accordingly, the members meet in the Music Hall. The galleries accommodate a limited number of spectators, admitted by tickets. Attended by a glittering staff of officers, and preceded by the civil functionaries, the Governor (Lord Elgin), in a military uniform, marched up the body of the house, and having taken his seat on the "Throne," read his speech to the assembled members, who mustered numerously. It was listened to throughout with great attention; at its conclusion the Governor bowed, and withdrew. The ceremony was conducted with solemnity, and was a reflex on a modest scale of the opening of the British Parliament.

The galleries too, though not filled by England's aristocratic daughters, contained a fair array of lovely faces, who regarded the scene with great interest. To all, however, it was not equally gratifying. For some republican spirits of the sterner sex seated near me, were loud in their denunciations of the "ginger-bread 142 absurdity," as they styled it, of the whole affair. The Mace was particularly offensive to them; and whatever may have been

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their historical knowledge of the old country, they at least knew that a sturdy republican had once turned the Mace of the British Parliament out of doors. I am bound, however, to say these little ebullitions of feeling were confined to narrow circles, for the majority of the spectators behaved with a decorum in harmony with the solemnity of the proceedings.

When the Governor had departed, a murmur arose throughout the hall which swelled to loud conversation. The political fight was on the eve of commencing. A speaker was to be elected. Both parties were sanguine of success. Ministerialists and the Opposition were ranged on opposite sides of the house, each member having before him a small desk with writing materials. Presently silence was restored. The clerk read the Governor's speech; and the order of the day for the election of speaker was announced. Then followed ten specimens of oratory, seven in French and three in English. Among the speakers were Mackenzie, the celebrated leader of the rebel movement at Toronto, whose language and action abounded with excitement and violence; Papineau—the O'Connell of Canada—Hincks, and 143 McNab The French Canadians, were, however, far more eloquent and energetic than the English members.

Bearing in mind the diversity of political opinions and parties in Canada, and the great difficulty in harmonising conflicting interests, it was a mistake to have permitted the French language to be retained in Parliament and legislative affairs. At present few persons in Upper Canada are conversant with French, and consequently Members of Parliament hear long speeches which they do not comprehend. The tedium of this infliction was exemplified by the impatience manifested by several honourable members who, by various mocking tones and noises, more ingenious than gentlemanly, endeavoured to put down French orators.

Political intrigue, the bane of all good government, is unhappily very prevalent in Canada. The alleged misdoings of Mr. Hincks formed the subject of the opposition speeches, and it was evident a strong combination had been formed to cause him to resign. This result was obtained, to the great joy of his opponents. The struggle for place is, of course, the

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moving power among all parties. Extraordinary efforts are made to obtain government employment, which is the more surprising when the unbounded 144 field for enterprise in Canada is borne in mind.\* But, unhappily, the plethoric prosperity of the country offers many temptations to abuse power. I was gratified, however, to find that, with few exceptions, a loyal and affectionate spirit exists towards England. I had a good opportunity of forming a judgment on this point, as I was in the company of upwards of fifty Members of Parliament, at my hotel, after the adjournment of the House. We assembled in the reading-room, which soon became an arena of fierce political discussion; in which, Upper Canada Conservatives, and Reformers, and French Canadians of all political shades, took part. As the night advanced, arguments waxed hotter, until at length so many personalities were exchanged, that I fully expected to see blows taking the place of words: and long after I retired, the voluble strife of the excited combatants, interspersed by snatches of loud songs and louder choruses, rang through the house, and effectually banished sleep. I was, indeed, so worn out in the morning by want of rest, that having no

\* Lord Durham observes, in his report on Canada, "The general inclination to jobbing results in a perfect scramble in the House of Assembly for each to get as much as he can for his constituents and himself." I fear matters are not much improved in this respect since Lord Durham's mission.

145 hope of greater peace during the ensuing night, I resolved on leaving Quebec, and relinquishing the pleasure of dining with the garrison officers. With this intention, I called on my friend at the citadel, and begged he would excuse my presence at the mess; but on explaining the circumstances which led me to ask his indulgence, he most kindly insisted on my occupying a room in his bachelor house, the quiet comforts of which contrasted very agreeably with my wretched quarters in Russell's Hotel.

I devoted the morning to a ramble through the lower town, which extends along the base of the precipice on the summit of which the upper town is built. The site has been gained by excavation in the cliffs, or redeemed from the river. The wooden houses are huddled together, and divided by narrow streets, disgracefully dirty. Here the emigrants land; and,



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in the absence of commodious dwellings to receive them, it is not surprising that fever and cholera make sad ravages. Extensive wharves, fringed by serried ranks of stately ships, extend opposite and considerably above the lower town, and are carried more than two hundred yards into the water. The St. Lawrence is here a mile broad, and about one hundred and eighty feet deep; and yet we are nearly four hundred miles from the mouth of this majestic river. L 146 The two towns are connected by a tortuous passage, popularly known as Breakneck Stairs, only used by foot-passengers.

The population of Quebec (65,000) has a very French appearance. The *habitans* in their ancient costume, consisting of a fur cap, loose coat gathered round the waist by a red or green sash, and large boots, are seen in all the streets; and, occasionally, Indians are met in their more picturesque dress. I saw one under the influence of *fire-water* reeling along, whooping, and brandishing his tomahawk. The present race of Indians are as fond of this beverage as their forefathers, who, according to an old missionary chronicle, were in the habit, when they obtained a portion of fire-water only sufficient to make one of the party drunk, of drawing lots to decide who should enjoy the extreme bliss, as they deemed it, of becoming intoxicated. Charlevoix, however, states that the Huron tribes near Quebec abjured all intoxicating liquors. Unfortunately the extremely low price of whisky in Canada, a quart costing less than the same measure of beer in England, leads to much intemperance among the lower classes.

I visited the Historical Society of Quebec, one of the oldest literary institutions in Canada. It has rendered good service by the publication (in French) 147 of curious and important documents, relating to the early history of the country. Among the MSS. are nine original volumes of the Journals of the English House of Commons for the year 1642. I could not learn how they came into the Society's possession. Kalm, the Swedish traveller, observes that in his time (1749) there was a far greater taste for science and literature in Canada than in the adjoining English colonies, where it was everybody's sole care and employment to scrape a fortune together.

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Canada happily retains her love for science and literature, though her present rulers have as strong a desire to make fortunes as their American forefathers.

The stranger visiting Quebec during the summer months cannot fail to be struck by the steep flight of steps to the houses. The height of the entrance from the ground is the measure of the depth of snow, which covers Lower Canada during six months of the year. When the earth has received its winter mantle, the steps disappear, as the snow is then on a level with the door-sills. The cold at Quebec is terribly severe. Lieutenant Noble, of the Artillery, who kept a meteorological register during the winter of 1853-4, informed me that during fifty days the thermometer was below zero; and on one day only, L 2 148 between November 15th and April 26th, did the mercury rise above 32° Yet the Canadians enjoy excellent health.

In my wanderings I came upon some excavations in progress near the Esplanade, in the course of which a monument had been recently discovered bearing a Latin inscription on a copper plate, commemorating the success of the French arms, under the command of the Count of Frontenac, against the “*rebellibus Novæ incolis.*”

The dinner to which I was invited at the garrison mess gave me an opportunity of meeting several agreeable officers, whose spirits ran high at the prospect of returning soon to England and taking part in the great war drama in the East. For here, as at Montreal, all the troops, with the exception of those absolutely necessary to garrison the citadel, had been recalled, to the great sorrow of the fair ladies of Quebec, who have always been celebrated for their military enthusiasm. I was assured, however, that the grief was not all their own, for many officers felt the truth of the old song,

“*Nous aimons la Canadienne Pour ses beaux yeux doux;*”

for the sake of whom some were about to exchange the sword for a Canadian farm.

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Unless the tourist be sadly pressed for time, he should not omit visiting the Falls of Montmorenci about six miles from Quebec. They are grand and beautiful, tumbling over a precipice of sandstone 250 feet high, remarkable for containing boulders of enormous size, which Sir C. Lyell states are the largest he has seen in any ancient stratified rock.

The finest view of the waterfall is obtained from the bottom, which can be reached with some little difficulty. There the celebrated ice-cone is formed from the freezing of the spray, down the steep sides of which parties slide in winter. In 1829 the cone attained a height of 126 feet. It serves as an annual illustration of the formation of glaciers; for it is manifest that if the supply of frozen spray were never interrupted by the occurrence of summer, the dimensions of the cone would increase. It grew to the height of 126 feet in 1829; and if it rested on an inclined plane, the increasing bulk would cause its descent, and a glacier would be created.

My kind host drove me to Spencer Wood, about three miles from Quebec, the governor's residence, charmingly situated on the summit of the banks overlooking the St. Lawrence. Though only the 7th of September, the woods were dashed by the L 3 150 gorgeous scarlet hues which fire American forests in autumn. On our return we ascended the citadel heights, and saw a glorious sunset pouring floods of golden light on the varied landscape. Let not the tourist fail to add a sunset view to his impressions of Quebec.

I felt really sorry when the time for my departure from this picturesque city arrived. I entered it a stranger. Friends were around me when I left it. So is it ever in our pilgrimage through life. Bright spots alternate with gloom and darkness.

I had now a long journey, or voyage rather, before me, my destination being Toronto, about 500 miles from Quebec. In my brother's time this distance could not have been overcome by water under two or three weeks. Now, by the aid of swift steamers, the voyage may be made in fifty-four hours, and when the Great Trunk Railway is finished the time will be further lessened. My fellow-passengers in the saloon were not numerous, but

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the lower decks swarmed with 600 emigrants, including numerous Irish, who contrived to do credit to Quebec whisky by getting up periodical rows during the night-watches, which were only put an end to by a general confiscation of shillelaghs.

It was curious to note the difference between these 151 excitable Celts and the staid and sober Norwegians, who always form a large party in the continuous stream of emigration flowing to the West.

I conversed with several Irish emigrants, and found, with scarcely an exception, they had crossed the Atlantic on the recommendation and by the assistance of their relations and friends. The amount remitted to the Old World by settlers is startling. There is every reason to believe, from the published returns, that during the eight years ending 1852, upwards of 600,000 *l.* has been sent to Europe for emigration purposes. The individual sums are also very large, amounting in some instances to 30 *l.*

Favoured by remarkably fine weather, the voyage throughout was pleasant. Ontario preserved a lake-like placidity; and as the rising sun was crimsoning its broad waters our steamer entered the harbour of Toronto. In a short time we were alongside the pier, and soon after I was a guest in Beverley House, the elegant and hospitable abode of Sir John Robinson, Bart., Chief Justice of Upper Canada. L 4

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### CHAP. VII.

TORONTO.—CATHEDRAL.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—SHIPPING.—PROSPERITY.—  
—WAGES.—PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—FUGITIVE SLAVES.—EDUCATION.—  
ENVIRONS.—OBSERVATORY.—GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.—SOCIETY.—LEAVE  
FOR LEWISTON.—LAKE STEAMER.—HIGH WAVES.—THE NIAGARA.—SUSPENSION  
BRIDGE.—QUEENSTON.—FINE VIEW.—DRIVE TO CLIFTON HOUSE.—VOICE OF  
THE FALLS.—THE FIRST VIEW.—TABLE ROCK.—INFLUENCE OF THE SCENE.—  
THE TWO CATARACTS.—VIBRATION OF THE HOTEL.—GRANDEUR OF MORNING

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MISTS.—RAPIDS.—BURNING SPRING.—IRIS ISLAND.—TERRAPIN TOWER.—  
GULLS.—EXQUISITE COLOUR OF WATER.—RAINBOWS.—“MANCHESTER.”—  
SPIRIT OF THE FALLS.—TRADITION.—CATASTROPHE.—POWER OF THE WATER.  
—MAID OF THE MIST.—TERMINATION ROCK.—WATER CURTAIN.—WHIRLPOOL.—  
SUNRISE EFFECT ON THE MIST-CLOUD.—LEAVE FOR BUFFALO.—LAST VIEW OF  
THE FALLS.—FORT CHIPPEWA.—LAKE ERIE.

Toronto is *par excellence* the show-city of Canada. I had heard much of its wonderful rise and prosperity; but the reality far exceeded my expectations. It is the growth of this century. In 1793 Governor Simcoe founded the town then called Little York. In 1813 the Americans burnt it; and, when rebuilt, 153 the name, with great good taste, was changed to “Toronto,” the original Indian appellation, signifying place of meeting. At that time the site was a bushy wilderness, which might have been purchased for a few dollars; now the value of the assessed property is upwards of 4,000,000 *l.* , and the population numbers 45,000.

The day I arrived, which was Sunday, I attended divine service in the cathedral,—a vast building of good architectural design, possessing an organ, built at Montreal, of great power and sweetness. The numerous congregation had a very English appearance; and, indeed, but for a general use of fans, the scene might have been in the old country.

It was apprehended that when Toronto ceased to be the seat of Government its prosperity would suffer; but the contrary is the fact. Besides the large public buildings already erected, others are in process of construction: busy streets are stretching their long arms into the bush., and the wharves exhibit the vigorous activity of a thriving maritime port. Ships of 900 tons are built for the corn-trade, which proceed direct to Europe; and railways will shortly connect the city with Montreal and Quebec to the east, and with Lake Huron to the west. Lines already 154 extend to Lake Simcoe, and through Hamilton to Detroit and Chicago.

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Thus Toronto will soon enjoy the advantage of quick and direct communication with the Atlantic cities during the winter as well as summer seasons. It is interesting to contrast this progress with the state of things little more than half a century ago. The Upper Canada Gazette, under the date of Jan. 5. 1799, congratulates its readers on being able thus early to inform them of Nelson's naval victory of the preceding 2nd of August.

The shops in King Street, the main thoroughfare, already upwards of two miles long, are equal to any in the largest of our country towns, and contain an endless variety of goods. With this plethora of prosperity,—for it is worthy of mention that the merchants and traders of Toronto enjoy a solvency not generally shared by their United States' neighbours,—property, and particularly land, has increased enormously in value. Houses command rents as high as are obtained in the States. The rector of the principal parish church, who is paid by a land endowment, a short time since worth only a few pounds a-year, now receives 1600 *l.* yearly. Labour is proportionately well paid. Last autumn bricklayers received 11 *s.* 3 *d.* daily, masons 10 *s.* , carpenters 8 *s.* 9 *d.* , 155 tailors 6 *s.* 3 *d.* , shoemakers 7 *s.* 6 *d.* , railway-labourers 6*s.* Provisions, as might be expected, were dear, but still not so dear as in England. Flour averaged 29 *s.* per bag of 196 lbs., beef 5 *d.* to 6 *d.* per lb., pork 4 *d.* , butter 8*d.* Labour was in great request, so much so, that it was almost impossible to procure farm or house servants, unless at enormous wages. During my stay at Sir J. Robinson's, his butler gave notice of his intention to leave him, as he had procured a situation as messenger in a bank with 100 *l.* a-year wages. Toronto is a favourite resort of fugitive slaves, many of whom have considerable property in and about the city.

It is pleasant to see, amidst so much vigorous activity, how large a place England holds in the memory of the citizens of Toronto. In every street inns, with familiar household names, meet the eye, recalling associations dear to the native of the British isles. Pleasant, too, is it to find that the engrossing pursuits of commerce have not blighted a taste for literature and science.

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Besides the two colleges, which bear a high character for their system of instruction, and enjoy ninety scholarships of 30 *l.* annual value, there are excellent grammar-schools and literary and scientific establishments. 156 The observatory is celebrated for the magnetic observations lately made under the direction of Captain Lefroy, and is now reorganised for permanent meteorological and astronomical observations.

I was highly pleased by several drives in the neighbourhood of Toronto. The country is very beautiful. Charming villas, surrounded by well-kept gardens, remind one continually of England. The cemetery, wisely placed at some distance from the town, is a most picturesque spot, happily undeformed by hideous monuments.

Altogether it is impossible to conceive a more vigorous or healthy Anglo-Saxon offspring than Toronto. Its situation, climate, and soil are all favourable; but probably much of its sound prosperity is due to the circumstance of the whole province having been settled by American royalists, who found here a refuge and a home.

With such materials we can scarcely paint the future of Toronto too brightly. The geological tourist will be much interested by the very uncommon series of ridges or terraces near Toronto. Of these curious phenomena Sir Charles Lyell observes,—“With the exception of the parallel roads or shelves in Glen Roy, and some neighbouring glens of the 157 Western Highlands in Scotland, I never saw so remarkable an example of banks, terraces, and accumulation of stratified gravel, sand, and clay, maintaining, over wide areas, so perfect a horizontality, as in this district north of Toronto.”

The natural mole of sand stretching above two miles into the lake, and forming the capacious bay, is a singular object, being very narrow; in some places only half a dozen feet across. Scattered trees grow upon it, which at a distance have the appearance of growing in the water. Here the Indians were in the habit of bringing their sick during the summer heat for the sake of the cool lake breeze; and the place is still a favourite resort of the citizens, who find easy access to it by a steam ferry.

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The society of Toronto is highly intellectual. Indeed, it Would be difficult to find any town in Canada possessing so many desirable features for a residence as Toronto. No wonder that, with so many advantages, the loyal residents refused to listen to the dark whisperings of unprincipled demagogues, who were desirous, for their own purposes, of severing the bonds binding them to the British crown. Quaintly constructed block-houses in the vicinity of the town, which were fortified during the rebellion, attest the severity of the struggle; but their peaceful occupancy 158 at present by farmers, and an entire absence of military, equally attest how completely all revolutionary feelings have passed away. And when it is remembered that Canada is entirely exempt from direct taxation, and enjoys the protection of England for her commerce, now greatly benefited by the Reciprocity Treaty, it is impossible to predict too brilliant a future for her rapidly increasing population. That Canada will always remain under the British crown is far from probable; but it is now equally improbable that American "sympathisers," will win her to annexation with the States. A higher and more independent destiny is reserved for her. And should she determine to march alone, our children may live to see in Canada,—

"all that else the years will show, The poet-forms of stronger hours, The vast Republics that may grow The Federations and the Powers; Titanic forces taking birth In divers seasons, divers climes; For we are ancients of the earth, And in the morning of the times."

It was difficult to break the hospitable ties which, had I been inclined, might have bound me long to Toronto, but my motto was, Onwards; and bidding my very kind friends farewell, I departed at seven in 159 the morning for Lewiston in the *Peerless*, a large and swift steamer elegantly fitted up, and of the same construction as ocean steamers, the engines being below the deck. This was significant of rough water, and I had soon an opportunity of verifying the fact that Ontario is not always smooth. Great cyclones had swept over the lake during the last few days; but the well-protected bay gave no indication of the state of things outside. My fellow-passengers and myself were doing justice to an excellent breakfast in the elegant saloon, when I was somewhat surprised by the captain



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observing that in all probability we should be very ill in a few minutes. This intelligence acted as a damper to my appetite; but I was more disconcerted when a sudden heave of the ship which nearly swept the tables clean, gave evidence we had passed the bar. Rushing up stairs I beheld the waters rolling with white foaming waves of great magnitude. My fate was decided. It may seem, as it decidedly was, unromantic—Niagara being the goal; but I have rarely suffered more from sea-sickness than I did during the happily brief voyage from Toronto to Lewiston, which, although the distance is forty miles, is accomplished in three hours. As we approached the mouth of the Niagara river the lake became calmer, and I was emancipated from my agony in 160 sufficient time to enjoy the tranquil passage up to Lewiston, seven miles from the lake. Here I landed, and engaging a “buggy,” drove over the grand suspension bridge to Queenston, and ascended the heights above the town, from whence I enjoyed a fine panoramic prospect of the surrounding country and Lake Ontario. All tourists should do this, as, independently of the pleasure of gazing on a magnificent view, it is desirable to receive a correct impression of the features of the district in which that great wonder of the world—the Falls of Niagara—is set.

The scene towards the Falls is very remarkable, consisting principally of a boundless expanse of table-land covered by dense forest, through which the river has cut a passage. Of the falls themselves, seven miles distant, not a trace is visible; and the dark-blue waters of the great river flow so smoothly at the bottom of the deep gorge, as to give no idea of their having passed over a mighty precipice. A glance at the nature of the ravine, and the general features of the country, cannot fail to lead to the conclusion that the falls were once situated at Queenston, from whence they have gradually receded to their present position. But when the mind attempts to grapple with the enormous 161 length of time involved in this change, calculated at 35,000 years, we are bewildered by the computation, and take refuge in the knowledge, sufficient for our finite understanding, that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years.

The heights of Queenston possess an historical interest as the scene of the battle in 1812, when General Brock fell. A substantial monument to his memory is now in course of

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erection, to replace the pillar destroyed by some Americans during the Canadian rebellion. Resuming my seat, I drove along a sandy road through the partially-cleared bush, my excitement increasing as the distance to the falls diminished. When about three miles from them, I ordered the driver to stop; and as soon as the carriage ceased to move, a deep booming noise was heard, issuing from the depth of the forest. It was the eternal voice of the falls. My impatience increased, but it found no sympathy in my young Yankee driver, who, "guessing" he had driven hundreds of people to Clifton House, treated my proceedings with perfect indifference. As all things however, come to an end, so did the drive. At the end of seven miles the road, hitherto level, suddenly dipped, and I beheld immediately before me the mighty cataracts, illuminated by brilliant sunshine. M 162

To the question "Were you disappointed by the first view?" which is generally asked, I answer "No;" but it is right to add, I had been careful not to raise my expectations too high. Indeed, remembering how many persons have expressed themselves disappointed by the height of the falls appearing so insignificant in proportion to their great breadth, I had dwarfed my ideal view too much; and now, when the reality was before me, it exceeded my expectations. This was a pleasing disappointment. A few yards below the brow of the hill, and in full view of the two falls, stands the Clifton House Hotel. Here I secured a most comfortable bedroom, commanding the Horse-shoe Fall, and then, with an alacrity which made the numerous drivers surrounding the hotel aware I had just arrived, hastened to the Table Rock. To my surprise, beyond the mere offer of their vehicles, I was left to pursue my way unmolested; and I have to add, that during my abode at the falls, I was never annoyed in any way by guides; nor, indeed, did I see any persons practising the generally officious and to the tourist distressing office of showman. I mention this, because I have frequently seen and heard it asserted, that the visitor at Niagara is sorely plagued by guides, who start up at all points to the distraction of his peace and enjoyment. A walk—or rather a 163 run—of a few minutes brought me to the Table Rock; from whence I gazed on the descending sea before me with feelings of awe and wonder, tempered by a feeling of gratitude that I was permitted to look upon a scene whose stupendous majesty is identified with my earliest knowledge of the wonders of the world.

Seen from the Table Rock, no disappointment can be felt. For my part, so entirely was I unprepared for the enormous volume of water, that in the weakness of my comprehension and inability to grasp the scene, I was unwilling to turn my aching eyes from the glorious spectacle, apprehending it could only endure for a season, and that the overwhelming rush of water must speedily cease. But as I gazed with trembling anxiety, and marked no change beyond the masses of spray clouds, swayed by the wind across the mighty sheet, which ever retained its sublime proportions, the truth began to force itself upon me, that for thousands of years the waters had been falling, by day and by night, at all times and seasons, ever sounding, in a voice which once heard can never be forgotten, the praise of Him who bade them flow.\* Here, indeed, may be felt the beauty of M 2

\* The alternation of seasons causes no appreciable difference in the body of water passing over the falls. But a prevalence of westerly gales greatly increases the quantity; and the remarkable periodical rise of the great American lakes, which are supposed to attain a maximum height every seven years, also influences the amount of water. According to a very interesting paper published in the Canadian Journal, (July, 1854,) Lake Erie was at its minimum height in 1846; had attained its sixth observed maximum height in 1853; and was also very high in 1854. But the observations are neither sufficiently exact nor continuous to warrant the deduction that this extraordinary phenomenon, during which the level of the lake is raised more than five feet, occurs at regular intervals; the subject of lake-disturbances being one of great difficulty.

164 the words in our canticle, "O ye seas and floods, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever;" and it was probably with feelings of deep awe that the Indian of olden time, worshipping the Great Spirit, gave the peculiarly appropriate name O-Ni-aw-ga-rah, the Thunder of Waters, to this matchless scene. It is indeed eloquent "as with the voice of a great multitude—the voice of many waters—the voice of many thunderings, saying, 'Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'"

How long I remained spell-bound to the spot where I had seated myself, I know not; but as a proof of the entire concentration of all senses on the scene, I was entirely ignorant of the fact that I had been sitting some time in a pool of water formed by the spray.

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The power of Niagara over the spectator within its influence is extraordinary. Many instances are on record, but none more striking than that of Father Hennepin, who in his book published in 1698, giving an account of discoveries in America, thus writes: "Betwixt the Lakes Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. The river is so rapid above the descent, that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side; they not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred foot high. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise, more terrible than that of thunder. I could not conceive how it came to pass that four great lakes, the least of which is 400 leagues in compass, should empty themselves one into another, and then all centre and discharge themselves at this great fall, and yet not drown good part of America."

In another place the awe-stricken Father mentions the stupendous height of the falls,—"over six hundred foot,"—and supposes that the Iroquois, who used to M 3 166 pitch their wigwams at the base for the sake of obtaining the wild animals cast over the falls, left the locality "lest they should become deaf."

The reader need scarcely be told that even in Hennepin's time, when the falls were slightly higher than they are now, they were far below his estimated height, being about 170 feet; but the worthy Jesuit will stand excused of any desire to mislead, as he was doubtless bewildered by the astounding spectacle, for which no description had prepared him.

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And be it remembered that, while we have been gazing on the Horseshoe Fall, we have only to turn our head to behold another scarcely inferior to it in grandeur. Sweeping down in a mighty sheet of white, broken by dark lines as the waters open and close, a large portion of the river descends on the American side of Goat Island, over a precipice 164 feet high, which is six feet higher than the Horseshoe Fall. The two cataracts are perfectly distinct, and although a distant view from below embraces both, each presents to the spectator when near but one picture. That the other, though not seen is at the same time heard, adds greatly to the overwhelming effect of Niagara.

The Horseshoe Fall is the finer; for while the American cataract is grandly impressive, the graceful 167 curve of the waters on the Canadian side, the broad sapphire gems which they wear on their brow, and the everlasting halo of glory with which they are crowned, give them the supremacy.

Day had faded into the gloom of eve, through which the cataracts loomed mysteriously, when I regained the hotel; for I need scarcely say the dinner hour had no charms for me on that day; and after a hurried supper I went forth again, and saw the marvellous scene by the light of a waning moon. It was very late when I retired to bed. The mighty cataracts were ever before me, while their continual roar, and the throbbing of the windows and doors from the concussion of the air, made my night full of wild and startling dreams.

The following morning the scene had changed. Enormous volumes of mist rose from the falls, blotting their outline and magnifying their proportions. The temperature was only 47°, which being considerably below that of the river, occasioned this phenomenon. But though their glory was thus dimmed, the play of the vapours, as they boiled up

“Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.”

gave them a particularly awful appearance.

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Hoping the mists would disperse as the day advanced, M 4 168 I devoted the morning to the rapids. I had letters of introduction to Mr. Street, who occupies a charming residence two miles above the falls. The private grounds extend to the river; and it is from the banks, here about thirty feet high, that the best views of the rapids are obtained. Sublime, indeed, is the spectacle of the floods which, rolling down in mighty waves, seem to gather strength for the dreadful leap. The breadth of the Niagara is here about three-quarters of a mile, the entire expanse being in a state of continual violent agitation. Huge mounds of water—smooth, transparent, and gleaming like emeralds—bound over enormous rocks, and then break into foam.

I visited the burning spring a little distance above Mr. Street's house. The gas rises through a stream diverted from the river. An old man guards the curiosity, and for a small fee lights the vapour, which at the time of my visit burned fitfully. In the absence of visitors, "old Jake," the name of the *custode*, spends his time catching black bass, which, according to his account, abound near the banks of the river; though how they can live in such a tumult of waters is perplexing.

I soon returned to the falls, deeming all time misspent which was devoted to aught beside. The 169 strong sun had dispersed the mists, and the waters leaped in unshrouded glory; save where the everlasting cloud of vapour went up like "incense" in the centre of the Horseshoe Cataract. The remainder of this and nearly the whole of the four succeeding days were devoted to the examination in detail of this great world wonder, which grows in majesty the longer it is contemplated. I spent an entire day on Goat Island, happily left in its primeval state of wildness. From this lovely isle

"—full of noises— Sounds that give delight, and hurt not,"

endless views of the two falls are obtained. That of the Horseshoe Cataract from the gallery of the Terrapin Tower is the most imposing. Here you look upon the long water-curve of exquisite green, forming the lip of the fall, which in the most concave part is said

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to be twenty feet thick, and down into the abyss boiling with mist and foam. The solemn and slow majesty of the descent of the water is very remarkable, presenting vast green curtain-like folds, from which burst globes of compressed air. The prodigious quantity of mist and spray renders the bottom invisible, and gives infinite variety to the scene, which, when lighted by the play of innumerable 170 vivid rainbows, possesses a witching beauty unsurpassed and unequalled.

A flock of large gulls were sporting amidst these quivering hues, rejoicing in their power; now dashing downwards until lost in the blinding spray, now soaring aloft in the deep blue heavens. Amidst such sights and sounds, it was an inexpressible relief to find the horrible American creation of "Manchester," with its cotton mills, does not yet destroy the magnificence of the American cataract. The present buildings are far above the fall; but it may be, that triumphing over all difficulties—for there are none too formidable to check Yankee enterprise—the rapids on the verge of the descent may be made to do cotton-spinning duty, and the fall itself be diverted into innumerable mill-dams. Already numerous daring projects are contemplated to "use up the almighty water privilege" of Niagara, which is stated to exceed in power the entire steam force employed to drive machinery in Great Britain; but as half the falls belong to England, it is to be hoped the Horseshoe Cataract is not included in the scheme. I could not help wishing that the influence which will, I trust, prevent any attempt to perpetrate such barbarity, would sweep away the frippery curiosity-shops and museums now deforming the Canadian side of the river.

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Far different was the vicinity of Niagara at the time of my brother's visit. Dense woods then occupied the banks. Not a house was near; and on one occasion the provisions which his party had concealed were stolen by the Indians, who resided at Niagara for the sake of feeding on the wild animals which were precipitated over the falls.

The Indians have a tradition that the spirit of Niagara exacts an annual sacrifice of two human victims; and it is a curious fact, that since the white man has known the falls, the average number has exceeded two.

I was shown the scene of the last catastrophe, just above the American fall. It is a small rocky islet to which an unfortunate man clung with terrible tenacity for three days. He had been drawn into the rapids, and was on the point of being swept over the falls, when his course was arrested by the little island. Far better would it have been for him had he not met with this obstruction; for his agony during those three long days and nights was fearful. All attempts to save him were abortive; and at the close of the third day, being unable to cling longer to the rocks, he was carried over the cataract. An American daguerreotypist reaped a rich harvest by taking impressions of the poor fellow during his agony.

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The terrific power of the rapids was made very apparent by a circumstance which happened a short time previous to my visit. A large barge, used for navigating Lake Erie, had, by some miscalculation or mismanagement, been allowed to come within the influence of the current of the Niagara, about six miles above the falls. Powerful horses were attached to the towing line; but as their strength was unequal to resist the rapids, the people on board, four in number, wisely fastened themselves to the rope, and, severing it, allowed the barge to drift down while they were dragged on shore. Contrary to all expectation the ship did not go over the falls, but was stranded on a ledge of rocks about 150 yards above Goat Island. There I saw her, and I certainly imagined it would be easy to reach her, for the water did not seem very rapid or deep; but, although the cargo presented great temptation to enterprising *voyageurs* accustomed to navigate canoes in tumultuous waters, one man alone was sufficiently bold to make an attempt to secure them: this was a person named Robinson, better known as the "Champion of the Rapids."



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Launching his canoe a considerable distance above Goat Island, he steered for the barge, and was successful in reaching it; but to the surprise of the 173 spectators, who were anxiously watching his proceedings, he declared he did not think it possible he could regain the shore. The greatest excitement prevailed. Innumerable suggestions were proffered: at length, Robinson found his only chance of escape was to embark in his canoe, and drifting down the rapids, endeavour to reach a rocky islet within a few yards of Goat Island, and fearfully contiguous to the edge of the Great Fall. Failing this, certain destruction was inevitable. It was a moment of terrible suspense. Battling with the fierce rapids, amidst which the tiny canoe was a speck, Robinson struggled with the energy of despair; and watching his opportunity, succeeded by an almost superhuman effort in bringing his canoe sufficiently near the rock to permit him to spring upon it. Here he was safe, being drawn to shore by ropes, but his canoe was of course speedily precipitated over the cataract. A poor dog, left in the barge, had been seen for several days on the deck, howling piteously; but on the morning of Robinson's venture it was gone.

The extremely insecure state of the banks above and below both falls, have led to several deplorable accidents. While I sat sketching at the base of the Horse-shoe Fall near Biddle Stairs, large fragments of rock and gravel fell near me, from the summit of 174 the cliffs bounding Goat Island, affording practical demonstration of the erosive process in constant operation. Table Rock, as is well known, is not as broad as it was. Huge debris at the base show how powerfully the water acts upon the soft shale formation underlying the limestone of which the upper part of the precipice is composed. The last great fall occurred in June, 1850; the noise occasioned by the crash was heard at the distance of three miles, and is said to have shaken the country like an earthquake.

I accompanied parties on two occasions in the *Maid of the Mist*, a tiny steamboat, strongly built, and provided with two engines of 100 horse power, which steams gallantly along the base of the American fall into the mist of the Great Fall, careering over waves of oceanic proportions, until the vast sheet of water seems on the point of overwhelming the little ship.

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Oil-skin dresses are provided for this excursion, without which the passengers would be drenched; for the explorer of Niagara will soon find, if he be at all adventurous, that a little spray, coming as it does in fitful gusts, goes a long way. I went into the Cave of the Winds, under the Crescent Fall, where I saw the rare and beautiful phenomena of concentric circular rainbows; and, taking advantage 175 of brilliant sunshine, I performed the crowning feat of passing within the veil of Niagara's temple, or, in other words, going under the great cataract, as far as Termination Rock, 240 feet from the entrance. This requires firm nerves. A gentleman who accompanied me gave in when about half way. On my return from the goal, I found him bending over a rock, to which he was clinging tenaciously, apprehending, in the bewildered state of his senses, that the masses of water which came tumbling down would sweep him into the gulf beneath. But the hurricane, raging as it does with a violence which almost takes the breath away, has a tendency to impel one against the wall of rock behind the sheet of water; and if the instructions of the guide, who is a stout negro, be followed, and his hand held, no danger attends the adventure; while the extra-ordinary spectacle, accompanied by a chorus of thunder, and the throbbing of the rocks beneath the feet, repay the toil and fatigue. I need scarcely say that the visitor has to undress and put on a water-proof suit before taking his colossal shower bath.

The effect of the huge water-curtain, and of the sun seen through it, is very singular. The tourist should select a day when the sun is shining for the 176 expedition, and if accompanied by a friend, two guides should be taken.

I did not omit visiting the whirlpool, which bears on its writhing waters fragments of torn timber precipitated over the falls; nor the suspension bridge, for the sake of the magnificent view which it affords of the Niagara, flowing solemnly through the gorge backed by the two falls.

Here the water is of a dark-blue colour flecked by foam. Fabulous statements are made respecting the depth of the river at this place; but I have the authority of a scientific

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friend, who sounded it, for saying it does not exceed 120 feet. This, however, is a great body of water. It is intended to carry a branch of the railway from Albany to Buffalo over this bridge, hanging the rails to chains above the present roadway for carriages and foot-passengers. This is a bold scheme, worthy of American enterprise; but fears are entertained for the safety of this proposed aerial railway. Mr. Stephenson says, "Great skill has been shown in designing means for neutralising the tendency to flexibility; but I am of opinion that no system of trussing applicable to a platform suspended from chains will prove either desirable or efficient, unless it be carried to such an extent as to approach in dimensions a tube itself fit for the passage of railway trains." When this link is completed, Canada West will be brought into direct railway communication with New York. The electric telegraph already exists at Niagara. The wires are brought into Clifton House, and the tourist, without leaving his hotel, may flash a message to the Atlantic cities or New Orleans.

On the last morning of my sojourn at the falls, anxious to see as much of them as possible, I rose before the sun. On looking out, the landscape was still dim, but towering high above the Great Fall rose the column of mist, crested by a roseate hue. The effect was enchanting. Not a cloud obscured the heavens; and so tranquil was the air, that the vapour-pillar seemed like a gigantic shaft of white marble surmounted by a rose-coloured capital. A friend, whom I called to witness the beautiful spectacle, agreed with me that the column was at least 800 feet high. I no longer doubted that a faint cloud to which my attention had been drawn when standing on the roof of the Court House at Toronto, was the mist over Niagara. The distance is fifty miles, but it has been seen farther off.

As the sun ascended, the pillar became more rose-hued: presently the crest of the falls caught the N 178 glowing tints, and the rushing waters were a sheet of burnished gold.

The time had now arrived for bidding adieu to Niagara; but—

"There can be no adieu to scenes like thine;"

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for as I pen these lines, the mighty cataracts appear rolling down their everlasting waters, and I hear the thunder of their voice. This mental daguerreotyping is a glorious privilege of travel. But to carry away lasting impressions of the falls, several days should be devoted to them. I cannot suppose the tourist will be contented by a visit of a few hours, which, according to my experience, seems to satisfy Americans, who arrive at night and depart the following afternoon; and I strongly recommend him to make his plans harmonise, if possible, with a residence of a week. He will find the falls increase in sublimity and vastness the longer they are contemplated. Their mysterious grandeur, veiled as it is in mist, cannot be comprehended in a day. Let me further advise him to take up his quarters at the Clifton House, which has the great advantage of being within sight of both cataracts. There is constant communication by means of ferry-boats with the 179 American side, to the summit of which the indolent tourist can be conveyed by an inclined railway, in cars worked by water-power derived from the fall. The American hotels are noisy, and possess no views beyond a glimpse of the rapids, seen only from a few of the back windows.

A brisk trade in Indian ornaments and curiosities is carried on at Niagara. Daguerreotypes of the American fall are in great request; the proper thing, according to Yankee notions, being for the purchaser to stand prominently in the foreground while the impression is taken. Until I visited Niagara, I was at a loss to understand why all daguerreotype views should generally represent the American fall; but the ground is so violently agitated on the Canadian side as to render the operation of the camera extremely unsatisfactory,—at least all the results I saw were very poor. Recent improvements in photography will, however, I have no doubt, give better effects.

My destination was Chicago, to which I had the choice of two routes, one by rail to Detroit, the other by Lake Erie. I chose the latter. Leaving Clifton House in the afternoon I proceeded by rail to Chippewa, six miles from Niagara. The line passes within a few yards of the Great Fall; so my last view of the cataracts was from the window of a railway N 2 180 carriage. At Chippewa I found a steamer, in which I ascended the Niagara to Buffalo.

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We passed Navy and Grand Island, the former celebrated as the head-quarters of the leaders of the Canadian insurrection; the latter, from an attempt made by a mad-brained individual named Major Noah to gather within its precincts the lost tribes of Israel.

Shortly before entering Lake Erie we saw numerous ships which had passed through the Welland Canal, and were now spreading their sails to navigate the ocean-like lake.

The resemblance to the sea was further increased when we arrived at Buffalo, where the harbour presented all the activity of a thriving maritime city.

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### CHAP. VIII.

BUFFALO.—GIGANTIC STEAMBOAT.—BRIDAL CHAMBERS.—LAKE ERIE.—  
WOODED ISLANDS.—WATER-SNAKES.—DETROIT.—NEW FRANCE.—VINEYARDS.  
—DAWN.—NEW BUFFALO.—LAKE MICHIGAN.—CHICAGO.—ITS RAPID GROWTH.  
—VALUE OF LAND.—COMMERCE.—PRAIRIES.—FUGITIVE SLAVES.—POPULAR  
EXCITEMENT. EMIGRANTS.—CINCINNATI.—TOBACCO-CHEWING.—BURNET  
HOUSE.—FORMER HOTELS.—RAPID CHANGES.—COMMERCIAL STATISTICS.  
—LAND SETTLEMENTS.—FURNITURE FACTORIES.—RAILWAYS.—TOUR OF  
THE GLOBE.—GERMANS.—PORCINE POPULATION.—THEIR HABITS AND  
PECULIARITIES.—PORK CROP.—ACREAGE OF PIGS.—PORKOPOLIS.—  
OBSERVATORY.—CATAWBA GRAPES.—CHAMPAGNE MANUFACTORY.—MR.  
LONGWORTH.—HIRAM POWERS.—HIS FIRST WORK.—NATIONAL THEATRE.—  
FIRE.—STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.—POLICE COURT.—“KNOW-NOTHINGS.”—COINAGE.  
—COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—KENTUCKY.—SPRING GROVE CEMETERY.—NARROW  
ESCAPE.—THUNDERSTORM.—LEAVE CINCINNATI.

As the steamer to Detroit was advertised to depart at nine P.M., I had ample time to explore Buffalo, one of the most remarkable examples of the rapid growth of American cities. Founded in 1801, destroyed by fire in 1813, it now contains a population of above

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60,000; and official returns show that its commerce, N 3 182 valued in 1850 at 67,000,000 dollars, had increased in 1851 to 76,000,000 dollars. This extraordinary prosperity is due principally to its being the great natural gateway, between the marts of the East and the producing regions of the West, for the passage of the lake commerce. The movement on the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals communicating with Lake Erie, increased 331 per cent. between 1848 and 1853. The tonnage of the port was composed in 1851 of 107 steamers, and 607 sailing vessels. It is a significant fact, that out of nearly 7000 tons of ships building at Buffalo, in January 1852, there was but one sailing vessel, the remainder consisting of steamers.

The principal business streets contain an endless variety of stores full of pedlars' goods and "Yankee notions." I walked into the Clarendon Hotel, where I supped in the company of about three hundred persons, the majority of whom boarded in the house. The ladies were very gaily dressed, prismatic colours being greatly in vogue. If, thought I, these are the Buffalo girls to whom the song applies, no wonder there should be a desire to see them "out."

Much as I had been astonished by the steamboats on the St. Lawrence, they sink into insignificance compared with those plying between Buffalo and 183 Detroit. Indeed, my determination in favour of the lake route resulted principally from my desire to make a trip in one of these mammoth ships. There are four on the station, similar in size and appointments. That in which I voyaged was *The Western World*: an official document suspended in the cabin, "By order of Congress," set forth that this ship is 2300 tons burthen, 364 feet long, has engines of 1000 horse power, which can be worked up to 1500 horse, and is provided with 116 state rooms, 113 permanent berths, and has additional sleeping accommodation for 1000 passengers. She has three boilers, each 37 feet in length, ordinarily subjected to a pressure of 56 lbs to the square inch. The officers of the ship are forbidden by law to touch the safety-valve. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 64 feet; there are 6 life-boats, 75 buckets, 1000 life-preservers, and 700 feet of hose in constant readiness. The saloons are fitted up in a style of extraordinary magnificence,

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with rich carpets, luxurious sofas, lounging chairs and settees covered with costly velvet, pianos, marble tables, and enormous mirrors. At one end there is a large dome of painted glass, from which elegant chandeliers are suspended. The engines are visible from the saloon, being enclosed by plate-glass. N 4 184 The portions exposed to view are highly polished and adorned by artificial flowers.

The doors of the state-rooms are elegantly painted, and provided with cut glass handles. These apartments are equally handsomely fitted up. Two, called bridal-chambers, are decorated in a style of regal splendour; as they were not occupied, the stewardess permitted me to see them. The beds are covered with white satin, trimmed with gold lace: painted Cupids are suspended from the ceiling; the toilet furniture is of the finest china; hot and cold water are laid on, and flow by pressing ivory knobs; the chairs and sofas are covered with the richest velvet; the carpets are of the softest pile; and the walls display beautiful floral designs. Everything was new and fresh, for the ship had only been recently launched, and the apartments had never been occupied. The charge for each is five dollars. Remembering the stormy character which Lake Erie bears, it is frightful to contemplate the destruction which would in all probability ensue, if one of these splendid and gaudy chambers were occupied on a rough night by a loving but suffering couple; for, I was assured by the stewardess, that ladies are frequently very ill during the voyage to Detroit. Fortunately, I have no experience of this lake in an angry mood.

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We steamed out of the harbour at nine o'clock; and, but for a slight tremulous motion, and the noise of the huge paddle-wheels striking the water, it would have been easy to have imagined the saloon in which we were seated belonging to a large hotel. Indeed, these huge steamers are hotels on a vast scale, comprising, not only the accommodation I have mentioned, but also commodious bar and smoking rooms; and barbers' shops, where black barbers perform tonsorial operations from morning to night. We numbered about six hundred cabin passengers, and five hundred emigrants, who occupied the lower deck; so great, however, was the space, no crowding or inconvenience was felt; and the meals

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were served with the regularity and order of a first-class hotel. It was an extraordinary sight to see the breakfast-tables covered with a profusion of dishes, to which all the passengers did ample justice. My companions were principally commercial men. A few were curious to know my calling and pursuits; when satisfied, they volunteered to enlighten me respecting their own occupations; one gentleman was even so obliging as to favour me with his card, notifying that the blasting gunpowder he was commissioned to sell was the best in the world.

With a few exceptions, the male passengers were 186 extremely well behaved; and it is worthy of remark that the Bibles, of which there were many copies on board, were in constant use throughout the voyage. On looking out in the morning, water only was in sight, dotted here and there by ships, some of which were of large size. About noon, we were running up Detroit River, the shores of which, like those of Lake Erie, are exceedingly tame. The wooded islands at the head of the lake tend to relieve the monotony of the scene. These are fringed by beds of large lilies, a favourite basking-place for the water-snakes: alluded to by Moore,—

“O'er the bed of Erie's lake Slumbers many a water-snake, Basking in the web of leaves Which the weeping lily weaves.”

Detroit, originally a little French village of wooden-houses, is now a flourishing city possessing large public buildings, huge stores and hotels, and long quays lined with shipping. It is doubtless greatly indebted to position for its prosperity; but an Englishman may reflect with some pride that this is also in some measure due to the Anglo-Saxon character.\* “Les François ne savent pas coloniser,”

\* The energy of the Anglo-Saxon race made a great impression on the Indians in the early days of colonisation. On one occasion, being exasperated by acts of oppression, they buried some Englishmen, saying, “You English, since you came here, you have grown considerably above ground; let us now see how you will grow under.”



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187 was said by a wise politician; but we must not forget that New France was attempted to be colonised by a government; New England by a people. Charlevoix tells us, that “Cartier eut beau vanter le pays qu'il avoit découvert; on insist a qu'il ne seroit jamais d'aucune utilité à la France, car il n'y avait aucune apparence de mines.” A hundred years later, the fisheries alone were found sufficient to enrich France. At Detroit the American and British flags wave in close proximity, as the opposite side of the river is British ground. The small town of Windsor on the English bank of the river is about half a mile from Detroit. This is the ardently desired goal of fugitive slaves, who have arrived in such vast numbers as to have founded a settlement called Dawn, a short distance from the river, where I was told they are thriving. The climate here is very mild, as proof of which vines grow on the islands in the lake. I found the heat so great in comparison to what it had been at Niagara, that I was glad to be able to travel by night to Chicago. I left Detroit at nine o'clock by the Michigan Railway, 188 which traverses the peninsula between Lakes Huron and Michigan to New Buffalo, where I arrived at six in the morning, and from thence crossed the lake to Chicago, which occupied two hours. This was a most fatiguing journey; and I was extremely glad to come to rest in the comfortable hotel.

Independently of the interest in contemplating the rapid spread of civilisation in the western states, nowhere more apparent than in Illinois, it is worth while going there for the purpose of seeing the prairies near Chicago; at least I thought so, for although they are not the prairies of the far west, where the herbage rolls in long waves under the passing winds, they yet *are* prairies covered by wiry grass and a profusion of wild flowers. Here and there clumps of scrubby trees appear like islands on the plain; but excepting these, there is nothing to arrest the eye, which takes exceeding delight in boundless vision after a long confinement in dense forests. It expands the mind too, to know that one may walk without a check westward across Illinois, which consists principally of prairie land. The summer had been so dry and hot that the surface was more than usually parched. Some miles to the west it had taken fire, and burnt over a large area. In 189 the course of my ramble I started some prairie-hens, which afford excellent shooting.

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The history of Chicago is startling. In 1829, when it was laid out, a solitary log-tavern sufficed to supply the wants of the scanty population. Wolves out-numbered the white men, and the wigwam of the painted savage dotted the prairie on every side. In 1840, the population was 4479; in 1854, 75,000! The oldest inhabitant *born* in the town is a lady, who according to our authority was only twenty-two years old in 1853. Spacious stores, fine ecclesiastical establishments,—including a Swedish church, to which Jenny Lind contributed largely when she visited Chicago,—large public buildings, and fine houses now meet the eye on all sides. All is new, excepting a block-house built thirty-eight years ago when the country was peopled by savage Indians, prior to the laying out of the town. The inhabitants of Chicago are proud of this relic of antiquity. In a journal advocating its preservation it is urged: “Let it be surrounded by a neat iron fence that we may be able to illustrate to our children the nature of the defences which the early settlers of Chicago were obliged to adopt. Let the giant arm of modern improvement sweep away, if necessary, every other vestige of Fort Dearborn; but let the shrill scream 190 of the locomotive, as it brings up its long train of cars from the Gulf of Mexico, or rests from its labours after the mighty race of a thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard, age after age echo around this humble but significant monument of the past.”

The increase in the value of land has kept pace with the growth of the town. In 1810 the entire township might have been purchased for 500 dollars; now it is worth many millions. A New York clerk who came here to improve his fortune last year with 4000 dollars, laid it out upon land, which he sold, six weeks after purchasing it, for forty thousand.

The commercial statistics are equally remarkable. In 1847 the imports were valued at 2,640,000 dollars; in 1851 they had risen to 24,500,000. During that year 21,806 head of cattle were slaughtered for American and English markets. In 1853, 14,000,000 bushels of grain, 1,086,944 lbs. of wool, 3,042,000 lbs. of lard, and various other commodities on an equally extensive scale were exported. In 1854 the exports of grain and flour exceeded those from New York. The shipping arrivals in 1851 comprised 845 steamers, 1182

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schooners, 239 brigs, and 13 barques. On the 13th September 1854, 35 ships entered, and 21 cleared from the port. The failure of the wheat-crop in Northern Illinois during past years 191 has turned the attention of farmers to grazing and wool-growing, for which the prairie-lands are admirably adapted; and, as these are almost boundless, enormous produce may be confidently expected. The newspapers teem with advertisements illustrative of the "Go-aheadism" of this busy and thriving community. Excessive speed in every act seems to be the ruling passion. Under the head "Rapid Marriages," I observed several advertisements setting forth that parties were very desirous of "a rapid union with, &c." Nor, as will be seen by the following extract, does bereavement cause the hymeneal torch to remain long extinguished:—"Married on the 10th July Mr. Patrick Welch to Miss Sarah E. Davis. Died July 24. Mr. Patrick Welch. Married August 12. Mr. Thomas Collins to Sarah E. Davis, relict of the late Mr. Patrick Welch.

It appears, however, that some ladies are too impatient to wait for a natural release from their bondage to enable them to marry again, for divorces are easily obtained; and here is an advertisement indicative of another mode of severing the nuptial tie:—"For Sale. A good husband, warranted sound and kind in any kind of harness, especially the matrimonial. He is of handsome figure and action, stands to the cradle without tying, and can trot his 192 babies an hour easily. He is also a smart traveller, and in every respect a good family beast. The present owner being about to emigrate to California, the above property will be sold without delay." This is of course a *jeu d'esprit*, but is not the less significant on that account.

At the time of my visit, Chicago had scarcely subsided from an uproar arising from a fugitive slave case. The slave belonged to a person in St. Louis, who despatched three men armed to the teeth to recover him. They waited until the inhabitants had gone to church, and, watching their opportunity, made a desperate attempt to seize the negro. Being a powerful man, he broke away, and while in the act of running was shot in the arm. The slave-catchers were arrested, and bound over in the sum of eight hundred dollars, to take their trial for the crime of assault and battery, with intent to commit murder. The

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excitement was intense, and further increased by an order being made to deliver the slave to his master, while the slave-hunters escaped with a nominal fine. The judges acted in conformity with the law, but the people took a very different view of the case, and, as at Boston, made a strong demonstration against slavery.

The press kept up the excitement by violent 193 articles denouncing slavery, and particularly the Fugitive Slave Law. These called forth rejoinders from journals in favour of slavery, couched, if possible, in more scurrilous language. Here, as an example, is a letter addressed to the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, which is a strong anti-slavery organ. The document was published in a Kentucky paper:—

“Frankfort, Kentucky, “September 7th, 1854.

“ Sir,

“The term ‘Dear Sir,’ is not in my vocabulary for one of your degraded stamp. Your hellish course of late, in encouraging the abduction of slaves from their masters, and your general disorganising course, will wrap the flames of the infernal regions around your cowardly craven form with tenfold fiendish heat, when, in the course of Providence, you shall take passage upon the *under-ground railroad* to his Satanic Majesty the Devil. You take great delight in obeying the mandates of the devil here on earth, in exulting over the success of a negro-stealer, in the publication of inflammatory hand-bills that smell of hell itself. But be assured that a day of rich reward is near at hand, when all the furies in maddened blackness shall fan the already intolerable flames of Tartarus into tenfold their usual heat around that body that now has enough villany attached thereto to sink it through the slight crust that is represented to divide the earth from the country where *negro abductors go*. But if in O 194 the meantime you should like to smell a little of that country before finally removing there, just cross the Mason and Dixon line, or, in other words, come to Kentucky, and we will promise you a warm reception, a good berth, and a free ticket. If your health should require it, after the summer months are over, pay our or any southern State a visit,

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and let it be known that you are the villanous editor of the *Chicago Tribune* , and it won't cost much to put you through on the over-ground railroad, preparatory to a final, safe, and sure ride on the under-ground railroad.

“With high appreciation for your capacity in executing the devil's designs, and your unscrupulous activity therein, I am not, nor ever will be, your obedient servant, “LYNCH LAW.”

This it must be confessed is hot writing. It does not, however, appear to have discomposed the editor of the *Tribune* , who thus comments on the letter:—

“We will bet our hat that the writer of the above epistle is a blood (or *bloody* ) relation of Mat Ward. However, we are going to Kentucky, and several other Slave States, this winter, as is our custom to do, and we will be prepared to receive our friend at Frankfort with open *arms*. We do not entertain any fears of the reception which we might meet with in Kentucky or any other southern State. Our correspondent, Lynch Law, may be, and doubtless is, a blackguard; but the generality of the people of Kentucky and of Frankfort are *gentlemen*. ”

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It is not difficult to foresee that, with such fierce partisanship, the slave question is destined to be a source of infinite trouble and intestine warfare between the Northern and Southern States. There are a great many free blacks in Chicago, who obtain high wages in the stores and hotels. Emigrants from various European countries resort to the city in vast numbers, attracted by the flourishing accounts—not exaggerated—of plans matured, labours performed, victories achieved, and hopes in full fruition. With such prospects before him, the emigrant

“Leaves his home with a bounding heart, For the world is all before him; And he scarcely feels it a pain to part, Such sun-bright hopes come o'er him.”

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The prosperity of Chicago is the more remarkable as it is not happily situated, being built almost on a level with the lake, from the waters of which the houses are only divided by piles. The drainage is very imperfect, and the odour arising from decayed matter is extremely oppressive during the summer heats. Not inappropriately was the city named Chicago, which signifies *Skunk's Hole*; the skunk being an animal bearing an unenviable notoriety for its power of discharging a foul-smelling fluid.

I was pleased to find, amidst the feverish bustle of O 2 196 commerce, the claims of education and literature are not overlooked. Numerous institutions for these objects exist, and others on a larger scale are in course of erection.

I spent an evening in some gardens kept by a German about two miles from the town, where the inhabitants resort for recreation. They comprise about five acres of prairie-land, which seems peculiarly well adapted to the growth of English flowers. It was very pleasant to look upon old favourites 4000 miles from home. Here I saw a sunset of wondrous glory;

“The clouds hung in the purple skies, At anchor like great argosies;”

and as the sun went down among them they assumed the most brilliant colours, until all hues blended in vast caverns of fire which lighted up the West.

Fatiguing as was my journey to Chicago, that to Cincinnati, a distance of 300 miles, was much more distressing. The railway *is* or *was* execrable, and what between the terrible jolting, frequently rendering it necessary to hold on, the great heat, and the tobacco-chewing with its sickening results, I had a sorry time of it. The passengers were as rough as the road. The usual courteous prefix of *gentle* was 197 dropped, and I was addressed as “man.” These were signs that the “aristocracy of soul,” as a lady described it, which reigns at Boston has not yet reached the Western States. The rude familiarity, had it not been attended by perpetual expectorations which flooded the floor of the cars, would have been amusing.

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The dinner in the middle of the day was a wonderful scramble, and though fully half-an-hour was allowed for the meal, it was bolted in five minutes. There was just sufficient light to see the vines clothing the picturesque hills, as, in the evening, we drew near Cincinnati. We passed through vast suburbs composed of wooden houses; and after a long drive in a wonderful omnibus calculated to contain any number of people, I was put down at the Burnet House, one of the largest and best hotels in the States, where I slept off my fatigue, though the heat, and angry hum of baffled mosquitoes, happily outside the net, were sad enemies to sound slumber.

Endeavouring the following morning to find my way to the gentlemen's saloon,—somewhat bewildered by numerous long galleries, and the existence of four staircases all alike,—I thought of that period in the history of Cincinnati, no farther back than 1817, when, according to a traveller, the tavern most resorted to possessed only one sleeping-room,—a large apartment, furnished with several shake-downs, in which this notice was suspended:—“No gentleman shall take the saddle, bridle, or harness of another gentleman without his consent.”—Journeying in those days was effected on horseback (a mode of locomotion still practised in those parts of Ohio where railways do not exist), and it was customary to use the saddle as a pillow, which explains the device contained in the notice. Now huge hotels replete with every luxury abound,—the Burnet House makes up above 1000 beds, and there is another establishment in the city nearly as large.

Two dinners are provided daily at the Burnet House, served in different saloons. The guests at each repast averaged 300 persons. Printed bills of fare, including a great variety of *entremets* and dishes for both tables, are prepared every day.\* The

\* The consumption of provisions at these huge hotels is amazing. On the morning after my arrival at Cincinnati, I was roused from my slumber at dawn by the convulsive-like cackling of fowl: the noise continued so long (above two hours), that I got up and looked out of my window commanding the back-yard. Immediately beneath were two long carts covered by netting, from beneath which a man dexterously drew unfortunate fowls by means of

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a stick provided with a hook. Seizing each fowl, he swung it swiftly round by the head, which he wrenched off, and dropped the body into a large cask, which was nearly full of the decapitated birds. The operation, which I was informed was repeated every morning on the same extensive scale, continued until the vessel was full; but I cannot vouch for the amount of murder on other days, as I changed my quarters to a front room after breakfast.

199 taciturnity at these large gatherings is remarkable. But here, as well as elsewhere in the States, people sit down to eat and not to talk.

Some Americans affirm that America does not commence until the Alleghanies are crossed, all to the east of that chain of mountains being old and worn-out, while the Western States are full of bustle and prosperity. Making due allowance for this burst of western patriotism, the couplet

“The Eastern States be full of men, The Western full of woods, Sir.”

no longer holds good, for the forests are fast disappearing, and cities, towns, and villages are as quickly springing up. The rapidity of these changes is marvellous. But little more than half a century ago there was not a single Anglo-American settlement in Ohio,—now the population amounts to upwards of 2,000,000, nearly all of whom are Anglo-Saxons.\* Cincinnati in 1800 was a hamlet of 750 O 4

\* Official returns show, that during the year ending June 30, 1854, there were 23,238,313 acres of land sold, located by land warrants, granted for improvements, &c., being an increase of 5,600,000 over the preceding year. But large as are these figures, they do not much affect the entire quantity of land still available, amounting to 1367 millions of acres.

200 inhabitants; by the last census, in 1850, it contained 115,435 persons. Enjoying the advantage of a beautiful situation on a series of terraces on the right bank of the Ohio, it is fairly entitled from its locality and prosperity to be called the “Queen of the West.” In the year ending August 31. 1854, there were 3887 steamboat arrivals; the value of the imports during the same period was 66,000,000 dollars, and that of the exports 46,000,000, being



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an increase over the preceding year of nearly 50 per cent. A walk through the business part of the city is sufficient to show that these figures are not mythical. The stores occupy a vast frontage on the river, and extend back over a large area,—each a hive of industry. They are filled with almost every conceivable description of goods, for Cincinnati is at present the great emporium for supplying the countless thousands of emigrants settling in the West. Here domestic furniture is manufactured to an extent that would be almost incredible were we not made aware that the demand extends as far west as California. I visited establishments where, by the aid of ingenious machinery, 500 dozen chairs were made weekly; the price of the plainest being five-and-a-half dollars, or 1 *l.* 3 *s.* 4½ *d.* per dozen. Other factories are devoted to the manufacture of bedsteads, baby-rockers, chests of drawers, churns, cupboards, &c., which are produced in the same abundance. Mountains of these domestic articles were piled up on the quays, ready to be shipped as soon as the Ohio was sufficiently high to permit the steamers to run.

The workmen in these factories are paid by the piece, and, by constant application to one particular branch of labour, acquire such dexterity as to be able to earn in many instances twelve dollars a-week. Boys employed to paint and varnish the furniture, earn on an average seven dollars a-week. Besides the vast cabinet factories, there are numerous extensive establishments for the manufacture of agricultural implements, machinery, and iron ware. Boots and shoes are also made in enormous quantities. In short, it seems as if Cincinnati had set herself the task of furnishing and clothing the whole world, and was determined to accomplish it. The manufacturing power is, indeed, almost unlimited; for besides an abundant supply of water, Ohio possesses 11,900 square miles of coal-field, which is one-third of the area of the State; and has direct communication with the west and south by means of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The city is also connected by railways with all the Eastern States; and extensive lines, extending over 2100 miles, are in course of formation throughout the State. When the great central railway to St. Louis shall be completed, Cincinnati will become the thoroughfare to the far west; for it is proposed to continue the railway from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

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Already a considerable portion of the line between St. Louis and the frontier of Missouri is under contract, and will probably be finished in the course of two years. If this route be completed,—and who can set bounds to American enterprise?—and a communication established westward by steamship to Calcutta, the time required for the circuit of the globe would be ninety-three days according to the following estimate:—

Days.

From New York to San Francisco 4

San Francisco to Hong Kong 25

Hong Kong to Calcutta 6

Calcutta to Bombay 13

Bombay to England 35

London to New York 10

Total time required for the journey round the world 93

So that the barrister, a few years hence, may spend 203 his long vacation circum-railing and navigating the globe with greater facility and less toil than his forefathers experienced in making a continental tour. This is no wild day-dream: many persons at Cincinnati assured me a railway to the Pacific would be constructed in a few years, and unless some extraordinary commercial reaction withdraws capital from Ohio, I believe such a line will be made; at all events, it will not be left undone for want of enterprise.\* Contemplating the restless fever pervading all classes in Cincinnati (for although upwards of 30,000 of the population are Germans, the phlegmatic temperament of that people, as seen in their own country, disappears in the New World), I was at no loss to account for the shortness of life

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in America. The entire want of rest and peace must be fatal to longevity. Had Wordsworth been a citizen of the United States, he would have written a stronger remonstrance than—

\* On the 1st January 1855, the length of railways in the United States was 19,438 miles, being an increase of 3927 miles during 1854. It is estimated that there are about 7500 miles of additional railway now in course of construction, which will be completed within four years.

“The world is too much with us; soon and late, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;”

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which, if applicable to Englishmen, holds with greater force in America.

I had not been many hours—minutes, indeed, I may say—in Cincinnati, before the swinish multitude, for which that city is famous, made personal acquaintance with me. I first saw them in the market, to which I went early in the morning; not, however, like decent pigs, doing justice to good care and feeding by exhibiting fair and fat carcasses; but, with taper noses and tucked-up bellies, running perversely hither and thither, against and between one's legs, as impelled by inclination and hunger; for the Cincinnati pigs are both lanky and lean, and evidently find it hard work to keep life within their emaciated bodies. The greater part of the vegetables and fruits is exposed for sale in the carts in which they are brought to market, tilted up, to show their contents; and as the refuse is thrown away, the pigs congregate in swarms under and around the carts, contending for the scraps, and occasionally for a *bonne bouche* in the shape of a succulent vegetable or fruit which accidentally falls to the ground.

But although the market is the head-quarters of the Cincinnati pigs, they are met with all over the city. Indeed, there is scarcely a street in which some dozen may not be seen

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poking their noses into 205 the dirt-heaps, or acting as dams to the gutters, in which they repose during the heat of the day.

They perform an important part in the social economy of the city, as scavengers. The picture given by Mrs. Trollope of the condition of the streets at the period of her residence in Cincinnati in 1828 holds good now. Inquiring from her landlord in what manner the house refuse was to be disposed of, she was answered, "Your help will just have to fix it all into the middle of the street; but you must mind, old woman, that it is in the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law which forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must just all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off." In truth, the pigs are constantly seen doing Herculean service in this way, through every quarter of the city. Not the least curious part of this pig story, is, that the animals own no master, being waifs and strays of the prodigious hog crop, extending over many acres around the city; for it is a peculiarity with the farmers of Ohio, to calculate their pigs by the acre. And when we learn that the last annual return gave 528,679 hogs killed in Cincinnati, valued at upwards of ten millions of dollars, we must admit that "pig acreage" is pardonable. It must not be supposed, however, that the 206 Cincinnati pigs are allowed to lead a long life of vagabondism. When their numbers increase by births and immigration to about six thousand, they are collected and sold by auction for the benefit of the city. Prior to this event, any person may capture a pig, if he can,—for the Cincinnati pigs have a wonderful facility of locomotion,—and kill it *pro bono familias*: hear this, ye natives of the Emerald Isle, whose height of ambition and fortune is the possession of one porker. I could not learn that such a liberty was taken with the Cincinnati pigs, and I must say it would require even an Irishman to be very badly off for meat to dine on one of the street scavengers.

The pig-trade of Cincinnati employs 2500 hands. Large establishments around the city are devoted to the killing and preparing of pigs for the market, some of which are so contrived that the animals walk up an inclined plane as swine, and by the time they descend to the ground, passing *en route* through a series of stages, are comfortably pickled and barrelled.

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With these facts, can we wonder that Cincinnati rejoices in the title of Porkopolis as well as the Queen of the West.

Seated high on a hill overlooking the city and the silver windings of the Ohio, is an establishment alike honourable to the citizens and the gentleman more 207 immediately connected with it. I allude to the observatory, containing a magnificent refractor, by Fraunhofer, which has rendered good service to astronomy. Professor Mitchell is at the head of the establishment, which is partly supported by the Astronomical Society of Cincinnati. The view from the observatory is very striking, extending over a series of vine-clad hills, dotted by countless villas. Being desirous of gaining some information respecting the cultivation of the Catawba grape, I called on Mr. Longworth, who has the merit of having introduced the manufacture of champagne into Cincinnati. He occupies a charming residence in the upper part of the city, standing in the midst of a large garden full of vines and flowers. The lower part of the house is devoted to business offices,—for even here the omnipresence of American commerce is apparent. I found Mr. Longworth in his office, surrounded by small boxes containing samples of grapes sent for his approval. He is an original character. Commencing life with little more than unbounded energy and enterprise, he has accumulated a fortune of 10,000,000 of dollars, which he dispenses liberally and judiciously. Conceiving that the Catawba grape was capable of producing good wine, he imported Frenchmen from Champagne to cultivate the vines; and 208 has succeeded so well that last year he made 150,000 dozen of wine, superior, judging by the sample which I tasted, to the champagne supplied at hotels, one half of which is spurious. Mr. Longworth's manufacture is the honest and unadulterated juice of the Catawba grape,—a luscious fruit, endowed with a peculiar aromatic odour. While we were conversing, two farmers entered the office desirous of selling their vintage, for which Mr. Longworth agreed to give 75 cents a gallon. He encourages the agriculturists to cultivate, and lends them casks to contain the juice, which they express by cider-mills. The average produce is three gallons per bushel. The vines grow on low trellises. Hitherto they have escaped the blight so prevalent among the vines in Europe and Madeira. Mr. Longworth's cellars, with the exception of not being

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so large as those in France, in other respects resemble them. The same stowage of casks and bottles is observed; and the delicate operation of removing the sediment, filling up with liqueur and sugar-candy, and corking, is identical with the practice in Epernay. Indeed all the men employed in the cellars are from that neighbourhood. The quantity of Catawba champagne manufactured does not as yet meet the home demand; but, at the rate of increase during recent years, it is probable it 209 may be eventually exported. At present it commands a price equal to Moet's champagne.

"Now," said Mr. Longworth, when he had exhausted his information concerning champagne, made pleasantly practical by frequent tastings of luscious bunches of grapes depending from mantling vines in the garden; "now I will show you Hiram Powers' first work." Accordingly he conducted me into his house to a suite of handsome drawing-rooms, where in a place of honour was a bust of Ginevra, conceived from Rogers's poem, which describes her as

"So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth, She was all gentleness, all gaiety."

The work is exceedingly beautiful, and full of that promise of perfection which the more recent labours of the sculptor have realised. Powers is a native of Cincinnati. Mr. Longworth was one of his earliest patrons, and takes great pleasure in showing his countryman's sculptures which he possesses, as well as several fine pictures including West's celebrated painting of Ophelia and Hamlet.

I availed myself of the National Theatre being open to witness a performance; the spectators being, however, more an object of curiosity to me than the actors. The building, which is very large, was P 210 crammed, with the exception of the gallery for coloured persons occupied by about a score of blacks. The acting was vile, but it gave great satisfaction to the audience, who manifested their approbation by yelling furiously. The great applause emanated from the pittites, who sat in their shirt-sleeves chewing and spitting with proper republican liberty. The boxes were occupied by a superior grade, but

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I observed few ladies or gentlemen. The prices of admission were: boxes 75 cents, pit 35 cents, gallery for coloured persons 25 cents. The performance consisted of a grand military drama representing the capture of Algiers, in which, by a slight historical myth, the American fleet was made to render good service to the French. On the announcement that victory was now certain, as the fleet bearing the star-spangled banner was in sight, I really thought the audience would have gone into fits, so savagely did they yell their delight.

Just as I was entering my hotel for the night, I was startled by the quick tolling of bells, the clatter of engines, and the shouts of men and boys. Looking up, I beheld above the summit of a lofty tower, situated on the highest ground in the city, four red balls. These indicated that a fire had broken out in the fourth ward. Cincinnati is divided into twelve 211 wards, and when a fire is observed by the watchman on the summit of the fire-tower, he gives notice by ringing a bell and showing balls—red at night—corresponding with the number of the ward where the conflagration occurs.

Though I was desperately tired, I felt it a duty to turn out again; and as Cincinnati is built, like most American cities, in uniform blocks, I had no difficulty in finding the locality of the fire, though a long way off. I had reason to congratulate myself on my energy; for besides the spectacle, always grand and impressive, of a vast conflagration, I saw the celebrated steam fire-engine in operation which was invented in Cincinnati, and at the period of my visit confined to that city; though I believe one has since been introduced in Boston. The volume, or volumes rather, of water,—for there are six jets of various sizes thrown by this engine,—were enormous; and although the fire raged furiously, it was soon subdued by the torrents poured on the flames. Numerous hand and horse-engines were also in attendance, admirably worked by the fire companies; but their united efforts seemed as nothing compared to the performance of the steam-engine. The building, a large coach factory, was partly saved from the flames. The following morning I went to P 2 212 see this engine. I found it under a shed, in the upper part of the city, ready at a moment's warning to set out. The fireman on duty, who, with the usual courtesy I always received from officials in the States, answered my questions, informed me the time required to get

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up the steam is only four minutes. Horses are in the first instance attached, which draw the engine until it becomes a locomotive, for it is constructed with locomotive machinery as well as to throw water. In size and form it very much resembles a railway engine, but has only three wheels. The chief engineer of the Cincinnati Fire Brigade, in his last annual report says: "The steam fire-engine has been in use over sixteen months; and if any doubt remained, at the date of my last report, of the practicability of this invention, it must now be removed. Its triumphant success has so completely satisfied everyone who has seen the engine in operation, that when a second now building is completed, the city will be able to dispense with several horse and hand-engines, and thereby save a large annual sum."

From what I learned, it appears probable these steam fire-engines will be used in all the large towns in the States. The great number of wooden buildings, and the excessive dryness of the materials, render fires very prevalent and destructive during the summer months: many originate from incendiaries. During 1853 there were 160 fires in Cincinnati, involving a loss of property worth nearly a million dollars.

I spent an hour in the principal police court, which was crowded by "loafers" and *gamins*, watching the proceedings with reference to several of their companions, who were brought up for using obscene language in public places. There were ten cases of this nature, each of which was punished by a fine of ten dollars. Besides these, there were assault cases and petty felonies. The judicial proceedings were conducted with decorum; so that matters have improved in this respect since Mrs. Trollope sketched a Cincinnati court of justice. The magistrates did not chew; in which, however, they were singular, as the practice, with its usual disgusting accompaniment, was otherwise general. Indeed, it would be impossible to draw too foul a picture of tobacco-chewing in Cincinnati. The handsome hall and steps of the Burnet House were seas of filth; numerous spittoons, placed in convenient places to receive the pollutions, were unheeded; groups seated round the columns preferred filling the concavities of the flutings, which they did with great dexterity, or hitting more distant objects. P 3 214 This mass of nastiness was made very apparent every morning by a lavatory process, effected by a hose discharging a powerful



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and copious stream of water, which caused a brown cataract to rush down the hotel steps. Americans west of the Alleghanies might, indeed, as has been observed, pass for a cud-chewing people; with, however, this important and disagreeable difference, that whereas quadrupeds swallow their cud, the bipeds in question pursue a totally different course.

I found the "Know-nothings" in great force at Cincinnati. The cart-horses were decked with rosettes of coloured tissue paper, emblematic of the party, and children wore wreaths of the same material. The animus against Irishmen and Roman Catholics was excessive; but the movement here was marked by an extension of illiberality to all foreigners. A Cincinnati paper advocating the Know-nothing cause, published this strong philippic: "Foreigners claim too much when they come to this country. They are unjust, impertinent, insulting, and outrageous in their demands. It is enough that we give homes to those who visit our shores; that we protect property, and shield them from bodily harm; that men and women are allowed to worship as they may, if done in decency and morality; that our common schools and many other educational institutions are made free to all. We think this should satisfy. It is a great deal. It is a hundred-fold more than any government on the face of the earth gives. The making and administering of our laws; the filling our offices from the *highest to the humblest*; the entire management of national, state, and local affairs, political, educational, &c., should be in the hands of native Americans. It is a right that Americans claim; it is a wrong, and a gross wrong, that the claim is infringed upon, as it notoriously is."

With such agitation on the part of the press, and secret workings in all quarters, it is no wonder that the strongest freesoil places have been carried by Know-nothing votes. In fact, all who vote against the party are ostracised; implicit and unquestioned obedience is their rule, to which no exception is permitted. And it is a remarkable fact, that so eager are they to obtain power for native Americans, and none besides, that the question of slavery was at first excluded from the Know-nothing platform. Here, however, as elsewhere, a counter-agitation is springing up, which will have the effect of weakening this formidable party. This agitation, and the universal desire for political distinction among Americans,

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calls to mind De Tocqueville's pertinent observation that, while in old aristocratic countries parties enjoy power P 4 216 and influence by their rank, the American "est sans cesse tourmenté du besoin, d'y acquérir de l'importance, et il sent un désir pétulant d'y mettre à tous moments ses idées au grand jour."

With few exceptions, all the labour in and near Cincinnati is performed by Irish. Though the river Ohio only divides the city from Kentucky, which is a Slave State, there were not more than 3237 free blacks in Cincinnati in 1850. They occupy a quarter of the city near the river called "Buckeye," and are principally engaged in occupations connected with the shipping.

Apprehending that my stock of gold eagles and dollars might run short before arriving at Washington, I called on the agents of Messrs. Coutts, whose letters of credit I held, for the purpose of obtaining a fresh supply. Much to my surprise I was informed a large premium would be required for gold, which I declined paying, and consequently left the counting-house without transacting any business. I mention this in order to show how scarce specie is in the States, although California pours millions of dollars annually into her treasury. The solution of this apparent paradox is easy. A financial pressure has long been felt throughout the Union, and particularly in the Western States, which have been obliged to send all 217 the specie procurable to Europe to meet obligations; and thus gold was sent out of the country when it was wanted at home for the basis of circulation.

The tourist in the States must take especial care to be provided with gold; otherwise he will not only be subjected to certain loss, but terrible inconvenience and annoyance. The wretched bank-notes, of worthless paper commonly called *shin plasters*, are so frequently imitated that, unless the traveller is provided with a "Bank-Note Reporter," published monthly, and continually consults it, he is sure to be imposed upon. In a recent copy of this periodical, out of 1283 banks by far the largest proportion have had their notes imitated. In several instances ten distinct forgeries are described. One bank figures with a tail of thirty imitations. The words "dangerous affair," "very well executed," "good imitation of genuine," "well done," "close imitation," &c., are frequently attached, showing how cleverly

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the forgers have operated, and therefore how difficult is detection. On the other hand, many imitations are stated to be exceedingly poor. The effect of this miserable state of things is to cast suspicion on every note; for it appears there are almost as many forgeries in circulation as genuine bank bills. I was constantly witness to disputes between railway 218 conductors and passengers, which, however, invariably ended by the conductors refusing to receive the doubtful notes.

This wholesale system of forgery, pervading every part of the Union, is a sad blot on the national character. I am well aware that the facility of passing spurious notes is a great temptation to commit the crime which is so frequently practised, and to so alarming an extent as to be productive of the very worst consequences to the community. Whether the keen and greedy appetite for gain may not be in some measure instrumental in thus warping the minds of men is questionable; for

“Conscience, truth, and honesty are made To rise and fall, like other wares of trade;”

and Montesquieu wisely observes,—“Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines, et de toutes les vertus morales.”\*

\* De l'Ésprit, des Lois, liv. xx. chap. 2.

Besides forgeries, many genuine notes are worthless in consequence of the insolvent condition of the banks; and, independently of the 1283 banks mentioned above, 383 more are specified as broken or closed, 53 of which are in Ohio.

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The tourist will therefore see how essential it is for his comfort to avoid American bank-notes. English sovereigns will be generally taken; but the best gold coins are eagles, half-eagles, and dollars, which may be obtained without a premium in the principal Canadian towns and sea-board eastern cities.

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I availed myself of one of the numerous ferries continually plying across the Ohio, to visit Covington, in Kentucky, which geographically may be regarded as one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. But although so near this bustling city, and having all the advantages of being on the banks of the river, Covington is a dull place, showing no sign of activity. This strange fact is explained by the influence of slavery, which oppresses as well as depresses Kentucky. Thus while 26-88 per cent. of the population of Ohio are engaged in commerce, trade, manufactures, &c., only 19-15 per cent of the population of Kentucky follow these occupations.

When I was at Toronto, a gentleman of that place, hearing I purposed going to Cincinnati, requested me to do him the favour to visit Spring Grove Cemetery, about six miles from the city, and report to him whether a tombstone he had ordered was placed over the grave of his only son, whom he had the misfortune to lose at Cincinnati. The gentleman added, 220 that although he had remitted the money for the tombstone, and written numerous letters desiring to know if it had been erected, he could not elicit an answer. Of course I willingly acceded to his request; and accordingly, on the evening preceding my departure from Cincinnati, I went to the cemetery. But the trip was well nigh terminating my travels, and making me a subject for permanent residence among the tombs. Acting on the instructions I received from the landlord of the Burnet House, I took an omnibus to a place about a mile from Spring Grove, where buggies were waiting to convey parties to the cemetery. "Here Tom," said the driver, at whose side I was seated, "take this man to the cemetery, and bring him back at seven for the last 'bus." These words were addressed to a youth in charge of a buggy, who replied by nodding assent, and discharging a cataract of brown saliva among a lot of hens. As there was no time to lose, I was soon *en route*, "Tom" urging his horse at the top of his speed. I am not a nervous man, so, although we went at a break-neck rate, careering over stones and through deep ruts, I made no remonstrance, having faith in the springs. But when, on turning a corner, we came suddenly in sight of a board, with the well-known notice, "*Look out for the locomotive 221 when the bell rings*," which was made more impressive by hearing the signal, and

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seeing the line of steam announcing the proximity of a train, I was somewhat anxious, as my driver did not manifest the slightest disposition to stop. As usual, the road and railway crossed on the same level, which did not lessen my anxiety. "Hold hard! stop, stop!" I cried; and as these words received no attention, I rose from my seat and grasped the driver's arm, for the purpose of arresting our progress; but in vain. Lashing the horse with redoubled energy, he replied to my entreaties to stop, by the assurance he would go a head of the en- *gine*; and to my horror, on we went, buggy and train approximating rapidly at right angles; the locomotive's bell meanwhile ringing furiously what seemed to be my death knell. Finding all my efforts to avert an anticipated collision were futile, I resumed my seat, and resigned myself to my fate. What I did or said during the next few moments I know not; but I remember a feeling of sickness came over me as we dashed across the line, and I beheld the iron horse rushing onwards, and almost felt the hot blast of its steam-jets.

"There, I told you I'd clear the darn'd thing," said my driver, chuckling over the achievement; "but 'twas a close shave."

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This little adventure added to my experience of the extraordinary disregard of human life in America; but a more striking example was in store for me, as will be seen hereafter. It is indeed impossible to travel far or long without meeting with cases illustrating the fact, and the traveller should deem himself fortunate if he be not included in the list of killed or wounded. I heard a pithy anecdote bearing on this subject, which we must hope is only truthful in its moral. "Jack," said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father's drowned." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful; "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

We arrived at Spring Grove without further incident. Like all American cemeteries, this is a scene of great natural beauty, contrasting strangely, but delightfully, in its hushed repose with the clamour and restlessness of the city, many of whose inhabitants rest here from their labours. Having executed my commission, I entrusted myself again to the

mercies of my wild driver, who, true to his trust, brought the *man* back in time for the last omnibus to Cincinnati. When within a couple of miles of the city we encountered a terrific thunderstorm. The sun was sinking in a flood of crimson glory, which changed to purple darkness. Then the flood-gates of heaven opened, and with a running accompaniment of 223 roaring thunder, and blazing fire of blinding intensity, rain descended in such torrents as to turn the roads almost instantaneously into rivers. Meteorological phenomena in America are on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the vastness of the country.

The brief duration of this agony of the elements was as startling as its violence. In less than an hour from the commencement, the heavy masses of inky clouds were scattered before the storm-blast, and nothing obscured the deep blue sky.

Had the rain that I witnessed been general and continuous, the Ohio would have speedily risen. This river, which during spring months is sixty feet deep at Cincinnati, had now only eighteen inches of water in its channel; thus I was disappointed in my hopes of being able to proceed to Pittsburg by water. The large steamers were laid up, and the small boats, propelled by a paddle fixed to the stern, only ran for short distances; so I was obliged to leave Cincinnati by railway.

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## CHAP. IX.

COLUMBUS.—UNCIVIL LANDLORD.—ZANESVILLE.—OHIO COAL-FIELD.—  
CAMBRIDGE.—DOUBLING-UP.—OHIO FARMS.—VILLAGE LITERATURE.—STAGE-  
COACH.—INDIAN CORN.—WHEAT CROP.—MAPLE TREES.—WILD VINES.—  
INDEPENDENT DRIVERS.—ORCHARD-ROBBING.—MORRISTOWN.—NEGRESS  
FANNERS.—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.—TELEGRAPH.—WHEELING.—WIRE BRIDGE.  
—RAILWAY TO CUMBERLAND.—CROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.—STUPENDOUS  
ENGINEERING.—CAMEL-ENGINES.—MAGNIFICENT FORESTS.—PRECIPICES.—  
TRAIN OFF THE LINE.—MIDNIGHT ARRIVAL.—CUMBERLAND.—CHURCH BELLS.—

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RAMBLE IN FOREST.—COAL-FIELD.—RATTLESNAKES.—IRREGULARITY OF TRAIN.—MESSENGER-TRAIN.—FRIGHTFUL SPEED.—RECKLESSNESS OF CONDUCTOR.—ACCIDENT.—NARROW ESCAPE.—IMPROMPTU PIC-NIC.—THE POTOMAC.—INSECURE STATE OF RAILS.—LONG DETENTION.—HARPER'S FERRY.—RELAY HOUSE.—ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON.

My route lay over the Alleghanies; and as these mountains are crossed by two railways, it became a consideration which line I should take. One starts from Pittsburg, and passes through the heart of Pennsylvania; the other, commencing at Wheeling, traverses Maryland, crosses the Alleghanies at an elevation of 2400 feet, and follows the picturesque 225 windings of the Potomac to Baltimore. I had heard so much of the grandeur of the scenery on this line, and of the engineering difficulties which have been overcome, that I decided in its favour; not being at the time aware of its reputation for frequent accidents, of which I was destined to have a practical illustration. It is a great convenience in America to be enabled to take a through ticket for a long journey involving change of railways. In the present case Washington, 680 miles from Cincinnati, was my destination; and although I had to travel over lines belonging to different companies, one ticket carried me through. Besides the saving of much trouble by this plan, it is a little less expensive.

I left Cincinnati in the afternoon, and arrived at Columbus, 120 miles distant, at ten o'clock. Here I slept; and for the first and only time in the States experienced incivility at an hotel. The landlord refused to give me any refreshment, of which I stood greatly in need, alleging that the eating saloon was closed for the night and could not be reopened; so I was obliged to retire to my room supperless. This early closing movement was the more remarkable, as the hotel was full of a confederation of railway directors engaged in adjusting a scale of fares for their various railways. The following morning I Q 226 resumed my journey to Zanesville, where I had to remain six hours, until a train on another line proceeded to Cambridge. I did not, however, regret this delay, as it gave me an

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opportunity of seeing in detail the very interesting and remarkable coal-beds of this part of Ohio.

The town stands on the sandstone formation near the falls of the Muskingum, in a most picturesque and beautiful region. Overlying the sandstone in the adjacent hills, which rise about 200 feet above the river, are beds of bituminous coal which almost crop out at the summit and sides of the hills. These beds are on the verge of the great Pittsburg coal-field, which extends over portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia, occupying an elliptical area 225 miles in its longest diameter, and about 100 at its maximum breadth; its superficial extent being about 14,000 square miles. Of the Ohio division of this coal-field Mr. Taylor observes, in his valuable work "Statistics of Coal,"—"The physical features of the country are favourable to the working of these horizontal coal strata, by the simple means of adit levels; and it will be long ere the wants of the community call for another system of working, either by steam-power, deep shafts, or costly machinery. Probably a mean thickness of six feet of coal, capable of being 227 worked over 5000 square miles, is a moderate estimate of our coal resources in this part of the States. According to certain data, there are now beneath the surface of these 5000 square miles, thirty thousand millions of tons of coal. In the ordinary method of computation in these cases, we may safely estimate that at least twenty-three thousand millions of tons are available. Could we contemplate a demand for Ohio coal as large as five millions of tons per annum, there will be an annual supply unexhausted until the termination of four thousand six hundred years." Prodigious as this is, subsequent investigations not only confirm the calculation, but justify its enlargement; for it has been proved that in some counties the coal-bed is from twenty to thirty feet thick. So that, when the comparatively small coal area of Great Britain, comprising 8139 square miles, is exhausted, the inhabitants of our islands may be warmed by the coal-fields of America, which extend over an area of 133,132 square miles.

I was much pleased by my ramble round Zanesville. The country has an English aspect, undulating like portions of Staffordshire; and is covered by clumps of trees, mostly American oaks of great beauty. The town is named after Ebenezer Zane, one of the



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earliest and most enterprising pioneers of Q 2 228 the West. The town-plot, a mile square, was granted to him by Congress in 1796, in consideration of his surveying and laying out a road on the most eligible route between Wheeling in Virginia, and Limestone in Kentucky. The perfect knowledge of the country obtained in his hunting excursions enabled him to do this in the most satisfactory manner. The town was laid out in 1800, and three years afterwards contained only ten families. It has now a population of 8000, and its vast deposits of coal and iron, with almost unlimited water power, give it superior facilities in many kinds of manufactures. The inhabitants have improved these advantages, and iron-works, flour-mills, &c. are in full operation. The price of coal is 90 cents, less than four shillings, per ton.

At seven in the evening I resumed my journey, proceeding in the first instance to Cambridge, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railway terminated, as the works between that village and Wheeling were not completed. We arrived at Cambridge in a couple of hours, and found stages waiting to take us on to Wheeling. Although the distance is only forty miles, twelve hours are spent on the road. I looked forward to this night's journey with particular dread; for besides being myself very tired, the weather was 229 hot, and terrible prospects of tobacco-chewing and expectoration rose before me. My apprehensions were in some degree confirmed, being obliged to occupy a middle seat between two foul-smelling men whose restless jaws indicated what was going on within, and what would pass without. I had to put up with this bad seat in consequence of having to act as porter to my luggage, which delayed my movements, so that when I was ready to start, the best places were taken;—another practical lesson of the inconvenience of much baggage.

We had a mile to drive to Cambridge, which gave me anything but a pleasant idea of what the journey would be *in extenso*; and I was speculating on its miseries, positive and probable, when a fellow-passenger, who had previously expressed his hatred of the contemplated journey, declared if he could wait for the morning stages he would “be darn'd if he'd travel at night.” This was the first intimation I received of the possibility of proceeding to Wheeling by day; and I need scarcely say that when I found that the

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journey could be resumed the following morning, I quickly vacated my seat on arriving at Cambridge. This, one of the many places of the same name in the States, is a small village containing a few humble taverns, in one of Q 3 230 which I procured a bed, but not a room, to myself. Anything, however, was better than journeying in the stage at night, and I was fortunate in having for my nocturnal companion an intelligent farmer, who gave me a considerable amount of interesting information. His father was a Scotchman who had emigrated to Ohio at the beginning of the century, bringing nothing with him but energy, determination, good health, and a thrifty wife. With these elements of success prosperity crowned his labours; and he had the satisfaction of seeing his children, of whom my informant was the eldest, settled on good farms with every prospect of flourishing. The principal crop raised is Indian corn, for which the State is celebrated. My companion gave me a graphic account of the great change he had witnessed in Ohio. The settler in his father's days had a very limited market for his agricultural produce. Without variety of industrial pursuits, and without commerce, no amount of surplus could add much to his wealth or means of enjoyment. But on the completion of canals, and the development of steam navigation, an instantaneous and mighty impulse was imparted to agriculture as well as to commerce, under the influence of which all their interests have moved forward with constantly accelerating pace to the present time. So that the song,—

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“’Tis I can delve and plough, love, And you can spin and sew, And we'll settle on the banks  
Of the pleasant Ohio,”

is based on no fabulous agricultural paradise.

When I woke in the morning, I found myself alone, the farmer having departed. While dressing, I observed a small library of about a couple of hundred volumes, the appearance and titles of which were considerably at variance with the furniture of the room. Among them were the works of Bacon, Spenser, Dryden, Shakspeare, and other old English celebrities, besides many modern books, including “An Essay on Newton,” which was an

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appropriate work to find in "Cambridge." The books belonged to the landlord's only son, who had received a high education in the Philadelphia common schools.

After a breakfast, more notable for its rough abundance than elegance, consisting of beef-steaks two inches thick, Indian corn-bread, molasses, and very sedimentary coffee, I set out on a stage to Wheeling. The morning was delightful, the air was crisp, and the great heat of the past week had subsided. Although the large and ponderous stage on which I rode had only two passengers, a second Q 4 232 vehicle of the same unwieldy construction accompanied us, in order to keep up the supply at Wheeling.

An American stage-coach is nearly as great a curiosity as one of our old four-horse stages; so I was not sorry to have an opportunity of travelling during the day by one of these vehicles. I was fortunate too in having an outside seat, for the country is extremely beautiful between Cambridge and Wheeling. We passed a succession of fine farms, situated in sheltered hollows, surrounded by fields of stately maize, whose flowing tassels waved in the breeze, orchards filled with ripe apples, and occasional vineyards. But the maize was the prevailing crop, and I saw it in all its glory.

"Now the strong foliage bears the standard high, And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;  
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend, And pregnant green their swelling coats distend:  
The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows, O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;  
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove, A safe retreat for little thefts of love."

The quantity of Indian corn grown in the States is enormous. There are six varieties of yellow, nine of white, and two of blood-red. It is a favourite edible among all classes, being made into an infinite variety of bread, cakes, puddings, and dishes, most of which are eaten with molasses, for "omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci;" and the American by his practice subscribes to the physical moral of the quotation.

If the inhabitants of the States depended for their supply of bread on the wheat crop alone, it would fall very short. An interesting table, compiled at the close of the past year from

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official returns, discloses the following curious facts. Nineteen States (out of thirty-one) do not raise wheat enough for their own consumption. Eight States only raise a *substantial surplus*; the other four producing only a nominal surplus. Eight principal *manufacturing* States, ten *planting* States, and one *mining* State, do not raise their own bread. California will probably grow sufficient wheat for its own consumption; and New York is nearly balanced. The fifteen Slave States do not quite raise their own bread, although Virginia and Maryland export largely. Ohio grows as much wheat (on the average) as all the other North-western States combined, and her surplus is nearly the whole surplus of the country. The crop in 1852, according to the State assessor's return, was 24,000,000 bushels; but this is three millions below the average.

Maize possesses the good quality of being highly nutritious, as its botanical name *Zea Mays* signifies. Schoolcraft says the warriors of the six nations were in the habit of undertaking long journeys of thousands of miles, carrying no other food than a little meal, one table-spoonful of which, mixed with sugar and water, sustained an Indian twenty-four hours without meat.

Alternating with the farms were patches of forest, fringing the road-side, already dashed by those brilliant hues which give such a charm to American foliage in the autumn. The maples are the first to assume their gaudy colours, and here these trees are abundant, for they are highly valuable to the agricultural settler. A favourite song runs,—

“The maple tree's a precious one, 'Tis fuel, food, and timber; And when your stiff day's work is done, Its juice will make you limber: Then flow away, my sweet sap, And I will make you boily; Nor catch a woodman's hasty nap, For fear you should get roily.”

Wild vines garlanded the branches and wreathed the stems of the trees, and a profusion of wild flowers carpeted the ground.

I had so often heard of the cool independence of American stage-drivers that I was curious to witness a specimen of their manners. The first two—for we changed them with our

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horses—were not remarkable, but the third would certainly have astonished an English coachman on the north road. His dress was peculiar, consisting of a queer head-piece, neither hat nor cap, a light green coat very short in the waist and very long-tailed, bright brown trowsers terminating at his ankles, and boots with red legs. Like his brethren of the whip, he grasped the reins in both hands, leaning forward, and urged his team by voice and lash in a manner that would have horrified a member of the Four-in-Hand Club.

We were opposite an orchard full of tempting-looking fruit, when the driver above described suddenly pulled up, and, handing me the reins, bade me hold them while he went to get some apples. It happened that the second coach was close behind us; so when my coachman had filled his pockets, he took it into his head to sit by the side of his friend, desiring me, as he mounted the box, to drive on. I obeyed orders, and drove about two miles, passing various vehicles, two of which I nearly fouled; forgetting that our habit of taking the left side of the road is reversed in America. As the horses, however, were steady, and I am not altogether ignorant of the art of driving, I acquitted myself on the whole very respectably, as 236 the driver allowed, when it pleased him to resume his seat.

In the middle of the day we stopped to dine at a small place called Morristown,—passengers, drivers, and conductors sitting down together. The repast was abundant, though coarse, including the sempiternal ham and eggs, and enormous crocks of molasses. These attracted clouds of flies, which were kept in an unsettled state by a company of grinning negresses waving peacocks' tails over the table.

Strolling about after dinner, while the horses were putting to, I came upon a kind of van, inscribed Daguerrean Car, in which facilities were given to the villagers and country people to have daguerreotypes of themselves and friends for 25 cents each. The performances were really very good. I observed these cars in many small towns.

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The Americans are great patronisers of daguerreotypes. An extensive trade is carried on in the manufacture of the plates and metal mountings, or trimmings as they are called, which are all made of British copper.

During the day we passed numerous riding parties, mounted on excellent horses. The equestrians were 237 principally farmers with their wives and daughters, who evinced, by the manner in which they rode, that they were accustomed to this delightful and independent mode of locomotion.

The scenery continued to be of the same charming character as I have described, all the way to Wheeling. Occasionally beds of coal darkened the hill sides, enabling the proprietors to procure this valuable combustible by the mere trouble of carting it from the surface. Although the railway was not completed, an electric telegraph communication existed between Zanesville and Wheeling. Those accustomed to the trim and regular lines of wire forming our electric telegraphs, will be astonished by the rough and simple mode in which the American telegraph is constructed. It consists of a single wire dangling between poles or trees,—for the line is frequently carried through forests,—and costs only 25 *l.* per mile. I cannot, however, state that this small cost insures efficiency; for in the only two cases when I had occasion to use the telegraph in the States, I was told it was not in working order; and I observed the papers were frequently loud in their complaints concerning the non-arrival of their telegraphic despatches. The fault lies with the exceedingly imperfect nature of the insulation, and the frequent 238 displacement of the wire by storms.\* A gentleman told me that on one occasion, when riding along a road by the side of which the telegraph was carried, his horse's feet became entangled in the wire which lay in folds on the ground, and inflicted severe wounds on its legs, as the animal plunged in efforts to extricate itself. Doubtless, as the country becomes more settled, this pioneer of civilisation will be improved.

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\* Great heat is also found to prevent the passage of the electric current through non-galvanised wires. The wires stretched across the great Missouri prairies do not act between two and six o'clock in the day during the hot months of July and August.

As the evening was closing we came in sight of Wheeling, celebrated for its manufactures of glass and iron, and for its wire bridge spanning the Ohio. The distance between the piers is 1010 feet; and the structure is so slight that a storm a few months ago permanently injured one carriage track. It is contemplated to rebuild it, so as to allow the railway to be carried across the river. My impressions of Wheeling are not favourable. The hotel to which I was driven was dirty and poor. My bed was straw stuffed into a coarse ticking, and the furniture of the room was of the meanest kind. I had the companionship of the driver and conductor at supper, who were 239 treated with more deference by the waiters than other guests.

It was strange, after being so long accustomed to the delicious purity of the atmosphere in the towns as well as country through which I had passed—hitherto dimmed only by the smoke of the memorable forest fires—to wake up beneath a pall of dense coal smoke that would have done honour to Manchester or Sheffield. Indeed, for the moment, I fancied I had been spirited away during the night hours to a Lancashire manufacturing town. As this glimpse of Virginia was far from pleasing, I was not sorry when the time arrived for the departure of the train to Cumberland at the foot of the Alleghanies. As the scenery on this line of railway is extremely fine, I obtained permission from the manager at the station to sit in the ladies' car, which, being the last carriage of the train, gave me an opportunity of seeing everything very well from the end windows and exterior platform. As far as Fairmont, seventy-seven miles from Wheeling, the country continued pretty level; here, however, we struck the roots of the Alleghanies, and commenced the ascent of the Appalachian chain of mountains. Few persons in these days of travel have not seen an Alpine road zig-zagging up the face 240 of a mountain. Convert the road into a railway; dwarf the height to 2400 feet, which, however, is a very respectable elevation; substitute

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cars for lumbering diligences, and an iron horse for animals of blood and bone, and a very good idea may be formed of the passage of the Alleghanies via the Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

The engineering difficulties in the construction of this line were terrible. They have, however, not only been surmounted, but trains composed of five cars,—each, be it remembered, sixty feet long,—and a baggage-waggon, are drawn up inclines, with a gradient of 118 to a mile, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This is a fact to which I can bear personal testimony. As may be supposed, no common engine could perform this Herculean task. The locomotives used for the purpose are colossal machines, called “camels,” and enormously powerful. The weight of the engine in running order is thirty tons, and its length twenty-eight feet. It has ten wheels, six of which are driving-wheels, connected together, and bearing a burden of 45,000 lbs., distributed among them by means of levers and springs. The cylinders are nineteen inches in diameter, with a twenty-inch stroke of piston, and a “cut-off” for working steam expansively. We were three hours, 241 including long stoppages, ascending to the summit-level. During the whole of this time I was stationed on the platform outside the last car, which, according to a notice hung up inside, is a very dangerous place; a fact I now subscribe to in its most emphatic sense. But I was so much interested by the magnificent scenery, and in watching the progress of the cars as they zig-zagged up the mountain,—the engine sometimes taking a different direction to the car in which I was riding,—that I was totally unconscious of the risk I ran of being shot off and down a precipice, had any accident occurred to the train.

The forests clothing this superb mountain region are very grand, consisting of glorious cedars, hemlocks, beeches, pines, elms, and maples; the latter being easily distinguished by their brilliant hues. Luxuriant rhododendrons fringe the cliffs, and the tropical-leaved sumach, with its clusters of bright berries, shows conspicuous among a dense undergrowth of evergreens. From the summit of the ridges I looked down upon vast amphitheatres of dense wood, and sometimes upon valleys over which I seemed to be suspended perpendicularly. The precipices on the crest of which the railway is carried are



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fearful, and reminded me of parts of the Pyrenees. At five o'clock we were on the highest ridge, consisting of a R 242 kind of table-land, devoid of trees, in the middle of which is a small station called "Crest Line Summit." Here we paused for a short time, and then commenced descending the mountain to Cumberland. We were within half-a-dozen miles of our destination when our engine sent forth a terrific shriek, the agonising throes of which reverberated among the recesses of the mountains, and as the sounds died away we came to a stand-still. A coal train had gone off the line before us, and, although a large force was employed to clear the rails, we were detained four hours, and did not arrive at Cumberland until near midnight. There I was fortunate in finding an excellent hotel, the landlord of which, late as it was, put a capital supper before me, during which I was waited on by slaves; Cumberland being in Maryland, a Slave State. I was not aware of this fact at the time, or perhaps I should not have eaten my meal with equal gusto. As it was, I thought my sable attendants merry fellows.

I had so arranged my plans as to spend the following day, which was Sunday, at Cumberland. The town lies on the slope of the Alleghanies, where the mountain barriers turn the water-courses towards the east. Swelling hills rise around, among which the beautiful Potomac winds. The whole scene has an English aspect, 243 similar to our lake scenery, and the resemblance is increased by a charming Gothic church, built of fawn-coloured stone, which crowns a hill in the upper part of the town. Other resemblances, awakening memories of the dear old country, were detected as I gazed on the lovely landscape, when my day-dreams were rudely dispelled by a most inharmonious bell, not

"Swinging slow, with solemn roar, Over some wide watered shore,"

but sending forth ear-torturing sounds, alike disagreeable and distressing. There is a story told of Franklin, who, when the inhabitants of some small town in the States requested him to aid them in the purchase of bells for their chapel, sent a collection of books, with a letter stating that "Sense is preferable to sound." Judging by the paucity of church bells in America, and the miserable tone of those in use, it might be supposed Franklin's hint is so

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far observed by his countrymen that at least they do not spend their money on harmonious peals. Yet who that has heard the soul-stirring tones of a musical bell, hung R 2

“in some time-worn tower, Reading great sermons with its iron tongue,” 244 has not felt there is deep sense and meaning in the sound.

Harsh as was the Cumberland church invitation to prayer, I attended the service, which was episcopal. It was performed with great reverence, but the male portion of the congregation, who bore as usual a very small proportion to the female, conducted themselves in a manner ill according with the ceremony. I may have been unfortunate, but this remark applies to all the male congregations I saw in the States. It appeared to me there was a positive impossibility to remain quiet. Legs and arms were thrown violently about, and frequently I expected to see feet surmounting pews. The almost universal use of fans, with which every pew is provided, and which are passed from hand to hand and freely used, has a very disturbing effect.

In the afternoon I enjoyed a pleasant ramble in the woods round Cumberland. The sketching tourist will find numerous subjects for his pencil in the neighbourhood. Let him, however, beware of rattlesnakes, which swarm in the woods. A gentleman at my hotel engaged in some engineering works told me he had killed several enormous ones, and showed me a pair of slippers made from the skin of a monster.

The country abounds with coal, which is brought 245 down from the hill-sides. Families are permitted to cart as much of this fuel as they please for their own consumption, by paying 50 cents a month. Analyses of Cumberland coal show that it contains 82 per cent. of carbon, which places it in the very highest rank in the list of American coal.

I purposed proceeding to Washington by a train due at Cumberland on Monday morning at eight o'clock, and was in readiness with fourteen other passengers at the proper time. An hour having passed without any sign of the train, I inquired the cause of the delay; but, as the telegraph was not in working order, no certain answer could be given. It was surmised

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that an accident had happened, and I was told if the train did not arrive in another hour, we should be sent on by a messenger train. Ten arrived, but no train; accordingly three cars and a baggage-waggon were prepared for our conveyance. The first car was set apart for the coloured portion of our party, consisting of three women and two menslaves. The second car was allotted to gentlemen, and the third and last to ladies. As we were favoured by the companionship of only four of the latter, no objection was made to all the gentlemen occupying seats with them. Thus, the train was very light, the R 3 246 only heavy carriage being the baggage-waggon, which, besides our luggage, contained a large quantity of ice packed in sawdust.

As soon as we had taken our seats, the bell rang, and we dashed off. In a few minutes the conductor made his appearance; guess'd we were very late in starting, and guess'd, again, t'would be smartish work to pull up the time. To effect this required additional speed, which I had every reason to believe could not be maintained without serious danger. The conductor, however, was a determined man; and as he evidently attached little value to his own life, it was not to be expected his passengers would be much cared for. The line, after leaving Cumberland, follows the windings of the Potomac, describing sharp curves which no English railway train could keep. Round these the engine darted with rocket-like impetuosity, the car in which we were seated swaying in a manner rendering it necessary to hold on. A more significant hint of the impending catastrophe was given by the fall of a ponderous lamp-glass on my head, with, however, happily no worse result than inflicting a rather smart blow. Presently another glass was jerked out of its socket and precipitated into the lap of a lady; the oscillations of the car meanwhile increasing in violence. Affairs now assumed a serious aspect; I felt certain we were on the eve of a smash. This was the opinion of a gentleman who had the care of two ladies; for he proceeded, with a coolness deserving a better cause, to instruct us how to place ourselves, laying great stress on the importance of sitting diagonally, in order not to receive the shock directly on the knees. We were also advised to hold the backs of the seats before us. He strengthened his advice by assuring us he was experienced in railway accidents, and

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added that, as there was far less danger in the middle than in the end car, it would be prudent to change our seats at the next station. During this trying time the conduct of the ladies was admirable, and when their courage was far more severely tested, they exhibited equal fortitude. For, as we expected, an accident did occur, the results of which, had we retained our seats in the last car, would have been in all probability most disastrous. In vain was the conductor urged to slacken the excessive speed. With blind, if not wilful recklessness, it was maintained; and at length, when about six miles from the station where we had changed our places, a terrific crash, the crushing noise of which rang in my ears for days, and a series of dislocatory heavings and collisions, terminating in deathlike silence and the overthrow of the car which we occupied, gave R 4 248 certain evidence that we had gone off the line. I have no distinct recollection how I crawled out of the car, for I was half stunned; but I remember being highly delighted when I found my limbs sound. On looking round, the spectacle was extraordinary. With the exception of about half the middle car and engine, there was scarcely a portion of the train that was not more or less broken. The wheels were whirled to great distances, and the rails for the length of many yards either wholly wrenched from the sleepers or converted into snake-heads. The poor slaves were considerably bruised; and the baggage-waggon presented a curious mixture of portmanteaus, bags, boxes, and ice. The nature of the accident was precisely as we had anticipated; the excessive speed at which we had been going, combined with defective rails, threw us off a sharp curve, on one side of which was a precipice dipping into the Potomac, and on the other a vertical face of rock, against which the cars had been thrown.

I confess, when I saw the state of things, I was extremely indignant, for, by the wilful conduct of the conductor, we had not only been placed in imminent peril of our lives, but had every prospect of being detained several hours. But when, with that social feeling engendered by misfortune, I spoke in strong 249 terms of him to my fellow-passengers, urging that we ought to report him to the directors of the line, I found my feelings were not only unshared, but, with one exception, all rather approved than otherwise his exertions

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to get us on. In short, I was so entirely unsupported, that I saw the prudent course was to hold my tongue, though I determined not to let the matter drop. The exceptional case to which I allude, was a gentleman who, as soon as he had extricated himself from the ruined cars, sought the shade of a sumach-tree, and, lighting a cigar, smoked with an apparent philosophical indifference to his fate. He was an Englishman, settled for some years in Wisconsin, to which State he had gone to enjoy the sporting it affords; and as he had experienced numerous railway accidents, nearly all of which resulted from the carelessness of officials, he was not disposed to be lenient in his judgment on the present occasion. But, as he said, accidents, whether on railways or in steam-boats, are thought so little of in America, it is useless to remonstrate; certainly the behaviour of our party confirmed his words. As it was evident we should have to remain many hours at the scene of the accident, the negro who acted as water-purveyor to the train, was despatched to forage among the neighbouring farm-houses. Presently he returned with a large basket filled with hams, fowls, delicious bread, butter, and various fruit preserves. Selecting a locality shaded by a cluster of gaudy sumach-trees, and within a few feet of the clear Potomac, we set up a rude table and seats, constructed from the *disjecta membra* of the cars, and I am certain, had any one seen our impromptu pic-nic, he would not have supposed we were a set of wrecked passengers who had just escaped deadly peril. The ladies, who had exhibited a stern stoicism worthy of their country, cast aside the frigidity of manners characterising their sex at *table d'hôte réunions*, and aided greatly, by their conversation and vivacity, in causing us to forget our mishap. One went so far as to indulge in flashes of wit, and what were, doubtless, thought clever repartees. A gentleman observing, if he were a fish he would go ahead, as the river was so near, the lady in question declared, for her part, she would rather be a Jonah, if the Potomac would obligingly furnish a whale, as she would then go ahead without any trouble.

It was fortunate we had an abundance of ice to cool our water and provisions, for the sun was scorching. During our repast, which was prolonged *pour passer le temps*, the poor slaves sat apart, unheeded by all but myself. It would, indeed, have given me great

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satisfaction to have had it in my power to gather them within our circle; but this I knew was impossible, for there were slave-owners among our party, who gave unequivocal testimony of their feelings for their black brethren. I succeeded, however, in causing our party to break up sooner than it would otherwise have done, in order that the slaves might have the remains of our repast, fortunately sufficiently ample to satisfy their wants.

The reader, who may have had practical experience of the solicitude shown to passengers by railway officials in England on the occasion of an accident, will probably be as surprised to hear, as I was to find, that no attempts were made to send us forward. A camel-engine was despatched from the nearest station to remove our cars from the line, which they effectually blocked. This it did in a very summary manner; but, when the line was clear, we had still to wait the arrival of the train from Baltimore, in cars detached from which we were to be forwarded. Under the circumstances, it was fortunate our abiding-place presented many features of great natural beauty; for the Potomac waters a lovely country.

I spent some time examining the rails over which we had passed. They were worn in many places to 252 a mere ribbon by the crushing weight of the huge camel-engines employed to draw coal-trains. It was no longer surprising we had gone off the line; the wonder was how we had kept on so long. The conductor, indeed, admitted they did get off the rails pretty frequently; but added they rarely killed people.

At length, after a detention of five hours, we resumed our journey; and, as it was no longer possible to pull up the lost time, our speed was not excessive. The wretched state of the line kept us in a continual state of apprehension; but we fortunately reached Harper's Ferry without further accident. Here the beauties of the Potomac centre, forming a scene which Jefferson declared worth going across the Atlantic to see, as being "one of the most stupendous in nature."

The main features consist in the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, which pass through a gorge in the Blue Ridge Mountains, here upwards of 1200 feet high. In

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the distance, looking up the river, the mountains gradually blend their wooded summits, and, glancing outward, the country spreads in a soft, rich, cultivated landscape;—this is the view so highly praised by Jefferson. There was happily sufficient light to see it while the train stopped, but 253 the rest of my journey to Relay House was performed in the dark. Had all gone well I should have reached Washington in the evening; as it was, in consequence of the accident, and being obliged to lie by at sidings to allow trains to pass, I did not get to Relay House until two hours after midnight,—of course too late for the Washington trains. With some difficulty I obtained entrance into the hotel, where I was glad to rest after a long day of more than usual fatigue and excitement. The following morning I took a train after breakfast to Washington. The country is picturesque, but not being favourable for agriculture, the curious spectacle of large tracts of land bristling with stumps meets the eye to the verge of the capital. When liberated from the cars, I fell into the hands, or arms rather, of a ravenous host of hotel touters and cabmen, whose conduct did not give me a very favourable idea of the police regulations of the United States metropolis. At length I was rescued by the agent of the hotel to which I purposed going, and, after a long drive through sandy streets, I came to a pause for some days in the Marble House.

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### CHAP. X.

THE MARBLE HOUSE.—INTERVIEW WITH EDITOR OF STAR NEWSPAPER.—PRESS MORALITY.—THE CAPITOL.—ROME.—POLITICAL SITUATION OF WASHINGTON.—HOUSES OF LEGISLATURE.—THE BALD EAGLE.—PLAGUE OF ANTS.—PATENT OFFICE.—MUSEUM.—TANNED NEGRO SKIN.—FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.—HAIR OF PRESIDENTS.—STATE-PAPER OFFICE.—OBSERVATORY.—COAST SURVEY.—INSTRUMENTS.—SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.—GUTTA-PERCHA STEREO-TYPE PRINTING.—THE PRESIDENT.—COURTEOUS RECEPTION.—REPUBLICAN SERVANTS.—VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.—ALEXANDRIA.—FORT WASHINGTON.—WASHINGTON'S TOMB.—DISGRACEFUL CONDITION OF MOUNT



VERNON.—DINNER PARTY.—MEETING OF KNOW-NOTHINGS.—WASHINGTON AND SECRET SOCIETIES.—NATIONAL MONUMENT.—SLAVES.—NEGRO BALL.—LEAVE WASHINGTON.

I had numerous introductions to parties in Washington; but, before delivering them, or satisfying my curiosity in seeing the city, I wrote an account of the railway accident, with the view of having it published in the leading Washington paper. When I had finished my letter, I went to the bar of the hotel, and requested the gentleman in the office to give me the name of the principal journal. He declared 255 the *Star* to be the chief, and enjoying the largest circulation. Accordingly, informing myself of the *locale* of that journal, I set off with my letter. On reaching the office, I handed the communication to a person in attendance, requesting he would present my compliments to the editor, and ask him to publish the letter. I was on the point of going away, when I was desired to wait a few minutes. Presently an individual in the cool costume of shirt-sleeves and open collar entered from an inner room, with my letter in his hand, and, announcing himself as The Editor, demanded whether I desired to have the communication published in the *Star*. On answering in the affirmative, I was not a little astonished by being informed I should have to pay for the insertion, as they always expected payment for publishing such communications. This was so entirely opposed to my idea of what was right, that I immediately declared I would not pay a cent; and, more-over, having a vivid idea of the independent and honourable conduct of the English press, which is always willing and anxious to make abuses public, with the view to their correction, I expressed my opinion that it would only be a public benefit to publish my letter, which, as it bore my signature, could not implicate the paper. Upon this the editor re-perused the document.

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He did not deny it deserved publication,—that the railway was insecure,—that the public should be made aware of the fact,—but it was their custom to be paid for inserting such articles;—a gentleman had paid handsomely for the insertion of a letter, very similar to my own, concerning another railway accident the week before,—in short, payment must be



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made. More than once I was tempted to declare my country, and tell the sordid editor how differently we managed such matters in England; but I refrained, and contented myself by sturdily resisting payment, at the same time demanding the return of my letter. "I am not a citizen of Washington," I said; "but there are gentlemen here who will, I have no doubt, procure the admission of my complaint in some other paper; and, therefore, be so good as to let me have it." At these words the editor's tone changed; and, after another futile attempt to extort money, he declared he would for once depart from the established rule, and print my letter without fee or reward. I bowed, and left the office. The next day my communication appeared, with this tail-piece:—

*"We shall remark, in reference to the above, that we learn the railroad company are using their best exertions to have the road in the best possible condition. The repairs needed will, no doubt, be speedily made. — Ed. Star. "*

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This little transaction did not, I confess, impress me with very exalted ideas of the American press.

The *Star*, though the government organ, and enjoying the largest circulation, is, as I was informed, not the most respectable Washington paper. Its rank and position, however, are such as to astonish me that its conductors should resort to such wretched modes of gaining money as I have described. Numerous gentlemen of high standing, to whom I told the story, assured me the editors of other papers would not have acted in this manner. I hope not; and I am sorry there is even one editor who has so low an estimate of his calling.

My first sight-seeing act in Washington was to ascend the Capitol, from the summit of which the city of "magnificent distances" is seen to great advantage. Moore's lines on this metropolis, written half a century ago, hold good now:—

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“This famed metropolis, where Fancy sees Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees; Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn, With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.”

For, with the exception of the heart of the city, traversed by the great artery Pennsylvania Avenue, which is lined by fine blocks of public and S 258 private buildings, the greater portion consists of streets made up of houses alternating with groves, which, as the eye follows their shadowy outline, are swallowed up in the forest.

Bearing in mind the ambitious prognostications entertained by the founders of Washington, originally called Rome,—Goose Creek having been at the same time raised to the dignity of The Tiber,—the Federal metropolis must be considered a signal failure; for while almost every other town and city in the States has been and is increasing in a manner setting all calculations at defiance, the population of Washington still remains beneath that of fourth-rate towns, and her commerce is scarcely worth mentioning.

Had the extraordinary growth of the States been imagined, it is probable a more western locality would have been selected for the seat of government. My brother, who may be said to have been present at the birth of the city, as it was laid out in 1792 and he visited it in 1795, observes with respect to the site:—“In the choice of the spot there were two principal considerations: first, that it should be as central as possible, in respect to every State in the Union; secondly, that it should be advantageously situated for commerce, without which it could not be 259 expected that the city would ever be distinguished for size or for splendour; and it was to be supposed that the people of the United States would be desirous of having the metropolis of the country as magnificent as it possibly could be. These two essential points are most happily combined in the spot which has been chosen.”\*

\* Travels, Letter IV.

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When, in antagonism to these flourishing commercial prospects, the statistics of Cincinnati, then undreamt of, are examined, we cannot fail to be struck by the short-sightedness of the projectors of Washington.

As a locality for government, it, however, enjoys advantages possessed by no other city in the States, being in the neutral district of Columbia, which, by an act of Congress, possesses no political privileges, and therefore cannot be regarded with jealousy by any State. That discord would result from the establishment of the legislature in any State city, is evident by antecedents. My brother observes:—"Shortly after the close of the American war, considerable numbers of the Pennsylvanian line, or of the militia with arms in their hands, surrounded the hall in which Congress was assembled at Philadelphia, S 2 260 and with vehement menaces insisted upon immediate appropriations of money being made to discharge the large arrears due to them for their past services. The members, alarmed at such an outrage, resolved to quit a State in which they met with insult instead of protection, and quickly adjourned to New York, where the session was terminated. A short time afterwards, the propriety was strongly urged in Congress of fixing on some place for the meeting of the legislature, and for the seat of the General Government, which should be subject to the laws and regulations of the Congress alone, in order that the members in future might not have to depend for their personal safety, and for their freedom of deliberation, upon the good or bad policy of any individual State. This idea of making the place which should be chosen for the meeting of the legislature independent of the particular State to which it might belong, was further corroborated by the following argument:—That, as the several States in the Union were in some degree rivals to each other, although connected together by certain ties, if any one of these was fixed upon for the seat of the General Government in preference, and thus raised to a state of pre-eminence, it might perhaps be the occasion of great jealousy amongst the others. Every person was convinced 261 of the expediency of preserving the union of the States entire; it was apparent therefore, that the greatest precautions ought to be taken to remove every source of jealousy from amongst them, which might tend, though remotely, to produce

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a separation. In fine, it was absolutely necessary that the seat of Government should be made permanent, as the removal of the public offices and archives from place to place could not but be attended with many and very great inconveniences.”\*

\* Letter IV.

If Washington were in keeping with the Capitol, it would indeed be a magnificent city. This building, constructed of white marble, with its imposing façade and immense wings, for these are nearly completed, is a remarkably fine object. With a liberality worthy of European imitation, the visitor is allowed to ramble freely through the interior; and although Congress was not sitting, the Houses of Legislature were open. These are on the east and west of the Rotunda. The House of Representatives, which is much larger than the Senate Chamber, is also more handsomely decorated, the ubiquitous American eagle figuring largely in gilt effigies. By the way, Franklin was right in his objections to this S 3 262 bird, which, being the *bald* eagle, is not an honourable emblem of America. In one of his letters he observes:—“I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may see him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally very poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little *king-bird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. He is besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a *red* coat on.”

The original design of placing an equestrian statue of Washington near the Capitol has been abandoned, and a colossal seated figure substituted. The work is by Greenough, who has erred by representing the hero in the half-naked garb of a Roman general, with his right arm extended in the direction of the Patent Office. This attitude led a witty member of the United States Legislature to observe, that Washington doubtless points to that building because it contains his uniform, which he very naturally desires to put on.

In the cool of the evening I delivered a few letters of introduction, and then strolled down to the Potomac, in whose radiant wave

“The dying sun prepared his golden grave.”

The view of this river and of the country beyond, as seen from the Navy Yard, is extremely beautiful, fully realising Moore's praise,—

“Oh great Potomac! oh you banks of shade! You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made, While still in rich magnificence of prime, She poured her wonders, lavishly sublime.”

I was somewhat startled when, on sitting down in my room to write before going to bed, I found my portfolio S 4 264 literally covered by innumerable tiny red ants. Further examination showed that these animals had taken possession of every available spot. In my alarm at this plague of insects, I rushed down stairs, and begged to have another room. My wish was immediately gratified, but the change was not productive of any benefit. The little insects were fully as numerous in my new apartment; and it seems the entire city of Washington suffers under a formific plague. Happily, however, the ants are not of a stinging species.

On the following morning, I found my letters had called forth many friends, who, with the usual kindness characteristic of Americans, were anxious to make my abode in Washington pleasant and instructive. Accompanied by two gentlemen connected with

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government, I visited the Patent Office, a handsome white marble building, resembling the Parthenon, having a frontage of 413 feet, with a depth of 280. Besides various offices for the transaction of "patent" business, large rooms are appropriated to the reception of models, now amounting to nearly 25,000, arranged in glass-cases. The number of applications for patents has greatly increased during late years. In 1842, 761 were filed; in 1852, they had risen to 2639. These figures show the inventive genius of America; and the multitude of "notions" in the shape of models of flying machines, and other possible and impossible mechanical adaptations for locomotive purposes, are convincing proofs of Jonathan's desire to economise time. The greater portion of these are consigned to the basement, where they are stowed in cases, without any attempt at arrangement. This, perhaps, is of little consequence; but it is to be regretted that no catalogue exists of the models—in many instances highly interesting and instructive—preserved in the upper rooms, illustrating inventions for which patents have been granted. The number of patents issued is always less than the applications,—the returns being 517 patents granted in 1842 out of 761 applications, and 1020 in 1852 out of 2639 applications. Of these, more than ten per cent. were for locomotive and engineering inventions. It is worthy of remark, that ninety per cent. of the patents were taken out by the Free States. An original inventor only is entitled to apply for a patent; the introducer of an invention has no claim whatever. The fees payable by a citizen amount to 6 *l*. These are increased in the case of all foreigners, not natives of Great Britain or Ireland, to 63 *l*. , and to a native of these islands to 105 *l*. This exorbitant increase appears the more unjust, as a citizen of the United States, applying for a patent in England, stands on an equality with British subjects.

The rooms above the Patent Office are devoted to a museum, containing numerous articles of considerable interest. The curator, Mr. Verdon, has prepared a catalogue of the contents, but government will not be at the expense of printing it. This is short-sighted parsimony, as there are many objects of high scientific interest, including the natural

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history collections resulting from Commander Wilkes' exploring expedition, and that lately returned from Japan.

Englishmen will naturally look with interest at the original "Declaration of Independence," which is appropriately preserved in a glass case. This historical document, undoubtedly one of the most important in the world, is written on a large sheet of vellum, and signed by the fifty-six representatives of the original thirteen States. The autograph of sturdy John Hancock appears boldly at the head of his republican brethren. In the same case are various relics of Washington. These consist principally of uniforms and other articles of dress, and bespeak the simplicity of the man. Indeed, the only courtly relic is a panel of his official carriage, 267 covered with groups of Cupids, beautifully painted by Cipriani.

In the same case are numerous presents made to American ministers by foreign powers, which, as their acceptance is unconstitutional, are preserved here. Among them *were* several jewels of great value, which a clever thief succeeded in abstracting a few years ago, and which may now be shedding their lustre in European ball-rooms; for the articles were never recovered.

Near this case, and not far from the "Declaration of Independence," I observed the tanned skin of an African. Is this exhibited to show the use to which the animal may be put? or, as the leather is extremely thick, to illustrate the doctrine held by some slave-owners with respect to the corporal punishment of their slaves?

I examined, with great interest, the old worm-eaten printing-press at which Franklin worked when a journeyman-printer in London. It is enclosed in a large glass case, which Mr. Verdon kindly opened. An inscription records, that when Franklin returned to England in 1768, as agent to Massachusetts, forty-three years subsequent to his residence in London, he visited Mr. Watts' printing establishment in Great Wild Street, and, going up to the press in question, 268 addressed the men who were working at it:—"Come, my friends, we will drink together; it is now forty years since I worked like you at this press

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as a journeyman-printer.” Franklin then sent for a gallon of porter, and drank with them “Success to Printing.”

Before leaving the museum, my attention was drawn to a frame containing portions of the hair of all the Presidents of the United States, with their autographs. The absence of white, or even grey, hair among these relics is remarkable. Although this museum is still far behind those in large European cities, it is well worth visiting. I must say, however, my pleasure was greatly destroyed by the seas of liquid filth which deform and befoul the marble floor. Black men were, it is true, removing the impurities caused by their white brethren; but it seemed an Augean task, never-ending; for fresh visitors produced fresh cataracts of abomination. In this blot on the nation, may we not derive federal from fædus, instead of foedus.

My new friends took me to the State-Paper Office, where I was introduced to the chief clerk, formerly a judge\* , who kindly showed me several interesting

\* The retiring allowance to superannuated officers in the United States is, generally speaking, so small that it is no uncommon circumstance to see judges acting as clerks.

269 documents. Among these was the original draught of the “Declaration of Independence,” in Jefferson's handwriting, with various alterations, principally modifying his severity of language: as, for example, the words “destroy us” being substituted for “deluge us with blood.” I also saw the letters of the unfortunate Major André, including the celebrated document penned on the eve of execution, in which he prays to be shot instead of hung. An early number of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* is preserved, with this curious advertisement:—“Printed by B. Franklin, who will give ready money for old rags, and sells glazed, fulling, and bonnet papers.”

From the State-Paper Office I went to the Observatory, where I had the pleasure of meeting Lieut. Maury, director of the establishment, who kindly conducted me over it. This was a most agreeable and instructive visit. Lieut. Maury's profound acquaintance with the



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physical sciences generally is made apparent by the efficient condition of the Observatory. The instruments are of the best description, and all the recent scientific arrangements for the instantaneous record of observations by electric agency are adopted.

A few days prior to my visit, a new asteroid was discovered by Mr. James Ferguson, assistant astronomer, 270 to which the graceful name of *Euphrosyne* has been given. This is the first new star added to the family of asteroids by America, and is an honourable memorial of the zeal of the officers of her national Observatory.

It is much to be regretted, that the locality of the Observatory, though favourable for astronomical purposes, is most insalubrious, being on the verge of a vast marshy area, which, during the great heats of summer, emits pestilential miasma, rendering residence in the Observatory highly prejudicial.

Officially connected with the Observatory, though in another part of the city, is the Coast Survey and Chart Office, where, under the superintendence of Lieut. Bache, the results of the admirable United States Coast Survey are laid down. The execution of the maps and charts is excellent, every pains being taken to render the work as perfect as possible. Here I saw the delicate instruments and apparatus used in the marine meteorological observations commenced by the United States Government at the recommendation of Lieut. Maury, and in which European governments now co-operate.

It forms part of the duties of this office to construct copies of the standard weights and measures. Besides these, three very accurate balances, weighing 271 from 50 lbs. down to the ten-thousandth of an ounce, are supplied to the capital of every State, at a cost, for the three, of about 900 *l*. Twenty-four States have already been supplied. The workmanship is of the highest order of excellence.

Among the new buildings, to which, however, Washington is not indebted for architectural beauty, is the Smithsonian Institution, whose ugly towers and pinnacles are, unfortunately, very conspicuous. The building is so tasteless as to call to remembrance a Frenchman's

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observation on Fonthill, which edifice, by the way, was loveliness itself compared to the Smithsonian Institution:—Un homme doit avoir le diable au corps pour bâtir une maison comme ça.”

Not, however, satisfied by building an architectural deformity, a party possessing considerable influence are endeavouring to warp the sense of Mr. Smithson's will, by which he bequeathed upwards of half a million dollars to Congress “To found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.” Nothing can, apparently, be simpler or plainer than those words. Yet it is sought by the party in question to limit the expenditure of the trust to local purposes; such as founding 272 a library, courses of lectures, &c. Smithson was a practical man; and, though his illegitimacy soured his temper, his love for science was the pole-star of his existence.\* His great desire was, that the establishment he so munificently endowed should increase knowledge, and diffuse that increase world-wide. And any deviation from a liberal and comprehensive interpretation of the terms of the bequest involves, a breach of trust.

\* Hugh Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, niece of Charles, Duke of Dorset. He originally intended to leave his property to the Royal Society; but in consequence of the rejection of one of his papers, he altered his will in favour of his nephew, at whose death the property was to revert to the United States, in trust for the foundation of an institution bearing his name.

It is due to Professor Henry, the present excellent secretary of the Institution, to state, he is not a party to any attempt even, to divert the funds from their legitimate channel. The annual income at the disposal of the trustees is about 6000 *l.* , which, judiciously expended, may be made to diffuse much knowledge among men. It has been well observed, “Science is inseparably interwoven in all that give power and dignity to a nation,” and the United States Government will find there is more honour to be gained, and good

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to be effected, by carrying out the 273 wishes of Smithson, than by circumscribing his reputation within the narrow limits of a library.

Hitherto the Institution has done good service by publishing valuable scientific works, which, through the agency of the Royal Society, have been extensively circulated throughout Europe. Among other interesting matters I saw here Mr. Warner's invention of gutta-percha stereotype employed in carrying out Professor Jewett's method for printing catalogues by means of separate titles. "The titles of the books being set up, a matrix is made therefrom, and a stereotype plate cast in gutta-percha. This is sawn into the number of titles of which it is composed, and the alphabetising is accomplished by the simple assortment and arrangement of those titles, which are fixed together in the requisite pages. By this means the books added to any library may be inserted in their proper places, and an annual catalogue published at a comparatively small cost." The catalogue of the Congress Library is printed in this manner.

If the growth of America has swelled the pride of her people among nations, the republican simplicity that marked the life of her early Presidents has undergone no change. The Chief Magistrate of the United States, who has more power than many kings,—for he has the absolute appointment to all public offices T 274 at home and abroad,—is as accessible as a private gentleman. I had no letter of introduction to him; but being assured none was necessary, I accompanied a gentleman to White House, and after the mere formality of sending in my card, was admitted to the presence of General Franklin Pierce, who has the honour of being President of the United States.

He received me with great kindness and affability, and, after conversing for a quarter of an hour, hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again. Nor were these unmeaning words, for when he found my stay in Washington was limited, he sent me an invitation to dine with him the following day *en famille*, when I was introduced to Mrs. Pierce. On this occasion I related the fact of my brother's acquaintance with Washington at Philadelphia in 1796, adding it afforded me sincere pleasure to know his fourteenth successor as President.

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Although General Pierce is remarkable for his affability in private life, he is not popular. He is an excellent man of business. More than once he complained of the tremendous labour of his office, which is so great as to scarcely leave him a minute's leisure. Some change in the duties, he said, must be made as no man can stand the work, even for four years. "You can form no idea," he added, "of the number 275 of voluminous manuscript documents connected with public business which I have to read." Suggesting that in many cases this might be done by a secretary, he replied, "No, 'tis better to read and master even the most lengthy documents, for then I am in a position to cut a man short, if he is talking nonsense." This admission is significant of active participation in the business of the government.

The simplicity of the President's domestic arrangements is not in harmony with the style of the furniture and reception rooms. These are of palace-like magnificence; but in place of servants apparelled in gaudy and rich liveries, Irishmen in very plain clothes are on duty. The familiar manner in which the hall-porter, who is a Milesian, spoke of his master, was highly diverting. As we were entering the White House, the Secretary of War, and two senators engaged in the War Office, known to the gentleman who accompanied me, passed out. "Are we going to have war?" said the latter to the porter. "Faith, I don't know; but I was asking master this morning, and indeed I think we're going to do something any how," was the answer; which, it must be allowed, contrasts curiously with the dignified frigidity of the hall-porter of even an English Cabinet Minister. T 2

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I retain a very agreeable remembrance of General Pierce's kindness, which was the more appreciated as I was not recommended to his attention. It is possible, however, that a paragraph which appeared in the Washington papers respecting me, and which gave me honours above my due, may have had some effect in causing the President not to regard me wholly in the light of a stranger.

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It formed part of my plans to visit Mount Vernon. This, during the summer and autumn, can be easily accomplished by means of a small steamer, which runs to and from the Mount twice a week. We set out at nine in the morning, and, steaming down the Potomac, stopped at Alexandria to take in passengers; and at Fort Washington, which is charmingly situated, we were allowed half an hour to ramble about the fort. In the course of my explorations I came upon a huge snake, which I had great trouble in killing. This fort is not garrisoned, and indeed is so little cared for that it is fast falling to decay. At the expiration of half an hour we were summoned on board by the ringing of a bell, which brought our party, including several pretty girls in evening dresses and sandalled shoes, tripping down the hill-side at the great risk of encountering snakes in the long grass. We arrived 277 at Mount Vernon at noon; two paths lead through a tangled wilderness to the house. One conducts to Washington's tomb, which is the first object visited. Whatever Americans may think and say respecting this great man, it is evident his remains concern them not; their resting-place is a disgrace to the nation. On arriving at the little enclosure, within which the tomb is situated, I saw a man busily engaged removing the dust and dirt from the monument. He was an American, but felt so pained by the state of the tomb that he had preceded us, hoping to remove the dirt before we arrived.

The house and grounds are equally neglected. A letter procured me admittance to rooms not usually shown; but every place was in ruin. Adjoining the house are a set of small cabins in which Washington kept his slaves. My brother relates:—"A person was kept at Mount Vernon during Washington's absence, whose business it was to attend to strangers, who were not only handsomely entertained, but provided with beds." *On a changé tout cela* , and although a descendant of Washington, bearing the same name, occupies the house, its appearance is forlorn and desolate in the extreme. And yet it possesses great natural advantages, being situated on an eminence T 3 278 commanding lovely views of the Potomac and the country beyond.

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Here Washington hoped to find that repose of which he stood so much in need; and, until the exigencies of public affairs called him forth to preside over the young Republic which he had so large a share in creating, he found in his beloved Mount Vernon a realisation of his day-dreams. Declining pecuniary compensation for his military labours, he was content to subside into a simple country-gentleman; and here we have a charming picture of his new life, conveyed in a letter to La Fayette:—" At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, 279 and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

Acting in the spirit of these words, he applied himself to the improvement of his estate, —reduced wild lands to cultivated fields,—created lovely gardens,—and, in short, made Mount Vernon a little paradise. His solicitude respecting this place led, indeed, to his death. Having ridden round his farms on a very wet and cold day in December, a sore throat resulted, from the effects of which he died in the brief space of three days. With these facts fresh in the memories of the people of the United States, it is a reproach to them that this abode of their illustrious Washington should be allowed to decay. It is proper, however, to state, that many schemes have been proposed for purchasing the house and estate, comprising 15,000 acres, with a view of preserving it. The ladies of Virginia, as I heard, contemplate forming a society to collect subscriptions for the

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purchase; but, as it is expected Congress will vote a sum to make it public property, private enterprise is arrested, and, in the meantime, the place T 4 280 is falling to ruins. The trees, however, flourish. From these a handsome income is derived by the sale of walking-sticks. A friend presented me with one cut from a white cedar near Washington's tomb, for which he paid a dollar.

I was invited by Mr. J. D. Andrews, Consul-General of the Canadas, author of the valuable report on the trade and commerce of British America and the Northern Lakes, to meet several eminent Washington gentlemen at dinner, including the Acting Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, Lieut. Maury, Mr. Schoolcraft, &c. The conversation turned principally on the struggle in the East between the Allies and Russian despotism; and I was glad to have so good an opportunity of expressing my sorrow that any portion of the people or press of the United States should, in any way, evince sympathy with a power which has always had for its great object the suppression of liberty and freedom of opinion.\*

\* A telegraphic despatch from Washington, which appeared in the *New York Herald* a few months ago, is a good specimen of the news constantly foisted on the people of the United States by a portion of the American press, with the evident intention of turning the current of sympathy against the Allied Powers. In this precious document it is stated, that Baron Meyendorf, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, was instructed to express to His Majesty the Czar the congratulations of the Emperor of Austria upon the friendly feeling so generally manifested by the people of the United States for his imperial master's success.

On the evening preceding my departure from 281 Washington, there was a large meeting of the Know-nothings opposite the City Hall. They made use of the pillars supporting the portico to suspend their flags, which bore devices and inscriptions advocating their party views. The oratory was extremely violent. No native-born American could, it was urged, be true to his country who did not use every means in his power to drive foreigners from all situations. These sentiments were loudly applauded by an auditory comprising about

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2000 persons of various classes. At the conclusion of each speech, a band played a noisy air, and rockets were thrown up. It was curious to hear these bursts of factious intolerance in the city founded by Washington, who was particularly inimical to all secret societies, which, while proclaiming freedom, dishonour the sacred name. "Secret societies," said that great man, "were instituted by artful and designing members, purposely to sow among the people seeds of jealousy. The treachery of a Catiline or a Borgia may be detected by a fortunate accident, and crushed in its infancy; but the demagogue, under his panoply of falsehood and chicane, may gradually sap the foundations of social order, and his country may be left with no other recompense for the ruin he has wrought, and the misery he has caused, than the poor consolation of execrating his name." The Know-nothings and other bodies would do well to lay these words to heart; for

"all the piebald polity that reigns In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains"

must assuredly be a bar to social happiness. The number of political associations in America is as extraordinary as the strange names which they bear. Here are a few of them:—Wild Cats, Woolly Heads, Hunkers, Straight-out Whigs, Morrill Whigs, Fusion Whigs, Anti-Fusion Whigs, Fusion Democrats, Anti-Morrill Temperance Democrats, Nebraska Wild-cat Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Old-line Democrats, Free-Soilers, Hook and Ladder Democrats, Dumb Democrats, &c. &c.; and each party erects a "platform" for their own purposes.

A bold attempt is making at Washington to raise a monument to its founder which shall surpass all others in the magnitude of its dimensions. According to the printed description it will be "the loftiest monument on earth to a nation's greatest benefactor," and gives the following measurements:—Base of the Pantheon, 250 feet diameter; height, 100 feet; height of the obelisk, 500 feet. The original plan contemplated the erection of a vast Pantheon temple, surmounted by a colossal statue of Washington 30 feet high, standing in a chariot drawn by six horses, driven by Victory. But, as the funds drawn from voluntary contributions are not equal to defray the cost of this portion of the proposed



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structure, the works are at present confined to the obelisk, which has attained a height of 150 feet. It stands in the centre of the mall opposite the President's house. Various states, public bodies, and individuals, have contributed blocks of stone bearing their names and emblematic devices. It is intended that the entire monument shall be cased with white marble. The blocks, which are very large, are raised to the summit by steam power.

I had now exhausted the catalogue of Washington sights; and although the kindness of many friends desirous to extend their hospitality to me was a temptation to prolong my stay, my waning holiday forbade accepting their invitations, particularly as I 284 determined to make an excursion into Virginia for the purpose of seeing the slave-market at Richmond. When this became known, several gentlemen evinced great anxiety to prevent me carrying this project into effect. It was clear they did not wish me to see the dark spot on their much-loved country. For, though slavery exists at Washington, there is no slave-market there; and, indeed, the number of slaves in the district of Columbia has been decreasing since 1820. In that year there were 6377; in 1830, 6119; in 1840, 4694; and in 1850, 3687. These numbers are inconsistent with the swarms of negroes in the streets of Washington. But the majority are free; their number, at the census in 1850, amounted to 10,059. They are a merry set of fellows, taking especial delight in balls. Here is an invitation that I received:—

“GRAND FANCY BALL.

*“ The pleasure of your company is respectfully invited to a Grand Fancy Ball, to be given by John Dade, at Page's large Brick House at the foot of 7 th Street, on Tuesday next, Oct. 13, 1854.*

“(PERMIT SECURED.)

“Tickets, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, One Dollar. Single Tickets, 50 cents.

*“ Omnibuses 6¼ cents each way ,”*

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I am sorry I can give no account of the sable beauties who figured on this occasion; certainly, had it been in my power, I would have assisted at the ball; but, before it came off, I was obliged to leave Washington.

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**CHAP. XI.**

STEAM DOWN THE POTOMAC.—LOSE LUGGAGE.—ACQUIA CREEK.—ARRIVE AT RICHMOND.—SLAVERY.—ARMOURY—VIRGINIAN STATE GUARD.—JEFFERSON'S CANNON.—GORGEOUS SUNSET.—RECOVER LUGGAGE.—AFRICAN CHURCH.—EXCELLENT SINGING.—DRESS OF NEGRESSES.—ADULT BAPTISM OF SLAVES.—SLAVE MARKET.—MODE OF SELLING SLAVES.—QUADROON.—BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.—SLAVE ADVERTISEMENTS.—REFLECTIONS ON SLAVERY.—DEPORTATION OF SLAVES.—TOBACCO FACTORY.—INCENDIARISM.—SLAVE LABOUR.—COTTON FACTORIES.—WHITE LABOUR.—RENDITION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—PAUPERISM.—CAPITOL.—HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—STATE PENITENTIARY.—THEATRE.—RICHMOND HOTELS, PAST AND PRESENT.—LEAVE RICHMOND.

I left Washington at six in the morning by the steamer for Acquia Creek, on the Potomac. Not being well, I omitted the necessary precaution of looking after my luggage. The consequence was that, although it had been carried in the baggage van from the hotel to the quay, and was labelled *Richmond*, the porter accompanying the van did not put it on board. I mention this to show the necessity of not trusting porters in the United States.

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The sail down the Potomac, which is picturesque, was diversified by a very abundant breakfast; and the lively conversation of a charming girl, who gave me reason to believe she did not regret the fate which brought us together for a brief period, as she gave me her

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card when we parted. Of course I reciprocated the courtesy; but as our lives are cast in different quarters of the globe, it is not very likely we shall ever meet again.

At Acquia Creek a train was waiting to convey us to Richmond, sixty miles distant, where we arrived at two o'clock. The cars stopped in the middle of a thronged street. On getting out I was surrounded by a noisy set of oily and shining negroes, clamouring in favour of the hotels which they represented. I drove to the Exchange, lighter in property than on any previous occasion, for I was luggageless. Though I had sent a letter back by the steamer, directing my portmanteau to be forwarded by Adams' Express (an admirable establishment for the transmission of parcels throughout America), I deemed it advisable to take the additional precaution of sending a telegraphic message; but on going to the office, I was informed the telegraph was not in action, and would not be in working order until the following day. This was 288 my last experience of United States telegraphs, and it must be admitted I was not fortunate in the results.

My first inquiry was respecting the slave-market. The landlord of the hotel looked upon this mart evidently in the light of a place for the sale of quadrupeds. The niggers, he said, were sold every morning, excepting Sunday, at ten o'clock, in the lower part of the town, and as this was Saturday, it was probable, if I wanted to buy, I should find a good chain of likely slaves at Monday's market. I at once disabused his mind of any idea he might have formed of me in connexion with slave-owning, stating I was an Englishman, who had journeyed to Richmond for the sole purpose of seeing the slave-market. "Ah well, I guess," he replied, "you'll see plenty of slaves without going there; all the niggers in the hotel are slaves, and all the work in Richmond is done by slaves."

Among my letters of introduction, was one to the editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, upon whom I called. As soon as he had read the letter, he said, "I find you have come here principally to see the slave-market. Now I beg to assure you, I am very desirous to make your visit to Richmond agreeable, and I will do anything in my power to promote this 289 object; but you must excuse my accompanying you to the slave market. I went there

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once; and the scenes I witnessed were so revolting, I resolved never to visit it again." I mention this, because it is conclusive evidence that even in the head-quarters of slavery, its institutions have strong opponents; and when we find the editor of a paper thus frankly expressing his opinion respecting the slave market in his own town, we may safely assume he does not stand alone. I confess the language held by my new acquaintance took me by surprise, for I knew that the Richmond press, with the honourable exception of the *Enquirer*, strongly advocates slavery. One journal, the *Examiner*, has gone so far as to not only approve, but proclaim it to be a duty to shoot any one attempting to rescue or conceal fugitive slaves, who are regarded as no better than brute beasts; and that I may not be deemed exaggerating, I request attention to the following article from that paper, headed

### SLAVERY ETERNAL.

"It is all a hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of African slavery; or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing that we cannot do without; that is righteous, profitable and permanent, and that belongs to southern society as inherently, intricately U 290 and durably as the white race itself. Yea, the white race will itself emigrate from the southern states to Africa, California, or Polynesia, sooner than the African.

"Let us make up our minds therefore to put up with, and make the most of, the institution. Let us not bother our brains about what Providence intends to do with our negroes in the distant future, but glory in and profit to the utmost by what He *has done* for him, in transplanting him here, and setting him to work on our plantations. Let the politicians and planters of the south, while encouraging the "Baptists" and "Methodists," (and other denominations having a less number of votes), in christianising the negro, keep their slaves at hard work, under strict discipline, out of idleness and mischief, while they live; and when they come to die, instead of sending them off to Africa, or manumitting them to a life of 'freedom,' licentiousness and nuisance, *will* them over to their children, or direct them to be sold, when they will be made to work hard, and be of service to their masters

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and to the country. True philanthropy to the negro begins, like charity, at home; and if southern men would act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant in letters of fire, *that the negro is here, and here for ever; is our property, and ours for ever; is never to be emancipated; is to be kept hard at work and in rigid subjection all his days, and is never to go to Africa, to Polynesia* , or to Yankee Land (far worse than either), they would accomplish more good for the race in five years, than they boast the institution itself to 291 have accomplished in two centuries; and cut up by the roots a set of evils and fallacies, that threaten to drive the white race a wanderer in the western wilderness, sooner than Cuffee will go to preach the Gospel in Guinea.”

This is strong writing. The misfortune is, the writer has many disciples.

On leaving the anti-slavery editor, I called on Captain Dimmock, to whom I had an introduction. This gentleman lives at the Armoury, and has the honour of commanding the Virginian State Guard; which distinction, however, is somewhat shorn of its importance when I add, that the muster-roll of the troop shows a force of only 84 men. The history of this little army is curious. When Jefferson was in power, he established a cannon-foundry at Richmond; at which two hundred pieces of ordnance were cast; these were placed in the Armoury. Their existence, however, instead of being a subject of congratulation to the citizens, had an opposite effect; for living amidst a large slave population, they apprehended, in case of an insurrection, that the unprotected cannon might be turned by the slaves against their masters. Accordingly the State Legislature resolved to establish a little standing army, whose chief business should be to guard the cannon in the U 2 292 Armoury, and a sum is annually voted for the maintenance of the soldiers, who are officered by a captain and two lieutenants. These gentlemen occupy quarters in the Armoury, charmingly situated in full view of the James River, which flows over masses of rock, forming a series of cataracts above the town. Besides the cannon mentioned, there are six very handsome brass twenty-four pounders, bearing the French *fleur de lys* , and a profusion of elegant sculptured devices. They are mounted in the square, commanding the town. Captain Dimmock was ignorant of how possession had been obtained of these

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beautiful pieces. The pay of the soldiers is nine dollars a month, besides food and clothing; the uniform consists of a light blue tunic. I spent an evening with Captain Dimmock, during the greater part of which we sat on a balcony wreathed by gaudy Virginian creepers, while a profusion of other flowers sent up a delicious fragrance from the garden beneath. The air was soft and balmy—and the setting sun painted the west with hues of intense brilliancy. Never had I beheld such colours, but I was now in Virginia, which descends to the latitude of 36°. Tea was handed by slaves, whose children were frolicking in the square beneath. “You see,” said the captain, “what a happy set of people these 293 are, and yet I assure you I abhor slavery. But what are we to do? When I came here from Massachusetts, I did all in my power to obtain free servants, but I failed, and now I am compelled to be a slave-owner.” These words, he added, would find an echo among hundreds who are anxious to abolish slavery, but know not how to set about it. I was amused to find the captain and his lieutenants combining the calling of millers with soldiering. Being favourably situated, a stream of water has been diverted through the Armoury, which is made to do profitable duty in the shape of grinding corn for the little army.

The traveller who has felt the misery of parting company with his luggage—increased when far from home—will sympathise with my joy, when I beheld a grinning “darkey” enter my room early on Sunday morning, with my portmanteau and bag. I had told him the night before to go early in search of my things, slipping a quarter of a dollar at the same time in his hand. This arrival was most opportune, for although the landlord kindly promised to add a day shirt and other articles to a night shirt already lent, I infinitely preferred wearing my own clothes. So I duly honoured the Sabbath, and after a delightful bath, performed a very satisfactory U 3 294 toilet. Breakfast over, I sallied out for a stroll before attending service in the African Church. The streets swarmed with negroes of both sexes, dressed, the men in wonderfully shaped garments, the women in flaunting colours. Had I entered Richmond on Sunday morning, I should have supposed the entire population to be black, for there were very few whites to be seen. Presently, however, as the time for divine worship drew near, the latter were more conspicuous, and it was curious to witness how careful the

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negroes were to give, and the whites to take, the wall. This deference to their masters is required by the State law.

At eleven I proceeded to the African Baptist Church. It is a plain brick building furnished with pews and galleries, capable of accommodating about 1500 persons. By some misunderstanding I found myself in the gallery appropriated to the choir, consisting of forty negroes. The men—gentlemen, I was going to call them—and they would not disgrace or dishonour the title—were dressed *en grande toilette*, handsome black coats and trowsers, white waistcoats, and white ties; the women in silks and muslins flounced *en dernière mode*, of the gayest colours, with bonnets and mantles to match. They seemed, from all points of view but one, fashionable ladies dressed 295 for an horticultural fête. The exceptional case was the front view; which revealed a sable countenance oily and shining, turned up by a broad-brimmed nose and massive lips. I perceived my presence somewhat disconcerted them; but they were too courteous to desire me to remove to another gallery. The service was commenced by an extempore prayer from one of the congregation, uttered in a nasal tone, in which the words “Please, oh Lord, hab mercy on de poor niggers” frequently occurred. As the negro proceeded, his eloquence and fervour increased, eliciting sympathy from the congregation, who accompanied every burst of enthusiasm by loud ejaculations and groans. The prayer was followed by a hymn, in which all the congregation joined. To this succeeded another prayer from a different party, and then a white minister ascended the pulpit, and announced that the choir would sing; upon this those around me stood up, and taking the time from their leader, sang from music books in a manner which showed them to be proficient in vocal melody. The voices were exquisitely sweet, well deserving the praise which I heard accorded to them. The hymn selected concluded with these words and direction,— U 4

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“Give the hand of friendship ere we part, May heaven now embalm it in each heart.” *Rise, and clasp hands.*

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Acting on this, the large congregation, for the church was full, rose and clasped each other's hands. On the conclusion of the hymn, the minister read a portion of the New Testament, and taking it for his text, preached an excellent sermon; practical and in every way suitable to the position of his hearers. At its conclusion, he admonished them to be more punctual in their attendance, adding, "I shall not be able to address you this afternoon, having engagements elsewhere; but were I to tell you the name of the gentleman who will officiate in my place, you would be extremely sorry if you missed hearing him; so I hope you will all be here."

The service concluded with another hymn sung by the choir. When it was over, I expressed my apprehension to the negro next me that I had inconvenienced them, adding that I was a stranger and an Englishman; but he assured me that although the gallery in which I sat was reserved for the choir, they were delighted to see Englishmen anywhere. In answer to some questions respecting the singing, I was told they were permitted to practise frequently. It was interesting to witness the cordial greetings between 297 the members of this swarthy congregation. Care seemed unknown, and certainly no one could pronounce these slaves to be otherwise than happy. Here was the bright side of the picture. But before we regard it under another aspect, I must give a sketch of an interesting sight which I witnessed in the afternoon. I was on my way to the Armoury, when I met Captain Dimmock. "You are fortunate," he observed, "for the ceremony of an adult negro baptism has just commenced." Proceeding towards the James River, we soon fell in with crowds of negroes going to the scene of attraction; and on coming within sight of the water, we beheld the banks covered by thousands of blacks of both sexes. A small wooden house near the river contained numerous candidates for baptismal regeneration, clad in linen trousers, and a shirt. They were led into the stream, and received by the officiating minister and his assistants, who, after a short prayer, plunged them deep beneath the water. Before immersion the assembled multitude sang at the top of their voices spirit-stirring hymns. The sudden transition from the swelling and not inharmonious



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chorus to profound silence, had a curious effect; for the minister, whom I recognised as the preacher I heard in the morning,—

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—“Stretch'd his arms and call'd Across the tumult, and the tumult fell.”

Every eye was on him, and the moment a negro emerged from the water, a mighty cry arose from the excited multitude, welcoming a brother's advent into their fold. It was a touching spectacle. For all present were firmly persuaded salvation attended the ceremony, which in spirit at least lifted the souls of these poor bondsmen above the power of oppression.

Not, assuredly, greater is the contrast between a fair landscape illumined by brilliant summer sunshine, and steeped in the purple gloom of an impending thunder-storm, than that presented by the baptismal scene on the banks of the James River and the Richmond slave market.

I visited this place with mingled feelings of sadness and curiosity. The market consists of three human shambles, situated in the lower part of the town, far from the dwellings of the whites, easily distinguished by red flags over the entrances, to which are attached particulars of the slaves for sale. The number greatly varies, sometimes amounting to about fifty, and occasionally falling to one or two. On the day of my visit, fourteen male, and seven female “*likely*” slaves, with their children, were 299 advertised to be sold by auction. The first establishment I entered, consisted of a large barn-like room, about forty feet square, furnished with rude wooden benches and chairs; a platform for the display of the human goods; a desk, and a screen across the upper end of the room. The floor, walls, and indeed every object, were befouled by tobacco juice. About a score of ill-looking fellows were present, engaged, with scarcely an exception, in perpetual chewing and whittling. The benches, chairs, and all the woodwork, exhibited abundant marks how vigorously the latter practice had been carried on. The pillars were in many

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cases nearly severed. One man, who had tilted his chair back, was whittling one of the raised legs, with such energy of purpose, as to speedily threaten the amputation of that most important member of a chair's economy. By degrees more people arrived. When about fifty were present, the slaves were brought in from the neighbouring jail, where they had been confined. There were four men, and two girls. The former were immediately led behind the screen, stripped stark naked, and examined with great minuteness. Marks were criticised with the knowing air assumed by horse dealers, and pronounced to be the results of flogging, vermin, or scrofula. Little value was apparently 300 attached to the answers of the slaves, though considerable pains were taken to ascertain their ages, (of which, by the way, they were generally very ignorant,) and the cause of their sale; with one exception, none could assign any reason. The exceptional case was a youth, who stated he was the slave of a tobacco manufacturer, and that although his master treated him well, the overseer was harsh and cruel, and frequently beat him. In proof of this he exhibited a scar on his shoulder. His master, he added, had consented to allow him to be sold. The women were more tenderly dealt with. Personal examination was confined to the hands, arms, legs, bust, and teeth. Searching questions were put respecting their age, and whether they had children. If they replied in the negative, their bosoms were generally handled in a repulsive and disgusting manner. When sufficient time had been given for the examination of the slaves, the auctioneer left his desk, and desired his assistant, who was a slave, to bring up the first lot. This was a male negro about thirty years of age, who had been working on a tobacco plantation. He was ordered to ascend the platform, and the auctioneer stood on a chair by his side. The assistant now tucked up the slave's trousers, bared his neck and breast, and the sale commenced. "Here," 301 said the auctioneer, "is a likely young nigger, used to all sorts of farm work; what will ye bid, gentlemen? He's worth a thousand dollars. Who'll bid? come, 500 dollars to begin. Thank ye sir; 500 dollars—500 doll'r—doll'r—doll'r—doll'r"—(uttered with bewildering rapidity), "550 doll'r—doll'r—doll'r: 600, thank ye sir." Here the bidding hung fire, and the auctioneer, after expatiating on the good qualities of the lot, ordered him to be walked up and down the room before the people, who now amounted to about 200. During his progress, he was frequently stopped

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by parties who examined him. On returning to the platform, the biddings were renewed with greater spirit, until they reached 858 dollars, at which sum the man was sold. The next lot—also a male, who stated he was worn out, and unable to do good work, though apparently under fifty years of age—sold for 630 dollars; the third male, about thirty years old, who had been working in a plantation, for 940 dollars; and the fourth, the young man who was sold at his own request, for 750 dollars. In all these cases the same process was gone through, each slave being trotted up and down the room precisely like a horse. Now came the women's turn. The first put up was a good-looking girl, gaily-dressed, her hair adorned with ribbons,—who, 302 according to her statement, was nineteen years old, and was skilful in the use of her needle. “Can you make shirts?” was a question put to her by a dozen men. “Yes,” she replied, “and wash them too.” The auctioneer expatiated at great length on the excellent qualities of this “prime lot,” for which he expected 1000 dollars at least. He obtained more—the first bid was 500, and she was knocked down for 1005. The second woman, aged twenty-five, who had been a domestic servant, realised only 700 dollars, on account of some scars on her shoulders, which a man near me was confident were produced by the whip. As all the slaves present were now sold, I thought business was over in this establishment; but just as the last woman was led away, a mulatto entered the room with another woman followed by two little children about three and four years old, and carrying a third still younger in her arms. These were the children announced for sale. The circumstance of this woman, or lot, as she and the children were called, being brought in alone, led me to suppose there was some distinction between her and the preceding slaves. In slavery none,—she and her children were slaves like those just sold; but in appearance the difference was great. She was a remarkably handsome mulatto, and her children were nearly, if not fully, as 303 white as the fairest Americans. If any doubt existed in my mind respecting the revolting nature of this human traffic, the case of this woman would have determined my judgment. Her story was brief: she was not married, and the man whose passions had made her his mistress as well as slave, willed that she should be sold with *his* children. More she would not divulge; nor would she answer questions relative to her occupation. All attempts at extracting further information

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were met by a scornful refusal to divulge ought of her past life, and when her small soft hands and bosom were examined, on which her infant was reposing, her eyes flashed fire, and I sincerely believe, had a knife been within her grasp she would have plunged it in the hearts of her tormentors. Followed by her two little children, who clung to her dress like scared lambs, shrinking from the gaze of the rough men who pressed round them, she ascended the platform, and the auctioneer recommenced his business. Whether he dreaded a scene, or that he deemed it unnecessary, I am unable to say; but he limited his prefatorial harangue to the simple announcement that he had a fine young woman to offer, with her children, who would not be sold separate, adding that in a few years the boys would be fit for work. What 304 could he say of her, whose heart's finest affections were perhaps at that moment lacerated to satisfy the greed of a man? He set a high price on the woman and her children, declaring he expected at least 2500 dollars for the lot. The first bid was 800; languid biddings succeeded, until the amount reached 900 dollars. The woman was then ordered down, and followed by her little children, was made to walk up and down the room. On resuming her place on the platform, the biddings became a little brisker; but as no eloquence on the part of the auctioneer could raise them above 1100 dollars, the lot was withdrawn. I was informed the woman alone would have realised more than this amount, but there is a strong aversion against purchasing white children.

It is unnecessary to carry the reader to the other slave marts. I visited both, and saw slaves sold under circumstances similar to those described. I conversed with most of the slaves, a few expressed great sorrow at leaving their late home and masters, and gazed inquiringly on those who examined them with the view of purchasing; but the majority exhibited a dogged apathy, as if their hearts were callous to all sensations. The spectacle I had witnessed the previous day was, however, fresh in 305 my remembrance; and I well know the black man has strong feelings.

Many masters, as I was informed, have a great dislike to pass slaves whom they desire to sell through the degrading ordeal of public auction. To avoid this, they dispose of them by private contract, or provide them with papers of sale, authorising them to sell themselves,

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on the understanding that they bring the price asked to their masters. Thus the business transacted in the Richmond slave-market, does not represent the total number of slaves sold. It falls also far short of supplying the demand.

The newspapers contain numerous slave advertisements, of which the following are specimens:—

“SLAVES WANTED.

*“ We are at all times purchasing slaves, paying the highest cash prices. Persons wishing to sell will please call at 243. Pratt Street. Communications addressed to — “ B. L. & W. L. Campbell. ”*

“WANTS NEGROES.

*The subscribers are at all times in the market buying slaves, paying the highest cash prices.*

“ J. M. Wilson.

“ G. N. Duke.”X

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“5000 NEGROES WANTED.

*“ I will pay the highest price in cash for 5000 negroes, with good titles, slaves for life or for a term of years. Persons having slaves for sale, will please call and see me, as I am always in the market with the cash. “ J. N. Denning, “18. South Frederick Street.*

*“ Trees in front of the door. ”*

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Linked to these advertisements are others, headed by little figures of slaves, representing them running away, with bundles over their shoulders. Here are a couple of examples:—

“TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

*“ Ran away from the subscriber, the negro man ‘Ben Semmes.’ He is 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, and large in proportion, very black; about 45 years of age. No scars recollected. It is probable he will endeavour to reach a free state. I will give the above reward if taken out of the district of Columbia, but he must be confined in jail, or brought home to me.*

“ W. R. Bowie. ”

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“TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

*“ Ran away from the subscriber, the negro boy Charles (frequently calls himself Howard), about 25 years of age, of black complexion, eyes full and inclined to be red; 5 feet 10 inches in height; not heavily built, but well made, and stands erect; has a down look, speaks slow, and whines a little; has lost all his upper front teeth, and, from large broad scars on his hips, has evidently been severely whipped. The above reward will be paid for apprehending and confining him in any jail, so that I get him again.*

“ J. F. Brock. ”

I could multiply these examples, but I desist. A slave-market, it has been well said, is a fiery appeal to the finest feelings of our nature, needing no additional evidence to prove that slavery is an abomination in the sight of God and man. It is remarkable that no one was more sensible of the extra-ordinary anomaly of slavery in the United States than Jefferson, who left these words on record:—“What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his

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own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose X 2 308 power supported him through his trial, while he inflicts on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that it is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full,—when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.” This was written nearly half a century ago, but the consummation so ardently desired has not come to pass. Slavery is on the increase. The 697,897 slaves in existence in the States in 1790, have swelled to 3,204,313, the number returned at the last census in 1850; and so far from any measures being taken to wipe out this national blot, we find the Southern States doing all in their power to perpetuate the evil. The Governor of Virginia, in his message to the Legislature, in November, 1852, observes; “Knowing the deep interest that all feel in everything that affects the 309 honour of the State or the interests of her people, I have not failed to take particular notice of the reported outrage recently committed by the civil authorities in the city of New York, under the colour of *law* , upon one of our citizens, when *in transitu* with his property from this State to that of Texas. If the facts warrant this report (which I have no reason to doubt), it is a case without its parallel in point of *spirit*; and the consequence to flow from the establishment of such a principle cannot be foreseen.”

This high magisterial protest against the invasion of slave privileges shows that in Virginia at least there seems to be no desire on the part of the Legislature to effect any change in the laws affecting slavery, but rather a wish to make them more binding. This may appear surprising when we remember the part Virginia took in the great scene of American Independence. But the principle of energy which the northern colonies derived from the nature of their church, founded in the very “dissidence of dissent,” the people of the South

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nourished, as Burke judiciously observed, “in a still higher and more stubborn degree, in consequence of being slave-holders! Freedom in such a case is not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege.” X 3

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While Jefferson wrote such damning words against slavery, he made public his opinion of the manner in which the deportation of slaves might be effected. “I would,” he says, “emancipate the after-born, leaving them, on due compensation, with their mothers until their services are worth their maintenance, and then put them to industrious occupations, until a proper age for deportation. This was the result of my reflections on the subject five and forty years ago, and I have never yet been able to conceive any other practicable plan.”

In 1825 a proposal was made that as soon as that portion of the funded debt of the United States, for the payment of which the public land was pledged, should be paid off, the remaining public land should be appropriated for the freeing of slaves by purchase. This plan met with the approval of the eminent Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia, who pronounced it to be excellent; but it was not carried into effect. It will only be by some grand comprehensive measure of this kind, in which all the States shall contribute their quota to the good work, that slavery can be brought to a close. It is equally unprofitable and ungenerous on the part of the Northern States, to denounce slavery in terms of unmeasured condemnation, if they will not pecuniarily contribute to the general emancipation of slaves. In the report of a select committee of the House of Representatives of the State of New York, presented to the Legislature in 1849, this passage occurs:—“It is alike the privilege and duty of every citizen to testify against wrong in whatever form it may present itself. Shall the thoughts of a man be stifled in this community on a great moral question? Is he to stand dumb in the presence of what he may deem a great wrong, because the expression of his resentment is offensive or unpalatable? The right is conceded that we may sympathise with the oppressed of other lands. We are free to offer condolence to the broken-hearted Poles; to send money and



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arms to the oppressed Greeks; but we are forbidden to utter a word against the oppression of three millions of our own people. The North, with characteristic forbearance, has submitted to many wrongs, having their origin in their effort to uphold and strengthen the institution of slavery. For slavery the Cherokees were driven from their homes in defiance of a solemn treaty, and the faith of the nation violated before the world. For slavery the sovereignty of New Jersey was trampled under foot, to admit its advocates on the floor of Congress. For slavery the sacred right of petition was denied and scoffed at. For slavery X 4 312 it was proposed that the mails should be rifled and the Post Office department of Government be converted into a grand system of espionage. For slavery the ambassador of a foreign state (Massachusetts) was driven by the public officers of South Carolina from her shores, and compelled to fly for his life. For slavery Texas was wrested from a friendly nation; and for slavery a bloody war was waged against Mexico, that has caused the nation many thousands of the lives of its citizens."

It would be a worthy and honourable sequence to this eloquent remonstrance, to find the State of New York voting in favour of an appropriation of a portion of the many millions of dollars lying unemployed in the public treasury for the deportation of slaves. But in place of this nothing practicable is proposed, and the traveller through the States only sees a feverish partisanship upon the slave question which threatens to break forth in all the horrors of civil warfare. "The nation must be dismembered," says a Boston paper. "Hell has no union with heaven; slavery and liberty do not coalesce. The sooner the dissolution of the Union comes the better."

We must not forget, when writing or speaking on this subject, that we can scarcely be said to come into court with clean hands. In 1620 the English 149 313 colonists purchased twenty negroes which had been brought into James River by a Dutch ship. This was the first introduction of slaves into the English colonies; and though the British flag no longer waves over the slave, it is but a few years since slavery ceased to exist under its influence. The result of my inquiries in Virginia leads me to believe that the whites would gladly exchange slavery, which, by dishonouring labour, introduces idleness, for free work; but

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their capital is confined to slaves, and they are obliged to go on in the way of their fathers. I was much struck by a forcible illustration of the loss attending the employment of slaves, by a visit to one of the largest tobacco factories in Richmond.

The principal trade of the city consists in the manufacture of chewing-tobacco. The quantity produced is enormous. The tobacco is steeped in vats full of a loathsome black mixture, which, with fouler additions, pollutes the floors of public and, not unfrequently, private places.

Down the centre of a long room were twenty large presses, at each of which some dozen slaves, stripped to the waist (it was very hot), were tugging and heaving at long iron arms, which turned screws, accompanying each push and pull by deep-drawn 314 groans. Within a few yards of the factory runs, or rather rushes, an illimitable supply of water, the merest fraction of which would furnish power to turn the screws of all the presses in Richmond. On suggesting the desirableness of using this great natural force, instead of the numerous negroes now employed, thus saving their labour, the proprietor of the factory, who kindly acted as my guide, assured me the slaves did the work far better than it could be done by machinery, as the overseer could direct them to apply precisely as much pressure as the tobacco required. Setting aside the terrible ignorance of mechanical principles involved in this reply, it will be evident to the reader that the true reason why the far more economical use of machinery is not employed to do this very simple work is, because no capital exists, or can be obtained, to erect suitable machinery. On leaving the factory, a Richmond gentleman who had accompanied me said, "You were quite correct in your observation respecting the desirableness of employing machinery instead of slaves in the tobacco factories; but the truth is, the slaves are on the hands of the proprietors, and they must work them." The introduction of machinery into these establishments would, in all probability, greatly benefit the proprietors in 315 another point of view, for the labour is so much disliked that many tobacco factories are annually set on fire by incendiaries believed to be slaves. It may be, however, this is done in retaliation for oppression, as

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masters cannot be supposed to care much about their slaves, when they allow their children to sing nursery songs with such couplets as this,

“Hot corn, baked pears, Kick nigger down stairs,”

which I heard uttered by a young hopeful in the streets of Richmond.

The want of capital is a serious bar to improvement in the slave states. In expectation of supplying this want, a place called Manchester was laid out for cotton mills, on the James River, opposite Richmond; but up to the present time only two have been erected. These employ free white labour alone, but the manager is an Englishman. The entire State of Virginia is most favourably adapted, by its situation and command of water-power, for developing a large trade in cotton-spinning and weaving, yet it only possesses twenty-seven mills, employing a capital of under two millions of dollars. Contrast this with 316 the cotton-manufactures of Massachusetts, and it will be seen how heavily slavery presses on the energies of a State.

The census, which always sheds clear light on the progress of a nation, shows still farther how slavery has crippled Virginia. In 1810 she was the leading State in the Union, and had a population of 974,622, including 392,518 slaves and 30,570 free blacks. New York, her rival, had a population of 959,049, including 15,017 slaves and 25,333 free coloured. In 1850, Virginia had 1,421,661 inhabitants, of which 472,528 were slaves, and 54,333 free negroes—an increase of 343,266 whites, 23,763 free blacks, and 30,010 slaves. The comparatively small augmentation of slaves shows how large a number of the poor fellows have been consigned to dealers and consumers further South. Now turn to New York in 1850. The total number of inhabitants in the Empire State was 3,097,394, of which 49,069 were free blacks, and no slaves,—almost the same increase of free blacks as Virginia, and an increase of 2,112,609 whites to 343,266 in Virginia. These figures furnish a more unanswerable argument against the Nebraska bill than any figures of rhetoric. And yet papers of the Slave States coolly insist on a treaty with England being immediately made

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for the 317 rendition of fugitive slaves. The *Columbus Times* , which is one of the leading organs among slave owners, observes:—" *The South ought to insist upon the formation of a treaty with Great Britain by the Federal Government for the surrender of fugitive slaves.* The United States have already formed a treaty with England for the surrender of rogues, thieves, robbers, murderers, and all other criminals, the object of which is to protect the lives and property of her citizens; and not the smallest depredation is ever committed upon any other property except slaves, that is not followed by an instantaneous demand for redress. Upon what principle of justice is a difference made by the Federal Government in the property of the North and the property of the South? None that we can see. Yet thousands of slaves are annually spirited across the Canada frontier, and protected by British subjects and laws against the pursuit of their masters.

"The loss that the South annually sustains, by the running of slaves into Canada, is of sufficient importance to justify her public men in *insisting upon some action of the Government of the United States in the premises.* And we confess our surprise that southern statesmen have submitted with so much patience to the annual robbery of thousands of dollars' 318 worth of property to which she has as good right as to the land they cultivate. The time is propitious for the acquisition of all disputed rights from European powers. They cannot afford to break just now with the United States. Let our public men move in the matter, and we question not but that the President and the American Minister at St. James' will give the movement a cordial support. Besides, this is a golden moment which may never return. Before we get *another sound man in the Presidential Chair* , peace may be made in Europe, and the European powers become less inclined to look with favour upon the demands of America."

The statistics of pauperism may be cited as another proof of the injurious effect of slavery; for while Ohio, with a population of 1,980,329, had only 1673 paupers in 1850, Virginia, with a population of 1,421,621 less than that of Ohio, had to support 4458 paupers at the same date. But it is unnecessary to say more on this painful subject, so painful that I would

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have remained silent, did I not conceive it to be my duty as an Englishman to lift up my humble voice against slavery.

A nation professing Christian doctrines, and making swelling boasts of freedom, is at once untrue to itself and unjust to those it oppresses, when, acting 319 on the feudal law of might being right, it seizes the helpless negro, and places him on a level with the beasts of the field; and until this foul stain be removed, Christian nations will not, and cannot, regard the United States Government as a moral body, anxious for the welfare here and hereafter of those under their dominion.

If it were not for the moral pestilence proceeding from the slave mart, I should say Richmond would be a pleasant city to dwell in. It is agreeably situated on the ascending slope of the north bank of the James River, which is broken into several hills of different elevations, giving a picturesque appearance to the place. The residences of the upper classes exhibit considerable taste, and are built of stone. The chief public building is the Capitol, finely situated in the centre of a small park on the brow of a hill. Mr. Jefferson intended that this building should be a copy of the chaste Maison Carrée at Nismes, a plan of which he sent from France to Richmond; but his ingenious countrymen fancied they could improve it, and accordingly placed the columns on the top of the attic storey. In many other respects the plan was inverted. The building contains a statue of Washington by Houdon, 320 which possesses far more merit than the seated figure of the hero at Washington.

Apart from its artistic excellence, it is particularly interesting, as being by far the best likeness of Washington in existence, so authentic in fact, that almost all the portraits of him have been copied from it. When the State of Virginia determined to have a statue of Washington, the Legislature commissioned Jefferson and Franklin, who were at Paris, to secure the services of the most eminent European sculptor to execute the work. Accordingly Houdon\* , who at that period (1785) enjoyed a very high reputation, was engaged, and although he had many pressing professional orders to execute, he crossed

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the Atlantic with Franklin, for the express purpose of modelling a bust of Washington. The artist had the

\* Jean Antoine Houdon was born at Versailles in 1741. At eighteen years of age he gained the chief prize in sculpture at the Royal Academy of Arts in Paris, and was sent at the King's expense to study at Rome. There he immortalised himself by his statue of St. Bruno, in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, of which Clement XIV. said, "If the rules of the Saint's order did not enforce silence, I am sure the statue would speak." On hearing of Rousseau's death, Houdon hastened to Ermenonville, to take a cast from the face of the celebrated Genevese, which has been the great authority for all busts of Rousseau. Numerous statues from Houdon's chisel, preserved in France, attest his excellence as a sculptor.

321 advantage of residing for some weeks at Mount Vernon, where he had every opportunity of studying Washington's face and expression. The result was an admirable plaster bust, with which he proceeded to Paris, and which served as his model for the present statue.

The costume was a subject of considerable discussion, terminated eventually by Washington, who, in compliance with a desire to have his opinion, wrote to Jefferson, suggesting that a modern dress would be preferable to "a garb of antiquity." In his reply, Jefferson expressed his entire satisfaction with this idea, adding, "I find it strongly the sentiment of West, Copley, Trumbull, and Brown, in London." The statue is therefore an authentic historical representation of Washington in the costume which he habitually wore as commander-in-chief. No other statue was ever made from his person. It was modelled about two years after the close of his military career, when he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Its resemblance to Washington fully satisfied his contemporaries, several of whom declared it represented the original as perfectly as a living man could be represented in marble.

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Thus, I regarded this statue with very great interest, and while contemplating the expressive features of the great patriot, fully subscribed to the following brief but noble tribute, which is inscribed on the pedestal, and which tradition says was penned by Madison on his knee, in the midst of the Legislature of Virginia:—"The general assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory."

I visited the great State Penitentiary, which, like all similar establishments in the States, is conducted on the principle of making the labour of the prisoners profitable. The governor boasted that the prison-labour in 1854, produced 10,000 dollars more than it yielded during the preceding year, forgetting, apparently, that this involved a larger number of prisoners, and consequently a greater amount of crime. The gross earnings of 220 prisoners for one year, were 72,213 dollars. Among the prisoners were 75 coloured males, and four coloured females. Respecting these persons, the official Report says,— 323 "It is needless to state how poorly they are qualified for good mechanics." Among the crimes and sentences of prisoners in 1853, are two for slave stealing, sentenced to imprisonment for two and a half and six years; three for carrying off slaves, sentenced to ten and thirteen years, and life imprisonment; six for aiding slaves to abscond, sentenced to confinement for two, four and a half, five, seven, and two years; and one for giving a register to a slave, sentenced to imprisonment for five years, which exceeds by two years the average length of imprisonment for manslaughter. The prisoners are not separated. During the day they labour together in large rooms, and at night are locked up by couples in their sleeping cells. In fact the system appears to have for its object, making the prison self-supporting, rather than punishing and reforming criminals. Economy is strictly studied. My attention was drawn by the governor to a man dressed in good plain clothes, seated in a verandah with his legs on the balcony rails. He was under sentence of imprisonment for life for killing



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his brother, but being a doctor by profession, he was put in charge of the hospital, by which arrangement the establishment saved the expense of a paid medical Y 2 324 officer. This, I apprehend, is a feature in prison discipline which would not find favour in England.

I went to the theatre on the night preceding my departure from Richmond. The acting was atrocious. It however pleased the coatless audience, who gave expression to their feelings by energetic shouts.

Before bidding farewell to Richmond, it is due to the proprietor of the Exchange Hotel to commend his establishment, which I found extremely comfortable. The public tables abounded with every description of fare, which I should have appreciated more had I been in better health, and had the negro waiters been a little less odorous. The hotel is at present the largest in Richmond. Numerous families board in it. On Sunday about two hundred sat down to dinner, including several very pretty Virginians, descendants perhaps of those "Sixty maids of virtuous education, young and handsome," who were induced to cross the Atlantic in 1620, at the expense of the London Company of Virginian adventurers, on a marriage speculation. Looking at this dinner party, and at the elegant saloon in which we were assembled, I was led to contrast Richmond hotels and manners at the present time with what they were in my brother's day. Under the head of Richmond, he says,—“I had scarcely alighted from 325 my horse at the tavern, when the landlord came to ask what game I was most partial to, as in such a room there was a faro table, in another a hazard table, in a third a billiard table, to any one of which he was ready to conduct me. In Virginia there is scarcely a petty tavern without a billiard room, and this is always full of a set of idle, low-lived fellows, drinking spirits or playing cards, if not engaged at the table. Cock-fighting is also another favourite diversion. Many times I have been forced to proceed much farther in a day than I have wished, in order to avoid the scenes of rioting and quarrelling that I have met with at the taverns. Whenever these people come to blows they fight just like wild beasts, biting, kicking, and endeavouring to tear each other's eyes out with their nails.” After noticing other brutal practices, he adds; “Four or five



instances came within my own observation as I passed through Maryland and Virginia, of men being confined in their beds from the injuries they had received in a fight."

Truly the traveller among such savages was a bold man. Y 3

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**CHAP. XII.**

JAMES RIVER.—EARLY ENGLISH COLONISTS.—CAPTAIN SMITH.—DISMAL MORNING.—PLANTERS' HOUSES.—PICTURESQUE SCENERY.—AGRICULTURE.—HAMPTON ROADS,—NORFOLK.—NAVY YARD.—GOSPORT.—CROWDED STEAMER.—LEAVE FOR BALTIMORE.—STEAM UP CHESAPEAKE.—DREADFUL NIGHT.—BALTIMORE.—HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.—EXHIBITION.—MANUFACTURES.—AGRICULTURAL STATE FAIR.—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—FINE CITY.—LEAVE FOR PHILADELPHIA.—SCRAMBLE FOR SUPPER.—RUDE BEHAVIOUR.—PHILADELPHIA.—THE GIRARD HOUSE.—PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—STATE PENITENTIARY.—GIRARD COLLEGE.—JUDGE KANE.—PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.—FINE COLLECTIONS.—STATE-HOUSE.—TAME SQUIRRELS.—MINT.—WATER-WORKS.—FIRE COMPANIES.—FRANKLIN'S TOMB.—LEAVE FOR NEW YORK.

The James River possesses such deep historical interest with reference to the early colonisation of Virginia, that I resolved on making a trip down it to Norfolk, and taking the steamer from that town up the Chesapeake to Baltimore. The early history of Virginia is, indeed, that of the establishment of British colonies in North America. Romantic memories 327 of Raleigh, Elizabeth, and Pocahontas, are associated with it. Maritime expeditions and colonisation were the favourite undertakings and projects of the adventurous spirits of the Old World at that period; and even when overtaken by the severest disasters, they were not disheartened or discomfited. Captain John Smith, the earliest historian of Virginia, whose life and adventures are among the most entertaining and extraordinary on

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record\* , relates that when the stores in James Town (which was founded in 1607), were demolished by legions of rats, the colonists remained in their little Y 4

\* How greatly Smith was indebted to the daughter of King Powhatan may be seen in all histories of Virginia. But the gallant adventurer was evidently a favourite among the fair sex. In the dedication of his curious book to the Duchess of Richmond, he says: "Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and virtuous *ladies*, and comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers: even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beautiful lady Tragabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable lady Callimata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of many extremities that blessed *Pokahontas*, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life. When I escaped the cruelties of pirates, and most furious storms, a long time alone in a small boat at sea, and driven ashore in France, the good lady Madam Chanoyes bountifully assisted me."

328 settlement subsisting on the wild fruits of the country. As usual in such cases, there were some among the little party who became dispirited and home-sick. These, whom Captain Smith styles "the drones," were thus addressed by their chief: "Fellow-soldiers, I did little think any so false to report, or to be so simple as to be perswaded, that I intend to starve you. Now if I find any more runners with the pinnace, let him assuredly look to arrive at the gallows." It is to be lamented that James Town, which, after struggling with many difficulties, became the chief seat of the Colonial Government from 1607 to 1698, eventually sank to ruin. Scarcely a trace remains of this cradle of the first English settlers.

The commencement of my trip down the James River was unpropitious. The boat, which runs on alternate days, started at half-past five, which involved getting up in the dark, at all times disagreeable. To add to my discomfort, torrents of rain descended, through which I drove in a leaky omnibus to the steamer; better off, however, than my luggage which was unprotected. It was still dark when we reached the river; but wet and wretched as everything was, I had a distinct remembrance of the loss of my *impedimenta* at

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Washington, and was careful 329 to see it on board. Presently, after much confusion, and just as dawn flecked the East, we started. There were about fifty passengers, principally men, most of whom left the boat at various landing-places down the river. This, near Richmond, is about three hundred yards broad, very sinuous, and bounded by wooded banks. Some miles below, planters' houses appear a short way from the river. These are very old. The greater portion are built of bricks imported from England, and have the appearance of French chateaux. Time seems to have made few inroads on these quaint old residences. The occupants, like their forefathers, are surrounded by slaves, and derive nearly all they require for the wants of life from their estates.

As the morning advanced the weather improved, and towards noon the sun burst through a bank of storm clouds, which, drifting to the East, revealed the blue sky. Thus favoured, the sail down the river was very pleasing. The windings relieved the scene from monotony. Picturesque craft with snow-white sails were met or frequently passed, and noble pines wreathed by wild vines occasionally fringed the banks. The soil, which is principally sandy, is very favourable to the growth of these trees. Wheat is not much grown, but Indian corn, oats, potatoes, 330 sweet potatoes, tobacco, and rice in the swampy ground near Norfolk, are cultivated.

The orchards yield an abundance of fruits, including peaches, almonds, and pomegranates. The peaches, however, if I may judge by the specimens on board the steamer, are neither large nor high-flavoured. In the afternoon we arrived abreast James Town, which is undistinguishable from the surrounding waste. Here the river is very wide and deep, admitting the passage of the largest vessels. Twenty miles below we steamed into a lake-like expanse of water called Hampton Roads, which communicates with Chesapeake Bay. Passing in sight of this, we steered to the west for Elizabeth River, eight miles from the mouth of which Norfolk is situated. The Baltimore steamer was waiting for us, so we ran alongside of her in the commodious harbour. She was crammed with passengers proceeding to the Baltimore fair, but as there was no other mode of reaching that city, I was obliged to put up with the inconvenience of voyaging in a ship

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already crowded to a degree scarcely affording standing-room. During the few minutes that elapsed before we started, I had time to take a rapid survey of the navy-yard, called Gosport, opposite which is Haslar Hospital. The only ship of 331 war in the harbour was the *Pennsylvania*, one of the largest men-of-war when built, but now far surpassed in size by our first-class ships. Neither the dockyard or port showed any signs of activity. The trade of Norfolk, notwithstanding the excellence of its harbour, is very limited. As the sun was setting, we steamed out into Chesapeake Bay. Fortunately the sea was perfectly smooth, otherwise the effects would have been disastrous, for we were packed like pigs on the decks, in the cabins, and in every available stowing-place. The ship, which was not large, made up a hundred berths, and as the passengers were six times as numerous, the majority had to lie on the floor. I was among this party, and experienced the inconvenience which frequently results to male invalids, whose fate compels them to travel, from the extraordinary deference paid to lady passengers. Being extremely unwell, I requested at ten o'clock to be allowed to have a mattress placed on the floor of the gentlemen's saloon, which was to be appropriated for sleeping purposes. But I was informed this could not be done until all the ladies had retired to bed, for though they had a saloon and sleeping-cabin for their especial use, it was alleged that they might fancy to visit the gentlemen's cabin before going to bed. I was obliged to lie on the floor of the main cabin in the bowels of the ship, where amidst some 200 persons, I passed a night, the remembrance of which fills me with horror. The heat was fearful, but the odours of tobacco juice and liquors were worse. All through the night noisy men, hot with drink, reeled into the cabin, and at early dawn an imploring cry went round for bitters, which was drunk by almost every person in the cabin. As soon as I could grope my way out, I left the pestilential den, and hastened to the upper deck, from whence I was delighted to see the spires and high buildings of Baltimore. We had made great progress. The distance from Norfolk to Baltimore is 200 miles, which we ran in less than twelve hours. The approach to the city is picturesque; a forest of shipping covered the spacious harbour, comprising every species of craft, from the noble Baltimore clipper, to the spruce and gaily painted fishing boats, which were spreading their sails and skimming rapidly over the waters, flashing under the

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morning sun. Seen from a distance, Baltimore has considerable claim to be called "the monumental city," for it bristles with spires, towers, and columns.

Our landing was a scene of great confusion, terminating, as far as I was concerned, in being 333 driven, with some dozen fellow-passengers, to Barnum's Hotel, for which we were charged a dollar each. Here, however, we plunged into even greater chaos. The large hall of this large hotel was thronged by hundreds of people, striving to inscribe their names in the bar-book. Finding that every room in the house was already occupied, I took no part in this struggle; preferring rather the luxury of a warm bath, which was particularly refreshing after the wretched night I had spent. This, and an excellent breakfast, to which I sat down in company with about 500 persons, gave me renewed strength for sight-seeing duties. The resources of American hotels are really wonderful. Sleeping accommodation has its limits, but the wealth of the culinary department seems to be boundless. No accession of visitors, be they ever so numerous, exhausts the supplies. I remember during one of my continental rambles, encountering the King of Prussia at an hotel, and being told that in consequence of the royal visit having exhausted the commissariat department, I could not be provided with dinner. Not all the potentates of Europe, including their suites, would, I believe, have such an unfortunate effect on the resources of an American hotel.

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Baltimore is unquestionably a very handsome city. The streets are wide, lined by good houses, well built and finished with great elegance. The doors are mostly painted a light colour, and provided with silver plated knockers, and cut-glass handles; white marble steps are common. Elegant iron balustrades, surmounted by silver plated knobs, extend in front of the houses, which are generally shaded by large magnolias, Virginian creepers, or sumachs. After ascending the Washington Column, from the summit of which I made intimate acquaintance with the city, I visited the Maryland Fair at the rooms of the Maryland Institute. Here were exhibited a vast variety of specimens of the manufactures of

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the State, showing a high degree of perfection. I was particularly struck with the excellence of the leather manufactures.

Maryland is also celebrated for its woollen goods, of which I here saw several specimens. The finest doe-skins and cassimeres equal those produced in Europe. Coarse woollen cloths made by the prisoners in the State penitentiaries were exhibited. These are in great demand; the lowest class of prisoners earn 2 s. 10 d. per day by the weaving of them.

I noticed various descriptions of garments sewn by machinery; among these were shirts, and I 335 heard that one woman with a sewing machine can do as much work as fifteen hand sewers.

In the department of Art the exhibition was less satisfactory: with the exception of a series of very interesting and well-painted portraits of Indian chiefs, exhibited by the Smithsonian Institution, the pictures were poor.

From this exhibition I went to the Agricultural Fair, held in picturesque grounds about two miles from the city. The number and variety of agricultural implements was extraordinary: I counted upwards of twenty descriptions of ploughs. In one manufactory near the city, eight machines are employed on the wood-work of a plough. The price of these implements varies from two and a half to seven dollars. I observed many varieties of corn mills driven by steam, horse, and hand power: sawing machines of all sizes were also very common. Among the novelties for economising labour, was a machine for picking up stones, consisting of a moveable rake, with semi-circular fingers, which gathers all the stones in its path. These are taken up by teeth fixed in a drum, and dropped into a hopper, from which they fall into a receptacle placed to receive them. The machine can be made to pick up apples, potatoes, or any article even as small as a nut.

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The horses, oxen, pigs, and sheep would have done honour to our Baker Street show. The horses harnessed to racing buggies were driven round a large circle at great speed. The

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scene was altogether extremely animated, and derived additional interest from the mixed nature of the visitors; many of whom were farmers from distant parts of the State and were attired in the costume of their forefathers. Among the male portion—not excluding boys—tobacco-chewing was universal. It was curious to witness the continual working of jaws as if impelled by machinery. Tobacco-chewing in America, like cigar-smoking in England, seems, among certain classes, to be the test of manhood. “What the—do you mean,” said a stripling to a judge in the United States, “by calling me a boy,—I’ve chawed these two years.”

Baltimore enjoys an enviable reputation for the beauty of its female population. “A Baltimore beauty” is a proverbial, and I am bound to admit not unjust expression; at least I saw many very pretty girls, who would have done themselves greater justice if they had paid a little more attention to the poet’s well-known hint concerning beauty unadorned.

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The love for gay colours is universal. Scarlet shawls and mantles, to judge by their number, are, or were, particularly fashionable, for there was scarcely a lady to be seen without one. These gaudy articles of dress are doubtless considered very attractive, but to my mind the faces of the wearers are more charming.

Having explored the city in all directions, for which a day is quite sufficient, I left by the six o’clock train for Philadelphia, where I hoped to get a bed, which seemed very doubtful at Baltimore. The train was greatly crowded by holiday people returning from the exhibitions. On arriving at the Susquehannah we were transferred to a gigantic ferry-boat fitted up like the saloon of an hotel. Into this a terrific rush was made. Proceeding more leisurely I found the object of attraction was supper laid out on long tables running down the cabin. After two or three ineffectual efforts, I contrived to find narrow standing-room at a table. Although I had not lost much time, I was nevertheless too late for the first course, as nothing was left but one piece of bread on a dish before me. Hoping for some addition to this dry fare, I took the bread and placed it on my plate, from which, however, it was

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almost immediately removed by my neighbour, who, having Z 338 succeeded in getting hold of a fresh portion of meat, took this summary mode of helping himself to bread. I trust I shall stand in some degree excused when I confess that this outrage, committed by a man who, being a blackguard, had the outward semblance of a gentleman, caused me to lose my temper in a manner that I thought must have brought me into trouble. But though I abused the fellow in words which shall not sully these pages, he coolly went on eating, and doubtless thought he had the best of the transaction. This, and on another occasion, when, as I was sitting down to dinner on a railway journey, a brute popped his reeking tobacco-quid on my plate instead of depositing it on the table, making no apology, were, I am happy to say, my only experiences of rudeness during the whole of my tour in the United States.

Weary and hungry, I hailed the lights of Philadelphia with great satisfaction, and the comforts of the excellent Girard House, where I was so fortunate as to meet some English friends with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, soon made amends for my previous little miseries. When suffering under these inflictions, it is well to remember that “travelling is a state of great pleasure mixed with great annoyance,” and as Sterne philosophically observes, 339 “There must be *ups* and *downs* , or how the deuce should we get into valleys, where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment.”

Probably there is no city in the United States more American than Philadelphia; for, with the exception of one very little short cut, describing the hypothenuse of a triangle near the Exchange, all the thoroughfares are rectangular. The monotony of this arrangement is in some measure broken by the avenues of trees which line many of the streets, and cast a grateful shade over the side-walks. This is the more welcome as Philadelphia is said to be the hottest city in the States. At the time of my visit, October 5, the heat had subsided, and the temperature was agreeable; but I heard from many persons that during the months of August and September the thermometer had reached 100° in the shade. It is probable that Penn was influenced by meteorological considerations when he wisely planned his city



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with narrow streets, for the reverse, during summer in a hot climate, renders a town almost uninhabitable.

Apart from its interests as the second commercial city in the States, Philadelphia possesses strong claims in an historical point of view upon the traveller's attention. It requires no great stretch of Z 2 340 imagination to picture the great and good William Penn founding the capital of his territory, not acquired by the sacrifice of innocent lives, but by strict and impartial justice, and which, by a happy train of events, became the birthplace of that great world-lesson, American Independence. Its situation is admirably adapted for a vast commercial emporium. Placed between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, it has, though upwards of one hundred miles from the Atlantic, the advantage of a tidal navigation\*, admitting the largest ships to its capacious wharves. A large fleet of steam-boats link it with every port, and a net-work of railways carries its commerce to the far West. It requires less time to go now to Europe, or the most distant parts of the States, than it did in Franklin's days to reach Newport. When he kept the Post Office in Market Street he issued this advertisement: "Notice is hereby given, that Henry Pratt is appointed

\* My brother relates that when he was in Philadelphia, a young Indian chief happened to be there. The shipping greatly excited his admiration, but he was much more astonished by seeing the river flow two different ways at different hours. "Ah," said he, "if the Great Spirit would make the Ohio run two ways for us, we should very often pay you a visit at Pittsburg."

341 riding-postman for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport. He sets out on the first of each month, and returns in twenty-four days."

The stores are the great wonders of modern Philadelphia. Not only are they of gigantic dimensions, but they are also built with great solidity and elegance. I visited some of these establishments, and was really amazed by their immense extent. The great book-store of Messrs. Lippincott & Co. is particularly interesting, as illustrating the wholesale nature of

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American commercial enterprise. Here the traders in books may be supplied with all kinds of intellectual wares, just as a draper furnishes his shop from a Manchester warehouse.

As the public schools were closed when I was at Boston, I took advantage of those at Philadelphia being open to visit them. To understand the American public system of education properly, it is necessary to begin at the lowest stage of instruction, and visit the superior schools in succession. The grades are—primary, secondary, grammar, normal, and high schools. The precocity of the children in the primary schools is remarkable; boys and girls in years, but in appearance and smartness, dwarfed men and women. On a question being asked, dozens of tiny hands were energetically outstretched, Z 3 342 expressing ability to answer. The teachers in the primary as also in the secondary and grammar schools are young women, who are very generally employed on this occupation, and are found very efficient instructors. The preponderance of female over male teachers is shown by the fact that in 1853 there were in Philadelphia 760 females to 80 male teachers.

The grammar schools exhibited very satisfactory results.

In the normal school, which was established in 1848, I saw 280 girls, young ladies rather, for they were about eighteen years of age, undergoing instruction from professors, with the view of qualifying for teachers. There are always many more applicants for admission to this school than vacancies. The official report states:—"From the care that is manifested in the examination of candidates for admission into the school, and the tests of capacity, character, and scholarship, to which they are required to submit, it is next to impossible for any one to gain admission who is not calculated to become a teacher of good standing, and be a credit to the school. Every applicant for admission is required to be at least fifteen years of age, and to exhibit proficiency in Orthography, Definition of Words, 343 Reading, English Grammar, History of the United States, Geography, Arithmetic, and Penmanship, and to declare their intention to pursue the business of teaching in the Public Schools of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The length of time occupied in the whole

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course, is usually two years, much depending as to time on the attainment of the pupils before admission, and their industry and perseverance afterwards. Some pupils have completed the course in one year, while a few have occupied three years; the first part of the course is appropriated principally to the subjects of instruction in the grammar schools. During the second part of the course, instruction is given in the science and practice of teaching general History of the World, Ancient Geography, Exercises in Composition, Logic, Drawing, Music, Elements of Astronomy, Elements of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Geometry, and School Government."

This, it must be confessed, is a comprehensive course, and all is gratuitous. The majority of those in the school were evidently of a superior class; many in their dress and demeanour polished ladies. The report truly observes, "Who can calculate the mighty influence yet to be exerted through the Z 4 344 instrumentality of normal schools for the education of female teachers."

The high or superior schools receive the *élite* pupils of the grammar schools, to whom a college education is given, and degrees of bachelors and masters of arts conferred. "The course is four years, and instruction is given in the Classics, French, Spanish, and the higher Mathematics, Logic, Elocution, and Philosophy in all its branches; Chemistry, Navigation, and Phonetics." There were 620 students on the books of this establishment, instructed by twelve professors and three assistants. At the request of a professor, I gave a subject to the composition class, "Washington at Mount Vernon." In half an hour about fifty essays were written. Those examined were highly creditable performances.

The total number of schools in operation in the city in 1853 was 286, comprising 25,836 male, and 24,249 female scholars. These were taught by 840 teachers. During the year, 411,303 dollars were expended for educational purposes, of which 223,305 dollars were paid to teachers. The average annual cost per pupil in all the schools was 7.16 dollars; in the normal school, 10.68, and in the high school, 32.97.

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It is delightful to find that in this great self-imposed national task of education, the ministers of all sects are found zealously co-operating. Professor Draper observes, in his address to the alumni of New York, in 1854, "Education is greatly indebted to the clergy of the United States for its advancement. Go where you will, from the oldest to the most recently settled States, you will find a clergyman at the beginning of every educational institution. The debt of gratitude we owe them is great indeed."

Having completed my examination of the schools, in all of which I received the greatest attention and courtesy, I went to the Eastern State Penitentiary, one of the largest establishments for the punishment and reform of criminals in the Union. At the time of my visit there were 293 convicts in the prison. These, though nominally undergoing solitary confinement, are allowed to see visitors. Their cells are also provided with more articles of furniture than those in our model prisons; and the dreary monotony of the narrow cage is greatly alleviated by a small garden, to which the prisoner has free access, and where a few plants and the sight of the sky and sunshine, bring him a little into communion with nature. This comparatively mild discipline, has 346 been found to answer the most sanguine expectation. In the report of the inspectors for 1854, they say:—"It is believed the time has passed when further argument is necessary to support the separate system, as now administered in Pennsylvania. For almost a quarter of a century this penitentiary has been in active operation. As year after year has afforded new experience as to the proper application of the principles on which the system rests, efforts have been made practically to adapt them to the improvement in its administration. From its earliest history to the present period, our system has most favourably compared with any other in operation. The inspectors have therefore only to remark that confirmation has followed conviction of the truth of their views, and, as facts sustain them, theory is left to harmless combat with theory."

The prisoners work in their cells; those ignorant of trades are taught some description of handicraft. Those who can read and write are provided with suitable works, and those

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who cannot read are taught the rudiments of education. The punishment for offences against the prison regulations is confinement in a dark cell and diminution of food. Out of 400 prisoners confined in 1853, only 13 underwent punishments of this nature. I made particular 347 inquiries respecting the number of prisoners whose minds have sunk under confinement; since the prison was opened in 1829, among 3089 convicts only 8 cases of hopeless lunacy have occurred, which is a very small proportion of the total number of prisoners.

Among the convictions, those under the general heads of forgery and passing counterfeit money are more numerous than any other class of crime.

Not far from the penitentiary stands Girard College, a noble and handsome monument of the wealth and philanthropy of its founder, Stephen Girard, who, from the humble beginning of a French sailor, accumulated an enormous fortune, two million dollars of which he left to build and endow a college bearing his name, for the support of three hundred orphan boys, who are fed, clothed, and educated so as to fit them for situations in life. Not being myself "an ecclesiastical missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever," to whom admittance to the college is forbidden by Girard's will, I was allowed free permission, though it was not a public day, to go over the establishment. An admirable statue of Girard, representing him as he was known in the streets of Philadelphia, stands in the entrance hall. 348 After seeing the interior, including the three hundred boys at dinner, whose happy looks reflected the kindness of their benefactor, I ascended to the summit of the building for the double purpose of seeing the fine view from this elevation, and the construction of the roof; this is composed of enormous marble slabs, set like tiles, the aggregate weight of which is 1000 tons.

Among those in Philadelphia pleasantly and gratefully remembered for their kindness and hospitality, I cannot forbear naming Judge Kane, father of the gallant Lieut. Kane, who has made a European as well as American reputation, by his chivalrous zeal and labours in connection with Arctic enterprise and the search for Sir John Franklin. I spent an evening

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with Judge Kane and his family, where I had the pleasure of seeing several sketches and drawings by his son, some of which have been engraved in his interesting work, *The Grinnell Expedition*.

Judge Kane introduced me to an evening meeting of the Philosophical Society, which holds high rank among American scientific institutions. The library contains numerous letters and other memorials of Franklin, who founded the society, and was its 349 president as long as he lived.\* The suggestion for the formation of this society was contained in a paper dated May 14, 1793, entitled, a Proposal for promoting Useful Knowledge among the British Plantations in America. After alluding to the difficulty then existing of free communication of thoughts among men devoted to philosophical pursuits, in consequence of the want of a common place of meeting, Franklin says, "To remedy this inconvenience for the future, it is proposed that a society be formed of *virtuosi* , or ingenious men, residing in the several colonies, to be called *The American Philosophical Society* , who are to maintain a constant correspondence; and that Philadelphia, being the city nearest the centre of the continental colonies, communicating with all of them northward and southward by post, and with all the islands by sea, and having the advantage of a good growing library, be the centre of the society." He then enumerates the

\* I was considerably surprised on going the following day, to look over the society's rooms, to find its hall occupied by a court of law. On inquiry I was informed the society's apartments were occasionally lent for this purpose, an arrangement by which Government saves the cost of erecting additional law courts. I think the Fellows of the Royal Society would be astonished to find their meeting-room tenanted by judge, jury, and barristers.

350 various subjects that should engage the attention of the proposed institution; and when it was established, he became a constant contributor to the society's transactions.

The scientific fame of this philosopher is further perpetuated at Philadelphia by the "Franklin Institute," where, among other objects of interest, Franklin's original electrical apparatus, with which he performed his experiments, is preserved. A standing committee

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of members of this institute exists for the purpose of inquiring into and reporting on the causes of steam-boiler explosions. When an accident of this nature occurs, the committee, if possible, examine the boiler and locality of the explosion, and as such accidents are not uncommon, the members of the committee must have rather active employment. Drawing-schools are attached to the Franklin Institute, where instruction is given on the terms of five dollars per quarter.

The naturalist must not omit visiting the Academy of Natural Sciences, where he will find a very complete and highly interesting collection of American birds. Founded in 1812, by a few zealous men of science, the academy now possesses very extensive collections, particularly in ornithology, ichthyology, herpetology, and other departments of natural history. 351 A large building, unfortunately remarkable only for its want of taste, has recently been erected to contain the collections, which are rendered very accessible to the student. The academy observe:—"It is our pleasure to hope we shall be cheered on in our course, till the museum shall become an epitome of all created things, so fully displayed, that the student may resort to it with a certainty of learning what has been ascertained in the world of nature."

Among the ornithological specimens are included the rare and interesting birds, amounting to 2000, from which the drawings were made for Mr. Gould's splendid work "The Birds of Australia." The entire collection of birds amounts to 27,000 specimens. In the department of ethnography, the academy is particularly rich, possessing the large collection of crania, 918 in number, formed by the late Dr. Morton. This collection is one of the most remarkable in existence. It contains crania illustrative of 22 varieties of the Caucasian race, 69 of the aboriginal American race, besides many other mixed races. When it is considered that this excellent institution is supported entirely by donations and the annual contributions of its members, great merit is certainly due to those who have brought it to its high state of efficiency.

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Numerous as are the buildings of which the Philadelphians are proud, there is one of comparatively ancient date, far more precious to them than all others. This is the State House, a plain brick structure of true republican mould, in which, on the 4th July, 1776, the celebrated Declaration of Independence was signed. The room where this solemn act was performed is preserved in its original condition. It is open to all comers. Within a railing stands a wooden statue of Washington. Near it is a solid leather-covered chair, on which sat sturdy John Hancock, when he signed the Declaration with iron-nerved energy. A portion of the steps on which stood the Secretary of Congress when he read the stirring and momentous words to the people in front of the building, and the bell, now cracked, which rang out the great fact to the citizens, are preserved in the same room. Portraits of Penn and Lafayette, of sorry execution, are suspended on the walls. The building, with the exception of this room, is devoted to courts of law, which occupy narrow and mean apartments, unfitting the dignity of great judicial proceedings. Behind the State House, a large open place, called Independence Square, is planted with trees sufficiently old to have shaded the revolutionary heroes. On my way to the Mint, I passed through another 353 square bearing the name of Washington. Here the fashionable world of Philadelphia may be seen, for it must not be imagined the “Quaker City” is destitute of these butterflies of society. Indeed, remembering who were the founders of Philadelphia, it is remarkable how few quakers are visible in the streets. Pausing in Washington Square for a few minutes on a seat beneath a spreading locust-tree, I was surprised to find myself in a moment surrounded by a company of squirrels, which after sundry gambollings and friskings came to rest at my feet, while some still tamer climbed on my knees.\* The familiarity was soon explained. Within a short distance a lady was feeding a number of these pretty animals, and others were receiving food from parties in more distant parts of the square. On inquiry I was in A A

\* It appears that the Pennsylvanians have long been fond of tame squirrels Kalm, who visited them in 1748, says:—“I have seen squirrels in Pennsylvania tamed so far, that they would follow the boys into the woods and run about everywhere, and when tired would sit



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on their shoulders. Sometimes they only ran a little way into the wood, and then returned home again to the little hole that had been fitted up for them. They sometimes would leap upon strangers' clothes, and lie still on them in order to sleep. In the farm-houses where they were kept, they played with cats and dogs.”— *Travels*, vol. i. p. 314.

354 formed these squirrels are carefully protected by the citizens, who frequently turn aside from the busy streets to look at the gambols of their little favourites.

The Mint in Philadelphia is the head establishment for coining specie for the United States. “It is lawful for any person to bring to the Mint gold or silver bullion to be coined; and the bullion so brought is there assayed and coined, as speedily as may be; and, if of the standard of the United States, free of expense to the person by whom it has been brought.” The machinery in this establishment is extremely beautiful, but the artistic execution of the dies is poor. A great portion of the light work, such as charging the presses with blanks, &c., is performed by girls. The coinage during 1853 was very large, amounting to 7,842,169 gold, 61,871,068 silver, and 6,770,825 copper pieces, representing a total value of 64,358,537 dollars. It is well known that the salaries of civil officers in the States holding situations of great labour and trust are very small. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the chief United States Mint, the director of which receives only 700 *l.* a-year.

I went early one morning to see the celebrated Fairmount water-works,—earlier than I proposed,— 355 but the uproar in the hotel, from a fraternising demonstration between a Baltimore and Philadelphia fire company, terminated my slumbers sooner than was agreeable. The interchange of visits between fire companies in various towns is a peculiar feature of America. The companies entertain each other, during which all kinds of amusements prevail. It is usual on these occasions to walk through the cities and towns preceded by a band, which sometimes does not confine its brassy harmony to the streets.

On my way to the water-works, I passed through the more modern portion of Philadelphia, which stretches as far as the Schuylkill, where Twenty-fourth street is reached. The

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stranger will do well to remember, that the principal streets, which run at right angles to the rivers, are named after different trees. There is a local distich—

“Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine, Cedar, Cherry, Plum, and Vine,”

denoting leading avenues parallel to each other. Beyond the river the city, under the name of West Philadelphia, recommences, and is fast overspreading the country. Thanks to the general use of anthracite coal, the houses, with their plate-glass windows, A A 2 356 and white marble steps, are unstained by smoke; and other impurities are daily removed by copious washings, which have the additional advantage of cooling the air. A water-pipe terminates under the trottoir opposite each house; thus, by merely attaching a hose, and turning on the water, which is at high pressure, a copious stream may be thrown on any part of the premises.

The water-works are very simple. Immediately above them the entire breadth of the Schuylkill is crossed by a dam 1600 feet long. Powerful hydraulic machinery is set in motion, which raises 8000 gallons of water per minute to reservoirs 100 feet high, occupying an area of six acres, from whence, after being filtered, it is distributed by cast-iron pipes through the city. Advantage has been taken of the picturesque situation of Fairmount to lay it out in pleasure-grounds, adorned by statues and fountains,—a favourite resort of the citizens in the summer evenings.

My final pilgrimage in Philadelphia was to the grave of Franklin, in the cemetery of Christ Church, the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in the city. A plain slab covers the remains of this great man and his wife, bearing the simple inscription:—

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BENJAMIN and DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

1790.

Franklin, as is well known, wrote a very humorous epitaph on himself; but the discretion must be commended which substituted the above plain record for light and jesting words, which are out of place on the threshold of eternity.

I was so much pleased with Philadelphia, that I regretted my waning vacation necessarily made my sojourn there very brief. The magnificence of the buildings, composed of beautiful marbles,—the splendid interiors of the houses of the wealthy classes,—the elegance and refinement of their occupants contrasting curiously with the stern simplicity of Penn and his immediate successors,—render it a most charming and desirable residence.

I left the flourishing city by the New Jersey railway, and four hours after my departure, stepped on the crowded New York landing-wharf from the Jersey city steam-ferry. A A 3

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### **CHAP. XIII.**

THE SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL.—CONDUCT OF ITS GUESTS.—TRIAL OF DR. GRAHAM.—DELMONICO'S HOTEL.—HOW TO SEE NEW YORK.—THE HUDSON.—GREAT HOSPITALITY.—MR. GRINNELL.—COMMERCIAL QUARTER OF NEW YORK.—ITS PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES.—BROADWAY.—FASHION.—SPLENDID MANSIONS.—REPUBLICAN LUXURY.—ARISTOCRATIC DESIRES.—ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI.—LOVE FOR TITLES.—FRANKLIN'S COAT OF ARMS.—JEFFERSON'S PREDICTION.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—BARNUM'S SPEECH.—RAILWAY OMNIBUSES.—CROTON RESERVOIR.—ASTOR LIBRARY.—NEW OPERA HOUSE.—GRISI AND MARIO.—NEW YORK CRITICISM.—METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—SUPPER ROOMS.—DEFERENCE PAID TO LADIES.—BAR-ROOMS.—ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—VOLUNTEER AND MILITIA CORPS.—RECRUITING SERVICE.—PAY OF ARMY.—NAVY.—EMIGRANTS.—AMERICAN PARTY MANIFESTO.—STATEN ISLAND.—FAREWELL IMPRESSIONS.—JOURNEY

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TO BOSTON.—MR. TICKNOR.—LOSS OF ARCTIC.—DEPARTURE.—FUNERAL AT SEA.—ARRIVE AT LIVERPOOL.—CONCLUSION.

“Be sure,” said all my friends, “to go to the St. Nicholas Hotel at New York.” Without casting any reflections on the accommodations of that magnificent hotel, which I believe are excellent, I resolved before entering New York not to follow this advice, because the said hotel had recently acquired disagreeable notoriety, by a New Orleans physician of large practice killing a fellow guest in the house, and by an outrage perpetrated by another Southerner on a friend of mine, who, with no further provocation than merely looking at him, had practical evidence of fiery southern blood, by receiving an ugly blow from a fork, which was hurled at his face across the public dinner table. The ruffian who committed this outrage was of course quickly taken out of the room; not, however, before he gave expression to horrible imprecations, to which anxious desires for a pistol or bowie-knife were added.

During the summer months, when these events occurred, the large hotels in New York are thronged by Southerners, who not unfrequently exhibit a little outbreak of manners, more characteristic of society in the Southern than in the Northern States. On the trial of Doctor Graham for killing Col. Loring in the St. Nicholas Hotel, to which I have alluded, it came out in evidence, that he was in the habit of leaving New Orleans annually for what he called “a spree,” on which occasions he carried a sword-cane, with which he killed Col. Loring. The trial took place while I was in New York, and although the evidence was such as in my opinion ought to have convicted Dr. Graham of murder, he was only found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, to which the punishment of imprisonment for four years is attached.

It will be seen, however, by the following extract from the judge's charge, that a human being may be killed in the United States with an impunity which the English law does not recognise. “Killing,” said Judge Mitchell, “is excusable when committed, first, by accident and misfortune; second, in the heat of passion; third, upon a sudden combat; fourth,

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without any undue advantages being taken; fifth, without any dangerous weapon being used; sixth, and not done in a cruel and unusual manner.”

The reader is now in possession of my reasons for not going to the St. Nicholas Hotel; for although the founders of New Amsterdam swore by that saint, under whose benign influence and protection their settlement increased in magnitude and prosperity, I had no reason to believe that the guests of the aforesaid hotel were equally protected. So I went to Delmonico's, near the lower end of Broadway,—an excellent house, kept on the English system of charging only for the meals eaten. Having secured a room, for which I paid a dollar per day, I made a general acquaintance with New York, by walking up Broadway, until I exchanged the crashing bustle and 361 tumult of the business portion of the city for the stillness of untenanted streets. Thanks to the singular formation of the ground on which New York is built, which confines it in breadth to an average space of two miles, allowing extension only in a longitudinal direction, the city may be soon seen. Take an omnibus up Broadway, continue your explorations to the Croton reservoir, return by Fifth Avenue; sweep round the south-east portion of the city, taking care not to be annihilated by boxes, bales, and packages flung recklessly about in the vicinity of the stores; pause at the Battery, beneath the trees; ascend the spire of Trinity Church; and terminate your exploration by a ramble among the wharves crowded by throbbing steamers, departing or arriving from the North River, Jersey City, and Hoboken: all this may be done in three or four hours. And, though the New Yorkers doubtless consider their great and flourishing city requires and merits a much larger portion of the tourist's time, I am bound to declare it may be well seen and understood in the course of a morning, particularly if the ascent of Trinity Church be included in the programme I have sketched. The fact is, there are very few public buildings in New York to arrest attention. The tourist *blasé* by church, palace, and picture sights, 362 will rejoice at this fact. But though New York may be “done” in a few hours, I do not advise so summary a dismissal of that great city. I spent three days in it, and all my time was pleasantly occupied.

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A trip up the Hudson is of course a duty on the part of the English tourist, and its performance will be remembered with much pleasure. The scenery of this river has been so frequently described, that I feel it would be superfluous to add to its praises. Americans are very solicitous to obtain assent to their assertion, that the beauty of the Hudson exceeds that of the Rhine.

Both rivers mirror lovely scenery on their broad breasts, but the castled crags overlooking the Rhine, with their charming lichen hues crown that river, in my opinion, with superior beauty.

I know that many Americans consider the white villas on the Hudson, with their cockney architecture, far more eye-pleasing than crumbling towers. To this I can only reply, tastes differ; and I for one would rather see the Hudson as it was when the "gallant squadron of Pavonia" ascended its waters. Then says their own Washington Irving, "No signs of human thrift appeared to check the delicious wildness of nature, who here revelled in all her luxuriant variety. Those hills now bristling like 363 the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars, (vain, upstart plants! minions of wealth and fashion!) were then adorned with the vigorous natives of the soil. The lordly oak, the generous chestnut, the graceful elm; while here and there the tulip tree reared his majestic head, the giant of the forest; where now are seen the gay retreats of luxury, villas half buried in twilight bowers, whence the amorous flute oft breathes the sighings of some city swain; there the fish-hawk built his solitary nest on some dry tree that overlooked his watery domain. The timid deer fed undisturbed along those shores, now hallowed by the lover's moonlight walk, and printed by the slender foot of beauty; and a savage solitude extended over those happy regions where now are reared the stately towers of the Joneses."

Had I not seen the wonderful steam-boats on Lake Erie, I should have been amazed by the size of those on the Hudson. The great boats on that river, sixteen to a mile, steam at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. They are incited to outdo all former go-ahead performances, by the opposition of the Albany and New York Railway, which runs along

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the east bank of the river, frequently within sight of the most beautiful scenery. I returned to New York by this line.

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As elsewhere, I was indebted to the great kindness and hospitality of warm, though new friends, for many pleasant hours in New York. I had the happiness of making Mr. Grinnell's acquaintance, who is known wherever the sad story of the Franklin expedition has penetrated, for his munificent endeavour to rescue our gallant countrymen. Mr. Grinnell's retiring modesty harmonises with his actions, in which the reputation of others has always been more considered than his own. He was so kind as to introduce me to the Exchange, and point out many of the notabilities in the commercial part of New York, where stock and other jobbing have reared altars to mammon. The fiery fever of speculation—a besetting sin of all great cities—rages in New York. At the time of my visit, many failures had taken place in consequence of over and unsound trading, and Wall Street was in dismay at the gloomy prospect of no dividends. It is said New York merchants toil in their stores to sleep in palaces. The ceaseless bustle in the business part of the city in some measure confirms this. Within and without the vast stores a continual ebbing and flowing of goods goes on from early morn till eve, and stately ships discharge their varied cargoes on the crowded wharves. The tortuous nature of the business streets contrasts 365 curiously with the general formal plan of the city. This arises from the circumstance that the founders of “New Amsterdam” built without any settled design. “The sage council,” says the immortal Knickerbocker, “not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city; the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their particular charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.”

Emerging from these commercial purlieus, which would be greatly improved by a few judicious police regulations, we entered Broadway. The throng of people and vehicles in this great artery is only paralleled by the Strand or Cheapside, which notable streets it

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somewhat resembles in width, for it would be more appropriate to call it Longway, as it is much more remarkable for its length than breadth.

The variety of characters streaming through this channel is very striking. Our Regent Street and City blend. But the commercial portion of the community hurry along with a rapidity unknown in 366 Cheapside, and the ladies dress in a manner which would attract considerable attention at the West End of London. Glaring colours prevail, and harmony is set at defiance. Every article of dress is of a different colour. Pink bonnets, green robes, yellow gloves, and blue silk boots, are not uncommon phenomena. The best time for seeing Broadway in all its feminine glory is on Sundays when the churches and chapels pour forth their motley congregations. A few years ago Trinity Church was a fashionable place of worship. Now, the fashionable world must be sought higher up the town; for as commerce engrosses the streets in the neighbourhood of the Park, wealth and fashion seek more distant localities. The New York belle will not, therefore, be seen in Trinity Church. I attended service in that building, and during my walk at the conclusion of service, I was much struck by the more dashing dresses and style of the women as I advanced up Broadway. The answer of a New York girl to a friend who asked her to go to Trinity Church is well known: "I am not dressed for Trinity." So it is—as every church and chapel have their religions, so have they their standing in the New York world of fashion.

It would, I apprehend, be impossible to find a 367 greater contrast than the wealthy and poor quarters of the city. The mansions in the neighbourhood of the Fifth Avenue are of the most magnificent description; furnished regardless of cost. The power of wealth is here abundantly conspicuous. Every quarter of the globe has been subsidised to minister to the gratification of the merchant prince, who, despite his professions, is no longer the simple republican trader. Observe the equipages in Broadway. The majority bear coats of arms; strange devices for the most part, which would send *Garter*, *Rouge*, and *Dragon*, into fits. But they have their meaning. They show that wealth cannot and will not be satisfied by the mere accumulation of dollars. Rank is the coveted object. To claim kinship with an ancient and honourable English family is an American's great boast. He may rave as



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he will against monarchical and aristocratical institutions and families,—his worship of a lord and love of titles is greater than an Englishman's. New York abounds with shops where vanity may be fitted with coats of arms at small cost. The love for these things is not new. Seventy years ago Americans were lashed by Franklin and Jefferson for their desire to establish an order of hereditary knights, in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of 368 their country. It was then contemplated to found an order of the Cincinnati. “If people,” says Franklin, “can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them; but I greatly wonder, that when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of the Congress or of any particular state, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity from their fellow-citizens.”\* The Knighthood of Cincinnatus has no existence, but the spirit and desire for the order, or one of a similar nature, remain. And it is worthy of remark, that while Franklin was rebuking this love for worldly honours and distinction among his republican countrymen, he himself bore a coat of arms of which he made habitual use. Numerous letters, preserved in the archives of the Royal Society, written by Franklin to various scientific persons in Europe, are sealed with his arms. The crest, *a fish's head in pale, or, erased gules, between two sprigs vert*, is identical with that of the Lincolnshire Franklins. It further appears that Dr.

\* The order was so far established, that a person was despatched to France to procure ribands and medals to decorate the *Cincinnati*.

369 Franklin was at much pains to search out the history of his immediate ancestors. He traced them back four generations, and was gratified that the name of Franklin was anciently the common designation of families of substance in England. Talking one evening with an American lady not unknown among the English aristocracy, I happened to say that I wondered at her frequent allusions to English lords, ladies, and Sirs, as I thought such people were held in no greater respect by Americans than their fellows. Upon which the lady desired the servant to bring a certain “picture” from the library, which was placed in my hands. “There,” said she, drawing my attention to the design, which was an

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emblazoned coat of arms, appertaining to her husband's English ancestry, "this is the way we honour aristocracy in America." Titles as high-sounding and empty as those which puff up the vanity of Germans are already common, and it is not unreasonable to infer that with the growth of wealth the desire will increase to make their distinctions hereditary. Jefferson partly predicts this: writing to Washington, he says:—"Though the day may be at some distance, beyond the reach of our lives perhaps, yet it will certainly come, when a single fibre left of this institution (the order of the Cincinnati), will produce B B 370 an hereditary aristocracy, which will change the form of our government from the best to the worst in the world."

The admiration and desire for social distinctions is not confined to the man of wealth. A learned American Professor, describing his recent visit to London, when he attended a meeting of a scientific society in Somerset House, states that he was somewhat overpowered by the circumstance of his being in the ancient palace of English kings (which, by the way, the Professor was not, as Somerset House never was a royal palace). And more recently, a well-known New England savant has considerably startled English aristocratic propriety, by distributing among scientific societies a quarto volume, elaborately illustrated, and filled with glowing panegyrics of an ancient English family, to which he desires to be linked.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not blame Americans for these aristocratic propensities. To rise above our fellows is natural to humanity. Social equality is an impossibility; and without ambition a nation cannot become great. But knowing by experience how dearly aristocracy is prized by most Americans, it is not unreasonable to ask them to be more consistent; and whilst they paint their coach 371 panels with cunning devices, which would puzzle Garter himself to decipher; let them not, though secretly loving the pride of birth and long descent, openly revile English aristocracy.

An energetic attempt had been made a short time before I visited New York, to infuse new life into the Crystal Palace. It had been re-inaugurated, under the presidency of

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Mr. Barnum, when, as the report sets forth, surrounded by “bright faces of beauty and intelligence, shining amid the gay colours of the present fashion of ladies dresses,” the great showman delivered a wonderful speech, in which, after promising all conceivable and inconceivable benefits to those supporting the Exhibition, he added: “We hope to bring forth our new race of heroes —heroes in art—conquerors upon the battlefield of labour —victors in the sublime struggle of handicraft and intellect, with ignorance and inertia. We hope to make such heroes of you industrials, who listen to me, to immortalise *you* in the immortalisation of our age and nation. And if we cannot have you canonised in Notre Dame or St. Paul's, we shall find you a resting-place in the cathedral cloisters of the human heart, wherever genius may be known, or science may win a hopeful idolater.” B B 2 372 But neither Mr. Barnum's speech, nor the prize ode which commenced:—

“Lo! the transitory darkness From our palace floats away; Lo! the glorious gems of genius, Glitter in the rising day,”—

had any vivifying effect. The New York Crystal Palace was a commercial failure in the first instance, and continued a failure to the end of its career. It has not been, however, destitute of utility. The British commissioners appointed to visit it report,—“In its general character the Exhibition at New York may be said to be successful. The lessons conveyed in the contributions from Europe cannot, we believe, fail to exercise a beneficial influence over the taste, skill, and industry of the United States.”

Though I did not expect to be much gratified, I conceived it to be my duty to visit the Exhibition. It is situated in Reservoir Square, between the Sixth Avenue and the Croton distributing reservoir, four miles from the Battery. Forty-two streets, or blocks, occupy this space; but the city is fast growing to much more lengthy proportions, and already the one hundred and eightieth street is laid down on the plans. Railway omnibuses obviate some of the inconveniences arising from this rapid expansion, and 373 are delightful modes of locomotion. They consist of huge cars with roomy seats, drawn by two horses, and are of course devoid of that dislocatory motion, for which omnibuses generally are celebrated.

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I was informed, however, that the rails running along the streets are a great inconvenience to carriages and horses. I availed myself of one of these railway omnibuses to go to the Crystal Palace. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome 100 feet in diameter. The materials employed to construct it, show its relationship to our first Crystal Palace at Hyde Park. On entering I beheld a huge mountain-like object swelling beneath the dome. It proved to be a balloon in a semi-collapsed state, typical of the fortunes of the Exhibition. The objects on view were principally of American manufacture. In the department of Machinery there were several curious and interesting inventions.

The number and variety of machines for economising human labour were very remarkable; among them I observed an ingenious contrivance for cleaning vaults and cesspools, used by the New York Pneumatic Draining Company. It is worked by steam, and empties a cesspool in a few minutes without occasioning any disagreeable effluvium. B B 3

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The great advantages arising from division of labour are nowhere better understood than in America. The manufacture of umbrellas and parasols in New York is an instructive example how fully this is carried out. The production of these articles is chiefly confined to seven firms, who by the aid of very curious and ingenious machinery, manufacture annually about 1,500,000 dollars worth. One establishment employs 325 persons, including 250 girls. During a considerable portion of the year, from 1200 to 1500 umbrellas and parasols are turned out daily. Each umbrella consist of 112 different parts, and in the course of construction passes through nearly as many hands.

A large collection of pictures occupied one of the galleries; these were contributed by various countries. I observe the British commissioners express an opinion that the art of landscape-painting bids fair to flourish in North America. At present the distance between mediocrity and excellence in this department of art is very great.

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On leaving the Exhibition I visited the Croton Reservoir, which is certainly a noble monument to Hygeia. No city in the world is more abundantly supplied with pure water than New York, and it is estimated that the quantity is equal to supply a 375 population five times larger than that at present existing. The great number of fires in the city renders it absolutely necessary to have mains through all the streets. The city fire companies employ 4515 men. During the year ending October, 1854, there were 385 fires in New York, involving a loss of 827,012 dollars. One half of the fires are attributed to incendiaries.

On my way back I visited the Astor Library, recently completed. The building is of Byzantine architecture. The interior consists of a noble apartment 100 feet long, 64 wide, and 50 high, at present containing 80,000 volumes. This number will soon be increased to 100,000. The books are very accessible. Any person above fourteen years of age is allowed to visit the library daily (excepting Sundays) between 10 and 5. There are other public libraries, but that founded by the munificence of Mr. Astor bids fair to become the largest in the city.

New York has the character of being the gayest city in the Union after New Orleans. Certainly there is no want of public amusements. I took advantage of the new opera-house being open to see it, and hear Grisi and Mario. This building is not as large as Covent Garden, and it appears even smaller than it is on account of the heavy ornaments with which it is decorated. There are only twelve private boxes. The audience consisted as usual of a great diversity of people. Ladies in elegant and rich toilettes were seated next to others in their morning dresses and bonnets, while gentlemen in coloured costumes made a pleasant variety. But grander toilettes preponderated, and I have no doubt that when "cod aristocracy" is exchanged for something better, we shall see coloured trowsers as strictly excluded from the Opera at New York as they are from that in London. Grisi and Mario have not excited the *furore* in America that was expected. They, however, laboured under the disadvantage of not being Barnumised. Yet trumpets sounded loud pæans in their praise. Here is a specimen of these blasts from the press. "Personally Madame Grisi

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is an eye-filling woman, a sumptuous creature, who should be brought in upon a silver-gilt salver, as Jael brought forth butter upon a lordly dish. Her brow broadens beautifully over her ox-like eyes, and her head is set upon her neck like Juno's."

On the night of my visit to the Opera, when *Norma* was performed, the house was about two-thirds full. Mario sang charmingly, but Grisi's voice was not in the best condition. The encores were few. It 377 would seem that the New Yorkers are fond of music, for an English *troupe* were about to perform a series of operas while the Italian Opera was open. I observed that although the theatres are closed for scenic performances on Sundays, concerts are held in them. An advertisement that would do honour to Barnum, and which perhaps emanated from him, informed the public that, "The managers of the splendid new Metropolitan Theatre have decided to open it on Sunday evenings for the execution of sacred music, vocal and instrumental. Thus persons who have religious scruples against theatrical performances, will have an opportunity of enjoying a sight of the theatre, and at the same time listening to the best works of the great sacred composers."

I saw Forrest at this house; but it is right to add, I went to see the theatre and audience, which crammed the building to suffocation, and not the actor. An hour was amply sufficient to satisfy me that he has not improved since his visit to London. I was much more entertained by Christy's minstrels, who sing negro melodies very sweetly, and are inimitable buffoons. On leaving this very popular resort, which the tourist should on no account omit visiting, I went with a friend to Taylor's Restaurant, 378 where some three or four hundred persons were supping; it is an enormous establishment, fitted up like a Parisian *café* ; but far larger than any place of the kind in Paris. Ladies were partaking of refreshments unattended by gentlemen; this is not at all uncommon in New York. One day that I dined at the magnificent and sumptuous Brevoort House with a friend, ladies came into the coffee-room, ordered *recherché* dinners, which they eat a little too speedily for English taste, and departed, without attracting the slightest notice from any one, I believe, but myself. The great deference and respect paid to the fair sex in America, is no where more conspicuous than in New York. A lady, young, pretty, and dressed in the gayest

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costume, may walk through the streets at all hours of the day and night, without running the slightest risk of being annoyed. This is a fact highly honourable to New York; and it is equally honourable that she will not see those humiliating and sad spectacles of an erring sister's shame, which stamp our streets with disgraceful singularity. Let it not be imagined, however, that New York is a virtuous city; I believe, from all I heard, it is far otherwise; but there, as at Paris, profligacy does not offend the eye.

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Besides Taylor's Restaurant, there are a great variety of supper rooms of all grades, in Broadway and the adjoining streets.

A glance at these places, some of which are called "Retreats," is sufficient to reveal their character. The Maine law has not penetrated their depths; an infinite variety of liquors are sold: I read on one placard that "Charles's celebrated London cordial gin, is upon the sideboard of the family and the bar of every well-regulated hotel; by the bedside of the sick as well as the companion of the healthy. Free from intoxicating qualities, it is harmless in its adoption. The inebriate by its use, finds it a slight stimulant, which, while it feeds the appetite, gradually weans him from the horrors of delirium, and restores a shattered constitution!"

The bar-rooms of the St. Nicholas and other large hotels are great curiosities; At the Astor House, a large screen stands near the bar, on which telegraphic despatches are posted. They are renewed every few minutes, and attract a great number of persons, who step out of the human current flowing through the Broadway, to see the latest news,—and "to liquor." This is a clever device, which succeeds well; for I observed that the bar, with its tempting array of bottles and lumps of 380 sparkling ice, possessed as much attraction as the screen.

The extraordinary development of the electric telegraph in the United States may be seen to great perfection in New York. The nine leading newspapers, under the designation



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of the New York Associated Press, although differing greatly in politics, combine to pay for daily telegraphic communications. The annual sum paid averages 8000 *l*. European intelligence is telegraphed from Halifax, by the mail steamers touching at that port, and transmitted in the first instance to New York, and thence throughout the States. Thus, my name as a passenger in the *America* , appeared in the New York papers before I landed in the States, and the arrival of the steamer at Halifax was known at New Orleans before she entered Boston harbour. The length of the telegraph between Halifax and New York is 700 miles.

The principal commercial houses expend about fourteen pounds a month for telegraphic messages between Boston and New York. There are two separate lines, connecting New York with New Orleans, one running along the sea-board, the other through the interior to the Mississippi, each about 2000 miles long. Messages have been transmitted this distance, and 381 answers received, in the space of three hours, though they had necessarily to be written several times in the course of transmission. When the contemplated lines connecting California with New York and Newfoundland are completed, San Francisco will be in direct communication with St. John's; and if the proposed submarine telegraph from Cape Race to Ireland, which has received the approval of several leading New York merchants, be laid down, intelligence may be conveyed from the Pacific to Europe in a few hours. The average cost of erecting telegraph lines in America is 35 *l*. per mile. The tariff for despatches is about two shillings per 200 miles for ten words. In 1854 the aggregate length of the telegraph lines in the United States was 16,735 miles.

An interesting adaptation of the electric telegraph has been recently made, for the purpose of conveying signals of alarm and intelligence in the case of fire. The system has been very completely developed at Boston, and is thus described: "The city is divided into seven districts, each provided with a powerful alarm bell. Every district contains several stations, varying in number according to its size and population. There are altogether forty-two stations. These are connected with a chief central office, to 382 which intelligence of fire is conveyed, and from which the alarm is given; two telegraph wires are employed, a return



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wire being used to complete the circuit, and provide as completely as possible against accidental interruption or confusion.”

“At each of the 42 stations, which are placed at intervals of 100 rods throughout the city, there is erected in some conspicuous position a cast-iron box, containing the apparatus for conveying intelligence to the central office; the box is kept locked, but the key is always to be found in the custody of some person in the neighbourhood, whose address is painted on the box-door. On opening this door, access is gained to a handle, which is directed, by a notice painted above it, to be turned slowly several times; the handle turns a wheel that carries a certain number of teeth, arranged in two groups, the number of teeth in one representing the district, in the other the station: these teeth act upon a signal key closing and breaking the circuit connected with the central office as many times as there are teeth in the wheel. Signals are thus conveyed to the central office, and, by striking the signal bell a certain number of times, the district and station from which the signal is made is indicated. An attendant is always on the watch at the central office, and on his attention being called 383 to the signals by the striking of a large call bell, he immediately sets in motion his alarm apparatus, and by depressing his telegraph key, causes all the alarm bells of the seven districts to toll as many times in quick succession, as will indicate the district where the fire has occurred.”

Morse's telegraph is in general use throughout the States; fourteen thousand miles were worked on his system in 1854. The cost of a Morse register is forty dollars. Many of the telegraphic *employés* are so expert that they understand messages by the mere click of the armature. Women are frequently employed in the telegraphic offices, a practice which I am happy to say has been imitated in England. It is surely a wise measure to allow females in humble life to participate in such offices of light labour, for which they may be physically adapted; for besides enabling them to earn an honourable independence by useful occupations, a larger proportion of men are at liberty to pursue callings for which the weaker sex are unfitted. Nations are benefited by this judicious division of labour; and I have often thought, when contemplating troops of men employed in our shops, on

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the unmanly, and—for men—unseemly, work of unrolling silks and displaying muslins, how far better it would be were they to resign their 384 effeminate occupation into the hands of women, for whom it seems specially designed, and make their physical and moral energies available on more masculine pursuits; if not in England, at all events new countries, where men are much wanted.

There are 44½ per cent. of the female population of Great Britain unmarried, and, if we except the generally wretched occupation of governess, it would be difficult to point out roads to honourable independence for the many thousands of young females; well educated, it may be, and even accomplished, who are heavy burdens to their parents, and whose existence, for the want of occupation, is alike miserable and objectless.

Among the sights with which I was most struck at New York, was the perpetual marchings of the volunteer and militia corps; companies of these forces are in the habit of going to neighbouring localities for drill and rifle practice, on which occasions they are accompanied by a band and two or three black men, who act as servants during the dinner which generally follows. The uniform of some of these volunteers is very droll, but the most fantastical is that of the Harlequin Corps, in which every member is permitted to wear whatever costume 385 he fancies. I saw this corps march down Broadway, preceded by their captain mounted on a scraggy Rozinante. No two uniforms were alike, while all were of the most extraordinary shape and hues. It is not a little remarkable that a people so eminently commercial as are the Americans, should be so fond of military pursuits. The standing army of the United States consists of 10,243 officers and privates; the militia of 2,259,037 men. But with this military spirit, which extends through every State, the people seeming to be “playing at soldiers\*,” so habitual is drill and parade among them, it is difficult to recruit for the standing army, although the pay has lately been raised. The walls of New York were covered with advertisements to the following effect: “Wanted for the United States Army, able-bodied, *unmarried* men, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five; not less than 5ft. 4in. high, and of good character. The term of service is five years; and if a soldier re-enlists at the expiration of that time, his pay will be increased two dollars

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per month for the first re-enlistment, and he will receive a further addition of *one* dollar per month C C

\* The love for titles may be doubtless adduced as one reason for the popularity of the militia service in the United States.

386 for all subsequent re-enlistments. By good conduct and attention to duty a soldier will certainly rise to the position of a non-commissioned officer, and from this class the law provides that meritorious men may be selected for promotion to the rank of commissioned officers of the army."

The present scale of pay is, infantry privates eleven dollars, and dragoons twelve dollars per month, exclusive of one ration daily, clothing, quarters, fuel, and medical attendance.

If a soldier becomes disabled in the performance of his duties, he is accorded a pension; or he may, if he prefer it, obtain admission into the Military Asylum, which will afford him a comfortable home.

Active measures were also being taken to procure seamen for the navy at the different naval ports. With this view the pay had been raised to fourteen dollars a month.

Among the sights of New York, the advent of emigrants must not be forgotten. At all hours of the day troops of newly-landed foreigners may be seen in the lower part of the city, wandering through the streets, the prey of designing parties, who reap a rich harvest by them, The preponderance of Germans is remarkable; in 1854, 460,474 emigrants arrived in the United States; of whom 49,000 were 387 from Great Britain; 101,600 from Ireland; and 206,000 from Germany.

It is doubtful whether these high numbers will be maintained. For, besides the serious diminution in the population of Ireland, which has hitherto yielded a large supply of emigrants, the Know-Nothings, or American Party as they now call themselves, are labouring hard at New York to check the tide of emigration among Roman Catholics from

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Ireland, and apparently with some success, as the number of Irish who landed at New York in March, 1855, was considerably less than the arrivals in March of the preceding year.

A manifesto, couched in the usual "tall" language of American national documents, has been recently issued by this party; and as it has been adopted by all their councils in the State of New York, we may accept it as the exponent of their principles. After insisting on native Americans taking the government of their country into their own hands to the entire exclusion of all foreigners, and particularly of Roman Catholics, they condemn in the strongest language the policy of Congress, which proclaims the public lands to be the heritage of foreigners, "at a time when nearly half-a-million of persons in each year are pouring the flood of ignorance, vice, and crime, C C 2 388 and, in its best ingredients, of distinct and ungenial nationalities, into the heart of the United States." Allusion is then made to Roman Catholics, and a strong determination is expressed to take a decided stand against the political action of the Church of Rome.

In taking leave of this very curious party, who bid fair to control the destinies of the vast country throughout which their influence is felt, it is evident that if intolerance be practised, emigration will be checked; and though we must admire the desire expressed to recur to the original constitution of the United States, it is impossible to avoid apprehending that a party avowedly "more or less secret in action, and almost altogether secret in the source from which it derives its counsel and design," may act, if endowed with power, in a manner totally opposed to Christian principles. To shut the gates of the New World against emigrants would be to stay the march of civilisation, which must ever be preceded by the sturdy pioneers who with great toil and privation obey the scriptural precept, which bids man replenish the earth and subdue it.

Unless the tourist be sorely pressed for time, he should not omit making an excursion to Staten Island six miles from New York. It is a favourite 389 resort of merchants, who occupy charming villas on its wooded heights. I spent an afternoon and evening in one

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of these pleasant abodes. A huge steamferry, constructed to carry 2000 people, besides vehicles, plies frequently between the Battery and the Island. The trip on a fine day in autumn, when the air is balmy and the sun silvers the bay, is delightful. In half-an-hour we reach the island. A short walk from the landing-stage up the hill brought me to my friend's house. Seldom have I seen a more lovely view than that from the verandah. Beyond a rich foreground of luxuriant foliage lay Long Island, from which Staten Island is separated by the Narrows. The bay was alive with vessels, from stately sailing-ships and magnificent steamers, to spruce pilot-boats and tiny fishing-craft. Westward, the great city, fringed by forests of masts, lay on the waters with outstretched arms, receiving contributions from all parts of the globe. Seen from this point, her claim to the title of the Empire City with the motto *Excelsior* cannot be disputed.

It was pleasant to close my impressions of America with so fair a scene, which, as the evening deepened, shone in golden splendour beneath the glare of the setting sun. For the time had now arrived for me to bid farewell to the New World, and, as I sat with my 390 friends until a late hour, fanned by the night breeze, which

“Curl'd the still waters, bright with stars,”

and watched the darting lights from the numerous steam ferries, I thought how soon I should be on the wide Atlantic, speeding to my fatherland.

I had determined, on landing in America, to return to Europe by the Collins line. But circumstances caused me to change my plans, and I had an additional inducement to voyage home by a Cunard steamer, as the *America* was appointed to sail at the time I proposed leaving, and the friends with whom I had crossed the Atlantic were returning home in that ship. This change involved a journey to Boston. Accordingly, after a farewell walk up Broadway, I left New York in the afternoon of the 10th October, and arrived at my old quarters at the Revere House in Boston at midnight.

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The following morning I called on Mr. Ticknor. While we were at breakfast, a servant placed a telegraphic despatch in his hand, announcing the loss of the *Arctic*, under circumstances fresh in the remembrance of my readers. The news almost overpowered me; for I had a vivid remembrance of Cape Race, wrapped in its foggy shroud, off which 391 the *Arctic* was engulfed. And I was to be on those dark waters in a few hours. There was no time, however, for brooding over the catastrophe, as my departure was near at hand. On returning to the Revere, I was accosted by a gentlemanly person, who shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope I was not going away so soon. It was the landlord, who remembered me, though, since I had been at Boston, he must have seen many hundreds of fresh faces. Once more I found myself in the quaint old carriage, rumbling through the streets to East Boston. Again I crossed the ferry, and there, where last I saw her, lay the *America*, her steam up, and the round faces of the jolly sailors peering over the bulwarks. Shall I be deemed weak, if I confess my heart swelled with joy when I saw the flag of dear old England waving above me. The fate of the *Arctic* was a terrible reality, which, considered in connection with accidents to other ships of the Collins line of a less ruinous nature, made me feel glad I was in an English steamer. Nor had I any reason to regret returning home in the *America*. We sailed at noon on the 11th October, with a fine steady breeze from the west, and I believe, with the exception of the few hours we were in Halifax harbour, we did not take in sail until we were off Holyhead. The voyage was 392 most prosperous. One incident alone occurred worthy of mention. A female passenger, who was very ill when she embarked, died on the second day of the voyage. I was not aware of the circumstance. We had just finished dinner, when the captain, next to whom I was sitting, suddenly rose, stating he was obliged to leave us to attend a funeral. It was a startling announcement. We followed him. A rude coffin, partly shrouded by the folds of the Union Jack, rested on a plank. The surgeon, a few sailors, and ourselves stood around. The former read the funeral service,—solemn on all occasions, but more impressive at sea than on land. At the words “we commit her body to the deep;” a splash was heard, and all was over. Yet no, for

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“Not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void;”

and, suggestive of the bright hope of immortality, as the coffin plunged into the sea, the dark clouds which obscured the west were momentarily lifted above the horizon, and broad beams of golden light illumined the heaving waters.

On Sunday, October 22nd, as we were running up the Irish Channel, a squall sprung up, which carried 393 away two of our sails, and made a “hurricane of harps” through the shrouds. The damage was quickly repaired; and the wind continuing favourable, we were soon off Holyhead, where we took in a pilot. The ship pitched so violently, that few passengers appeared at breakfast, or attended divine service, which appropriately included the impressive Psalm, “They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”

Under the lee of the Welsh coast the sea was smoother. Onwards sped our gallant ship until we arrived in the Mersey:—

“Oh dream of joy! is this indeed The lighthouse top I see? Is this the hill, is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?”

My pilgrimage was now nearly over. A few hours restored me to my London home, after an absence of exactly twelve weeks; during which time I had voyaged and travelled 10,700 miles. Before parting with the reader, who may feel inclined to devote a vacation to such a tour as I enjoyed, I wish to impress him with the fact that America is not a D D 394 country “for sheathing nerves worn bare by anxiety,” or “uncrumpling a soul wrinkled by crosses.” So, if he be weak in spirit or body—for travel in the United States, particularly in summer time, is not as easy as continental touring,—I cannot advise him to cross the Atlantic; but if, on the other hand, he be blest with a strong constitution and a placid temper, he will not regret devoting a few months to North America, where he will see “a mighty people

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triumphing in the splendour of immeasurable habitation, and haughty with hope of endless progress and irresistible power.”

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